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MID-SUMMER SHORT STORY NUMBER

COMFORT

*The Key to Happiness and Success
in over a Million and a Quarter Homes*

AUGUST
1920



"A Bit of Mid-Summer Night Madness"

See Story on Page 4.

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Table of Contents on Page 8.

COMFORT

EDITORIAL

THOUGHTS THAT BREATHE AND WORDS THAT BURN

Half a Billion Pounds of Shoddy in Cloth Sold as Woolen Last Year Proves Need of an Honest Cloth Law

THE beneficent effect of those State and National laws which prohibit fraudulent adulteration and misbranding of food, drugs, commercial fertilizers and cattle feed is so generally recognized that there is a growing demand for an extension of this class of legislation in order to protect the public from fraud in the manufacture and sale of other lines of merchandise—notably in textile fabrics and clothing. Cloth manufacturers have attained such a high degree of proficiency in the art of deceptive imitation through the "weighting" of silks, the treating of inferior fiber so as to resemble silk or linen, the adulteration of fine fabrics by incorporating an admixture of inferior material, and by the substitution of shoddy to a large extent in the manufacture of woollens, that it requires expert knowledge to distinguish the adulterated or imitation goods from the genuine or Simon pure article.

There is no reasonable objection to the manufacture and sale of imitations in food or clothing provided the purchaser is not cheated or otherwise imposed on by the deceptive appearance. In other words it is perfectly legitimate if in every instance the purchaser is warned that the food or fabric, as the case may be, is an imitation product and he is fully informed of its composition and nature. The "Pure Food Law" proceeds on this principle which is well illustrated by its application to butter. Thus an article sold as butter must be made from cow's milk or cream by the process of churning and contain no admixture other than salt and harmless coloring matter; imitation butter may be sold (under license), but it must be sold as such and so labeled that the purchaser will know just what he is buying.

In regard to imitation or adulterated textile fabrics the trouble is that, there being no law to regulate their manufacture and sale, they are largely sold under such misleading names and labels that the public is deceived as to the nature, quality and value of the goods. Some years ago there sprang up a movement for an "honest cloth law," similar to the "Pure Food Law," to prevent deceptive practices in the manufacture and sale of cloth and clothing by requiring imitation or adulterated cloths and the garments into which they are made up for sale to be distinctly labeled so to indicate clearly to the purchaser the true nature and quality of the goods. A bill to accomplish this purpose is now pending in Congress as unfinished business left over from the recent session that closed in June. This bill should be passed at the coming December session of Congress so to become law at an early date, as there is pressing need of it, not only for the protection of the public but also for the preservation of the sheep industry in the United States.

As already intimated, the interests of American sheep raisers are vitally concerned in this bill, and the National Sheep and Wool Bureau of America has just issued a bulletin giving some surprising figures as to the enormous extent to which goods and garments sold as "all wool" are adulterated with shoddy. The bulletin explains that shoddy is made of woollen rags, picked apart and re-spun. In that sense it is second-hand wool, and on this ground the cloth and clothing manufacturers base their claim to sell cloth adulterated with shoddy as "all wool," which is understood by the public to mean new wool, or as the bulletin expresses it, "virgin wool." Like any worn, second-hand, worked-over material, shoddy is poor stuff compared with new wool. Aside from the injurious effect of previous wear the process of picking the rags apart breaks and injures the wool fiber so that shoddy is usually spun and woven with a small percentage of new wool to stick the broken fibers together.

During the war wool was scarce and high because so much of it was required to clothe the army, and there was some excuse for using

shoddy to make up the deficiency. Since the war ended (November 11, 1918) there has been an abundance of wool and the price has dropped, but woollen cloth has risen in price and the amount of shoddy used has increased as the result of outrageous profiteering by cloth and clothing manufacturers and dealers. It is notorious that present-day woollens give but little service compared with those bought at a lower price two or three years ago—shoddy is the explanation. In this connection the statistics published by the National Sheep and Wool Bureau are illuminating and exasperating to those who have been paying exorbitant prices for shoddy clothing the past year. The bulletin says:

"Last year, as never before, the shoddy interests succeeded in foisting their goods on the public. * * * Half a billion pounds of shoddy were thrown on the American clothing market in 1919, while a billion pounds of unmanufactured, virgin wool was accumulating in the storehouses. Only 600,000,000 pounds of wool in its natural state, or 300,000,000 pounds of cleaned wool, were converted into cloth. Most of this amount was mixed with shoddy to make it stick together." Through the lack of a law to compel the truthful labeling of cloth "shoddies were sold as 'all wool' and the public, accepting 'all wool' to mean virgin wool, was denied the right of choice and the benefit of a range of prices."

The bulletin complains that "today, the stores are filled with shoddy clothing and a billion pounds of virgin wool fill the storehouses. * * * The shoddy manufacturers have simply thrown themselves between the public with its demand for virgin wool and the sheep men with their supply." They have been able to do this because there is no law to prevent shoddy from masquerading as "new wool" under the popular term "all wool." It is pointed out that, while the public is thus being deceived and imposed on, the wool growers are thereby being forced into insolvency. The French-Capper Truth in Fabric bill, now pending in Congress, is designed to remedy this injustice by compelling manufacturers to stamp or label their cloth with a statement of the percentages of virgin wool and of shoddy it contains. Probably this bill will pass if the people get after their Senators and Congressmen and brad them up about it.

Beware of Saccharin—Don't Use It as a Substitute for Sugar

THE U. S. Department of Agriculture, which is charged with the enforcement of the "Pure Food Law," in a recently issued bulletin denounces the effort that is being made to create a market for saccharin by offering this substance for sale as a substitute for sugar, and warns the public not to use it in food. Saccharin is a chemical derivative of coal tar. It is not a food and has no food value whatever, but because of its intensely sweet taste, being three hundred times sweeter than the best granulated sugar, some American manufacturers have at times used it deceptively in place of sugar for sweetening food products and drinks. In Europe it is still used to a considerable extent for this purpose, but through the enforcement of our Federal and State "Pure Food Laws" the use of saccharin in commercial food products has been practically stopped in this country. Now the saccharin manufacturers are taking advantage of the emergency due to the shortage and high price of sugar to induce American housewives to resort to saccharin as a substitute for sugar. The following extracts are quoted from the bulletin:

"The Department of Agriculture has received a number of inquiries from housewives in the last few days concerning the properties of saccharin, and in every case it has answered by condemning the use of the drug for cooking purposes. It calls attention to the fact that the Bureau of Chemistry is now aiding in the prosecution of a

large St. Louis concern which makes saccharin for violation of the Food and Drugs Act. * * * The Department regards the use of saccharin in food as a menace to health. * * * This is the position of the Department today as it was in 1911, when official decisions were rendered. * * * The Department regards food to which saccharin has been added as adulterated, since a substance has been added to the food which may render it deleterious to health. It also regards it as adulterated in that a substance of no food value whatever has been substituted for sugar, a very valuable food. The Department now has pending a criminal prosecution against one concern for the shipment interstate of a parcel of saccharin labeled as harmless. Furthermore, a majority of the States prohibit the use of saccharin in food, either by statute or by regulation."

Sensible Ruling on Home-Made Cider and Fruit Juices

IT has been pointed out that a strict application of the National Prohibition Enforcement Act to home-made cider and other fruit juices would work a needless hardship. The law prohibits not only the sale, but even the making or having possession of any beverage containing more than one half of one per cent. of alcohol, except under bond and permit for certain specified purposes. As new cider, grape juice and many other fruit and berry juices may in a few hours, by the natural process of fermentation, generate more than one half of one per cent. of alcohol, and as such a small alcoholic content is not distinguishable to taste or smell, and not perceptible in its effect, the making of fruit or berry juice for home consumption would be a risky undertaking under a strict interpretation of the law. But the situation has been cleared of doubt and embarrassment by a sensible and liberal ruling by John F. Cramer, the Federal Prohibition Commissioner, at Washington, who has charge of the enforcement of the National prohibitory law.

Commissioner Cramer has instructed his subordinates to the effect that the interpretation of the act by the Bureau of Internal Revenue is that any person may, without permit, and without giving bond, manufacture non-intoxicating cider and fruit juices, and in so doing he may take his apples or fruits to a custom mill and have them made into cider and fruit juices. After such non-intoxicating cider and fruit juices are made, they must be used exclusively in the home, and when so used the phrase "non-intoxicating" means non-intoxicating in fact and not necessarily less than one half of one per cent. of alcohol.

Also, that if the person making such cider and fruit juices desires to do so, he may sell such cider and fruit juices at any time to persons having permits to make vinegar. If he preserves such cider and fruit juices at the time they are made [so as to prevent fermentation], he may sell the same to the public in general. Or he may sell the cider and other fruit juices so long as they contain less than one half of one per cent. of alcohol, but the purchasers thereof cannot use or possess the same after they contain more than one half of one per cent. of alcohol.

And further, that the cider in the home may be allowed to turn to vinegar if the owner desires, provided he adds no sugar or other fermentable substance to the cider or fruit juices to increase the alcoholic content thereof, inasmuch as such practice is held to constitute a mash fit for distillation, and he may sell the vinegar to anyone who may desire to purchase it.

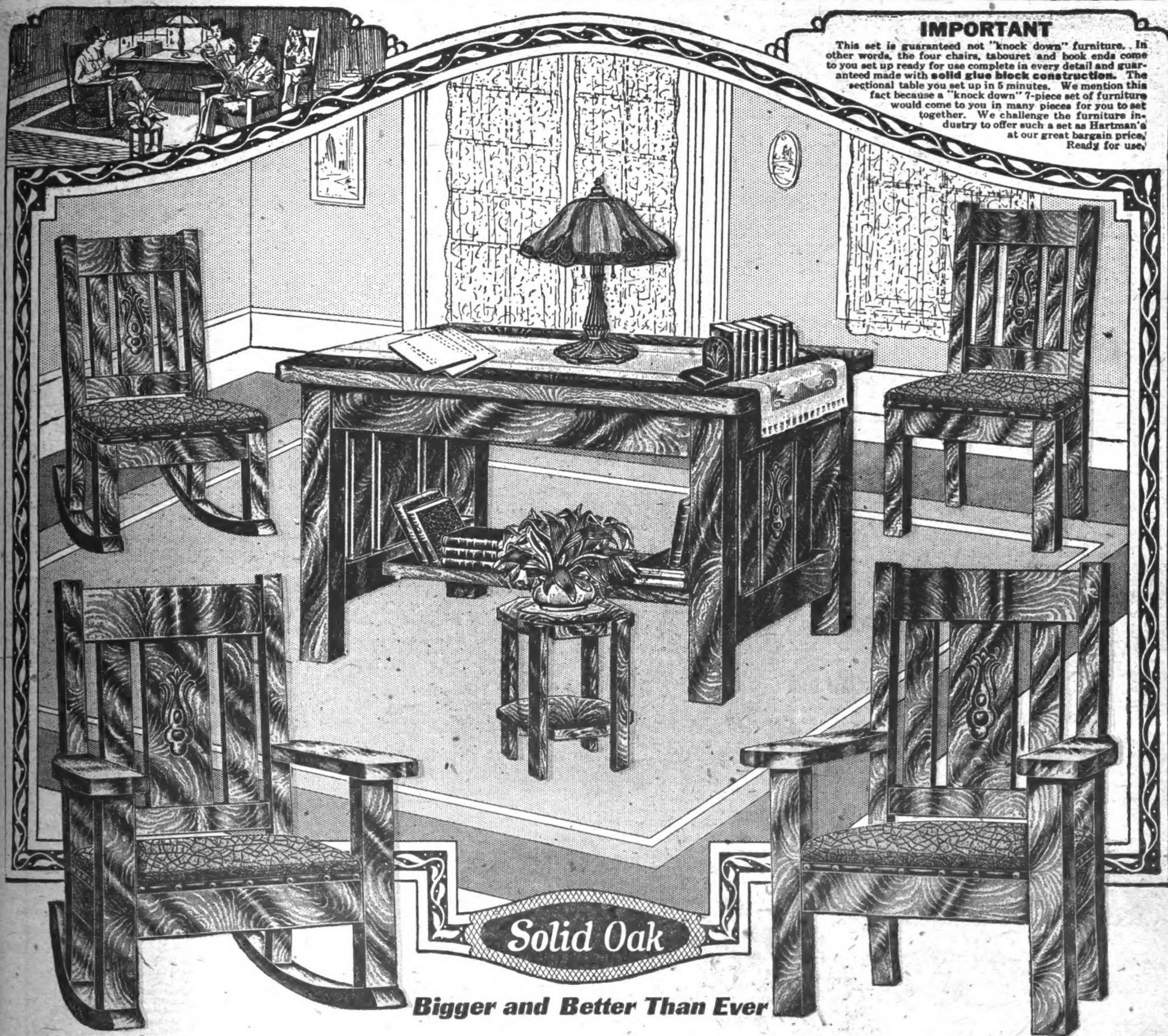
These regulations are not intended to cover the commercial use of cider and fruit juices, but merely the use of the same as applied to the home.

COMFORT'S EDITOR.

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Anton from Missouri

by Gertrude Overgaard



"If the pass didn't come, I can't go."



"Gone back to work, have you?"



"Did you do all this?"



"Well, we're engaged!" said Angele. "Why not?"

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RUTH Henshaw opened the door of her room to let in the cool air. There would be none so invigorating where she was going to spend the summer. The scent of lilacs and hyacinths came in from the thicket and the soft smell of freshly-turned earth from the garden, where her husband, familiarly known as Walt, was planting his cabbages.

At the sound of her opening door, the monotone of voices and the creak of rocking-chairs on the terrace ceased and a moment later Angele Henshaw and Anton Waverly came up the side steps.

As always, Angele's dress was simple and black and her yellow hair severely smooth, but her lips carried a firmer curve, her eyes a surer glance, and her figure a more determined poise. She pulled forward a chair and motioned Anton to one opposite.

"I came to tell you, Ruth—I'm going away." In spite of her long schooling, Ruth's heart jumped and her lips tightened. Had Walt given up his point?

"I have a chance to go for the summer," Angele hurried on. "You know I've never been." Ruth's excitement subsided as quickly as it had risen. "No, you haven't," she agreed, colorlessly.

"I've been on the job in winter and summer for seven years," said Angele. "I've made good and I deserve a rest."

"Some folks are on the job seven years and don't make good," remarked Ruth with a scornful glance at Anton as she folded a pique skirt and laid it into her trunk which stood partly packed in the middle of the room.

"Perhaps that's because they need a vacation, too," Angele smiled significantly.

Anton Waverly listened in his big, sober, self-satisfied way. He faced Ruth and drawled, "Will you be staying home, seeing Angele's going away?"

"Why should I? Angele's going or coming is nothing to me," Ruth was furious that this procrastinator, this sponger, upon Angele's time and affections should counter her thrust by voicing his suspicions.

"Thought maybe it might be to Walt." "Anton!" reproached Angele. "You go back to your rocker. I want to speak to Ruth."

Ruth gave Anton a parting stab. What difference is that to you?"

"Don't suppose it's any." Anton lounged through the door. "I was just speculating."

"Don't mind him," Ruth said. Angele closed the door and came back to the trunk. "It's really because of Anton that I'm going." She lowered her voice. "I want him to see how it is without me."

Ruth dropped the waist she was folding. "Do you mean you want to show him you aren't going to sit and wait any longer for him to propose?"

"Something like that," Angele blushed and her eyes darkened. "I believe after I've been away a while he'll want me."

"I suppose you can try it," said Ruth. "Other folks have. But if Anton Waverly had been the marrying kind he'd have asked you seven years ago."

"Anton is afraid," said Angele. "He wants to be sure he is right before he goes ahead. He needs joggins."

"I'd like to jog him out of that rocking-chair he's sat in for seven years—I'll tell him so when I get a chance."

Angele laughed uncertainly. "That's what I want to do by going away." She backed toward the door.

"Well, don't expect too much," Ruth warned. "Remember Anton is not the one to take a hint."

Angele opened the door. "I won't see you again. I'm going at midnight."

"And I'm going the first thing in the morning," Intently Ruth folded a waist while Angele closed the door behind her.

While she listened to the trundling of trunks through the hall, Ruth wondered whether Angele were going east or west. Her own trip was always to California. And she had grown to hate the place of her yearly pilgrimage.

It was a place of wind and pushing, perspiring crowds of tourists. The cheap apartment-house to which she returned rather than seek another at the same price, smelled of insect-powder. She hated equally the train-sickness of the journey and the discomfort after her arrival.

But she had no thought of change. Walt's position with the railroad afforded only that pass each year and she had grown into the habit of going as she had grown into the habit of staying in her room when at home. Both had, at first, been peace measures. Was it a trick of time that, as habits, they seemed to put her in the wrong?

Ruth lay awake long after the departing whistle of Angele's train was lost in distance. But early the next morning she completed her preparations for departure. Everything was done up to the point of dressing, when Walt came. Each year he waited until the very day of her departure before he gave her the pass.

He entered the room without knocking and seated himself in a chair; and he wore his office suit. All these things were contrary to custom. Ruth wondered whether he, too, might be conscious that Angele was away.

"I see that you are getting ready to go," He looked from her to the trunk.

"Yes. You brought the pass?"

"No. I didn't." Ruth sat back. That was why he had been different. "Didn't the Company send it? Isn't it here on time?"

"It won't be here at all. I'm sorry, since you've counted on it." "What's happened?"

"Certainly I've counted on it. Why won't it? There's been a lot of anti-pass talk—"

"There's been that before." "I know there has. But this year I'm not getting one for you. That's all."

She was surprised but secretly she didn't care. "Very well," she pronounced. "If the pass didn't come, I can't go." She took her grey pongee traveling-suit from the back of the chair and replaced it on its hanger.

Walt passed by the door. "And I can't manage it otherwise. The taxes and everything else is higher and my salary remains the same."

Ruth began taking things out of the trunk. She need not explain that she had taken the pass only because it cost him nothing.

He still hesitated. "I'll eat down town. You won't need to be bothered with much of anybody around—Angele's gone away for the summer."

He waited for her comment but she made none. He had stood just there six years before when she had first wanted Angele to go away for the summer.

"Are we always to have her with us?" she had asked. "Are we never to be alone?"

And he had answered angrily, "What do you expect me to do? Turn her out? She is my sister, isn't she? And this is her only home."

The wrath with which she had locked her door against him passed but Angele remained and there had been no peace between husband and wife.

"Things may be so you can go next summer," said Walt. "It is hard when you had counted on it."

The wash waists, the cotton wrapper and the pique skirts were piled on the bureau. There was nothing really fit for a trip. And there had never been money enough to travel in comfort. Here she would have the cool, roomy house to herself. Then she would not pretend to herself that Angele's absence made no difference.

"I would rather stay," she finished, sharply. Walt's face cleared. "All right. That settles it." With taut shoulders, he marched down the steps.

As he had said, she saw little of him after that day. She cooked her own meals, read and knit socks for the soldiers. She had the house to herself.

The clock was her only companion. In the long afternoons she sat in the living-room where she could see its symmetrical mahogany and arabesque of darker wood. It was her friend. Its chime had reached into her seclusion and had seemed to call her to come back.

The solitude of the empty house cleared her mind. She looked into the past dispassionately and saw that through it all she had never disliked Angele. She had not wanted her only because she had not wanted anyone. And she was glad that Walt had not turned her out.

Against Anton Waverly, however, her resentment persisted. He occupied his chair on the terrace every evening just as he had when Angele was there. From her room Ruth glowered out upon his fringe of sandy hair and the section of neck which creased above his soft collar. The curves of his back offended her.

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To avoid the sight of his even rocking she turned her chair from the front window to the one overlooking the garden where Walt was hoeing his corn.

Seen through the shrubs, the blurred outline in tan overalls suggested an overgrown boy. And Walt's task was boyish in its uselessness. Every summer he made a garden and no one used it. His corn was never picked and his tomatoes rotted on the vines. Everything in his garden went to waste.

Ruth dropped her knitting and looked up at a calendar which she had saved for its bright picture of a Belgian baby. Across its brown mat in red letters was the inscription, "Save food. Don't waste it."

Why shouldn't she put up what he raised? It would give her something to do and Walt need not know. If he missed the products of his garden let him think the neighbors had accepted his invitations to help themselves.

The next morning she listened while he descended the stairs and closed the front door quietly behind him. She watched from behind the living-room curtains as he walked briskly down the street. He was still a young man in spite of grey hairs above his ears and a slight settling of the figure. Well, the strain had aged her, too.

As she turned the clock chimed eight. He would not be back until six. The whole day was hers.

The early cherries were ripe and they would be her first care. She found step-ladder and buckets and climbed the tree. The sun shone through the leaves. The June air was quickening. It imparted stirrings of freedom.

The last time she had been in the cherry tree Walt had helped her, the June before the baby died. If the baby had lived she might have put up with having Angele around. But after that it was too much.

After her lunch she began canning. The fruit, rich with juice, simmered on the stove. The shining jars freshly washed scalded in the pan. She had collected the fruit-funnel, the top-tightener, and the jar-lifter from obscure drawers in the pantry. She proceeded to pour the steaming cherries into the jars.

By three o'clock the first lot was sealed and standing top down on the kitchen table. Another basketful had to be stemmed and seeded and by the time it was ready the afternoon sun was slanting in at the north door. And more jars were to be scalded. To save time, she poured boiling water from the tea-kettle over them and began immediately to fill them with fruit.

A pop warned her of disaster. She jumped just in time to avoid a deluge of steaming juice. The bursted jar emptied its contents over the stove and the floor.

With mop and brush she worked on hands and knees to clear away the mess. A streak of sunlight lay across the space under her hands and was suddenly extinguished. She looked up to see Anton Waverly's head against the screen.

He was observing her with satisfaction, his round blue eyes wide open, his mouth pulled to a half smile. "Gone back to work, have you?" The screen made little squares of his forehead. He was cool and leisurely and clean.

Ruth sat back on her heels and met his eyes squarely. "I have not." "Then you're not putting up fruit on Walt's account?"

"I'm putting up fruit on my own account, if you should know."

A Bit of Mid-Summer Madness

By Joseph F. Novak

See front cover illustration.

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ONE thing about Silver Promontory was its exclusiveness, therefore, when John Poindexter arrived toward evening, the first thing he did was to dress for dinner. This accomplished, he entered the big dining-room with his easy, unconscious manner. Many eyes were turned upon him for in his dress clothes he was handsome enough for the movies.

The head-waiter gave him a table in the very center of the room bordering upon the fountain on whose tumbling spray colored lights constantly played, and where one heard the music from the string quartette to best advantage.

Poindexter had scarcely seated himself and given his order when he heard himself paged. "Mr. Poindexter—Mr. Poindexter—Mister Poindexter!"

Annoyance for a moment wrinkled his brow for he disliked to be thus publicly paged—to him it had an air of gauche—but he had neglected to request the hotel clerk (as was his custom ordinarily) to hold any calls, telegrams or messages until after he had dined.

He took the telegram which the "buttons" tendered him, and opening it, read:

"OLD DEAR:—Let this introduce Miss Sylvia Lansdonne, who is staying at Silver Promontory. Look her up and tell her that Millicent wants you to meet her."

"FRANKLIN MONTGOMERY."

"Just because Frank has married the 'dearest

girl in the world' is no reason why I should hook up to her dearest friend, and that's what Frank and Millicent seem to wish. They've drummed her up enough. Just for this, though, I shall take particular pains not to meet Miss Lansdonne."

He pushed the telegram back into the envelope and tucked it away inside of his coat and began his dinner.

He had not progressed beyond the fish course, however, when he was attracted by the appearance of a woman of extraordinary beauty, somewhat exotic in type. Very dark-haired, and with a skin of marble hue, she suggested a woman of foreign birth, a Russian, perhaps. She was gowned magnificently in a thing of delicate yellow with gleaming splashes of gold here and there, and when the waiter seated her, it was at a table so close to Poindexter's that he could see her shapely foot in a gold-brocaded slipper and a few inches of stocking which was of extravagant pattern. In her hair she wore a large bird of Paradise, its white purity wonderfully set off against the blue-black background of her hair.

Poindexter as a rule did not note strange girls or women particularly, or, if he did, he weighed them in the same measure—they were either pretty or not pretty—well-dressed or not well-dressed—young or not young. Perhaps, though, this woman attracted for the reason that from the moment she sat down, Poindexter felt her eyeing him. But try as he would, suddenly or covertly, he could not catch her in the act though each time he looked at her he felt certain she had just looked away.

Thus the dinner passed, after which Poindexter rose and went out upon the porch to smoke a cigar. He leaned against one of the huge columns

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He pushed the telegram back into the envelope and tucked it away inside of his coat and began his dinner.

He had not progressed beyond the fish course, however, when he was attracted by the appearance of a woman of extraordinary beauty, somewhat exotic in type. Very dark-haired, and with a skin of marble hue, she suggested a woman of foreign birth, a Russian, perhaps. She was gowned magnificently in a thing of delicate yellow with gleaming splashes of gold here and there, and when the waiter seated her, it was at a table so close to Poindexter's that he could see her shapely foot in a gold-brocaded slipper and a few inches of stocking which was of extravagant pattern. In her hair she wore a large bird of Paradise, its white purity wonderfully set off against the blue-black background of her hair.

Poindexter as a rule did not note strange girls or women particularly, or, if he did, he weighed them in the same measure—they were either pretty or not pretty—well-dressed or not well-dressed—young or not young. Perhaps, though, this woman attracted for the reason that from the moment she sat down, Poindexter felt her eyeing him. But try as he would, suddenly or covertly, he could not catch her in the act though each time he looked at her he felt certain she had just looked away.

Thus the dinner passed, after which Poindexter rose and went out upon the porch to smoke a cigar. He leaned against one of the huge columns

"Don't know as I should," drawled Anton. "Thought you might have fixed things up with Walt."

Ruth folded her hands. She would not continue while Anton Waverly looked on, neither would she talk to him if she could avoid it. But instead of going he stepped inside. "I was right sure you had made it up," he confided, "when I smelled cherries cooking—just stopped to sit on the porch till Miss Hancock's supper-bell rang. It's warm for June."

Ruth sprang to her feet. "Why don't you marry Angele and get a porch of your own? You've scared off everybody else and now instead of marrying her yourself you come here and sit and rock and sit and rock and sit and rock! Oh, you—I'd be ashamed!"

Anton used the door as a support against her maledictions but when he spoke his terms were maddeningly even. "That's what I ask myself:—Why don't I? But I've about come to the conclusion that there's too much risk. I've never been much of a risk-taking man."

"Risk!" scorned Ruth. "That's what I said—risk. When you get into a thing like marriage there's no going back. I guess I'm pretty well off as I am." He walked out of the door, letting it slam after him.

Ruth dropped on her knees and scrubbed furiously at the cherry-stain. She might have been scrubbing Anton Waverly's despised features. He was to blame for everything. If he had married Angele when he should, her own trouble with Walt would never have occurred.

After her encounter with Anton, Ruth carried on her preserving plans. But she was careful to confine it to the morning and early hours of the afternoon. She canned peas, beans and beets, and dried corn. She remembered her mother's method for the corn and how delicious it had been, soaked over night and cooked in milk.

In August she made pickles and relishes and canned the tomatoes. There was a plentiful crop in Walt's garden and the shelves of the fruit-cellar began to groan under their load.

At last it seemed that the little, dark, low-ceilinged room would hold no more. Ruth stood counting the jars one evening after her solitary supper. She had carried down a basketful and they had occupied the last foot of shelving.

Her count mounted toward the two-hundred mark. She moved her candle here and there, her lips moving tensely. "Eighty-nine, ninety—"

A draught from the outside basement door blew out her candle. She sprang to pull shut the low door which she had forgotten to close behind her.

But she was too late. Walt stood in the oval entrance.

"I didn't know you were home!" "Just came, you haven't seen the rake about?" He did not look for it, however. Instead, he looked from the loaded shelves to Ruth's face. "Did you do all this?"

Ruth grew red. "I didn't want it to go to waste—on account of the war." She thanked heaven for the phrase. Otherwise, he might infer what Anton had.

Walt's eyes held hers. He caught her shoulders and made her face him. "Ruth, you haven't forgotten! You do care!"

His voice hurt to the heart. She felt herself turn white and knew that this might be the end. But her tongue was locked.

Walt's arms dropped and he kicked into the corners by the door where the rake might have been. In a moment he would be gone and she would be alone again.

She caught his sleeve. "I want my home," she cried. "I want my clock!" She clutched his arm. Tears streamed on her hands.

Walt held her to him. "I've been a fool to keep Angele here," he said. "We'll begin over." In the days which followed even Anton Waverly's rocking ceased to annoy Ruth. She assumed the duties of the home and their life resumed the order of the first days of their marriage.

Anton early recognized the restored relations of the household with an interested observation to Ruth. "So you've made it up, have you?" Ruth assented good-naturedly and after that his rocking took on a livelier note in her ears. She no longer disliked him.

One evening she asked him to supper and while they were eating with the low light over the table and an appetizing meal which she had prepared lending its cheer, Angele appeared.

She was younger and more exuberant, a new Angele. Her clothes were pink and grey. She flew about the table with the confidence of girlhood. She kissed and embraced Ruth and Walt and then kissed and embraced Anton Waverly.

Walt indignantly remonstrated. "Angele!" "Well, we're engaged!" said Angele. "Why not?"

Anton pulled her down beside him while he looked across the table to Ruth. "When I saw that you had made up with Walt," he explained, "I telegraphed Angele to come home and get married."

"I'm glad if I helped," Ruth blushed at thought of her wasted years. "But my absence really did it," declared Angele. "When Walt offered me the pass to California, I simply had to go in order to bring Anton to the point."

"That had nothing to do with it," said Anton. "I had made up my mind." Ruth puzzled. A pass to California! Her pass! So Walt had had his share in this reconciliation!

"Say you don't mind my doing it," he begged. "I wanted you to—"

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 6.)



This Department is conducted solely for the use of COMFORT sisters, whereby they may give expression to their ideas relative to the home and home surroundings, and to all matters pertaining to themselves and families; as well as opening a way for personal correspondence between each other.

Our object is to extend a helping hand to COMFORT subscribers; to become coworkers with all who seek friendship, encouragement, sympathy or assistance through the interchange of ideas.

Any abuse of this privilege, such as inviting correspondence for the purpose of offering an article for sale, or undertaking to charge a sum of money for ideas, recipes or information mentioned in any letter appearing in this department, if reported, will result in the offender being denied the use of these columns.

Do not ask us to publish letters requesting money contributions or donations of any sort. Much as we sympathize with the suffering and unfortunate, it is impossible to do this as we would be flooded with similar requests.

Please write only on one side of the paper, and recipes on a separate sheet.

Always give your correct and full name and address, very plainly written; otherwise your letter will receive no attention.

Address MRS. WHEELER WILKINSON, CARE COMFORT, AUGUSTA, MAINE.

HERE are some more "best jokes" just to prove to the world that the COMFORT Sisters' sense of humor does as good work under the scorching August sun as it did last April when it was drenched with April showers, and it takes a pretty strong sense of humor to withstand sunburn and wet feet.

But lest we are becoming too frivolous, read the letters from mothers who are passing their dearly-bought experience on to you for you to profit by it and be warned in time.—Ed.

Following Copy

They were rehearsing for the opera when the conductor was nearly frightened out of his boots by a terrific blast from the trombone player in the corner.

"What are you doing?" roared the conductor. "I'm sorry, sir," came the reply. "It was a fly on my music." "But," he added with just a touch of professional pride, "I played him."

Mistaken Identity

An Irishman who wasn't much of a hunter, went out to hunt one day and the first thing he saw to shoot was a blue jay sitting saucily on the top of a fence. He blazed away at the bird and then walked over to pick it up. What he happened to find there was a dead frog which he raised carefully at arm's length, looking at it with a puzzled air. Finally he remarked: "Well, beaded, but ye was a devil of a fine lookin' bird befor Oi blew ther fithers off'n yese."—MARY MILLER, Scranton, Pa.

Persistence Won

Freddy came into the library one day where his father was reading. "Pa," he began, "what is a cat?"

"I'm busy, don't bother me," was the impatient reply.

There was a few minutes' silence, then—"Pa, what part of the body is the honeymoon? I read in the paper where a man got hurt on his honeymoon."

No response, though Freddy thought the paper his father was reading shook and acted "awful funny."

"Is mamma over at Mrs. Brown's, pa?"

Still silence. His father still read on. Freddy edged toward the door. "Say, pa, bad accident down town today. Nine lives lost."

His father looked up quickly. "How's that?"

"Street car ran over a cat," and Freddy vanished through the door as his angry parent reached for the razor strap.—SUSIE TRUNER, Greenbrier, Ark.

DALTON, KY.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND SISTERS: I wonder if you will let me join your happy circle? I have been a reader of COMFORT for seven years and the more I read it the better I like it.

Many times I have wanted to write but never had the courage until I read the letter from Wife in Name Only.

Stay with him. He loves you more than he does the nurse for he only thinks he loves her. She has been dressed up every time he has seen her and maybe she has tried to be a little better than she really is when she was with him. I believe that when one loves their love is returned so just be good and after a while he will think to himself, "What a fool I was to think that I loved another when I have a good wife who loves me." Don't say a word to him about her and when he comes to himself he will be ashamed of himself and love you more than ever.



ARNOLD HOWARD BRANDON.

I enjoy the letters from mothers most of all as I am a young mother. I have been married seven years to one of the best of men and I don't believe anybody gets along any better than we do. I love him

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 17.)

Comfort Sisters' Recipes

NO longer are three meals a day a bug-bear to the housewife for "with green things a-growing everywhere we pass," there is variety enough for even the most fastidious, and if the supply of tomatoes, corn, peppers, peas and beans, and all other good things of the garden, only lasted long enough, being a vegetarian would be a positive pleasure. And all these things can be canned so successfully that summer is carried well into the winter so far as its vegetables and fruits are concerned.—Ed.

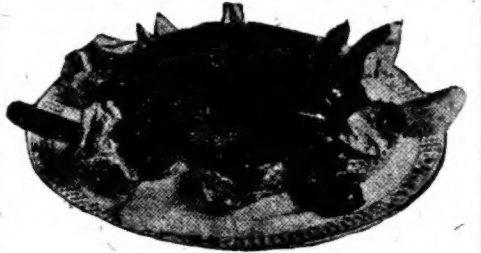
RICE WITH TOMATOES AND CHEESE.—Wash one cup of rice, add slowly to four and one half cups of boiling water, salted, and cook twenty-five or thirty minutes, stirring occasionally. When cooked, evaporate the water by leaving it partly covered on a slow fire. Add one half can of tomatoes or equal quantity of fresh, one half cup of grated cheese, one teaspoon salt and one quarter teaspoon pepper and let boil. Serve with grating of cheese over top.

BEAN POLENTA.—Drain and mash four cups of beans, add one quarter teaspoon mustard, a little pepper, one tablespoon molasses and one tablespoon vinegar. Form the mixture into cakes and brown on both sides in hot greased pan.

MEAT LOAF.—One pound chopped meat, two cups bread-crumbs, one cup thick white sauce and salt and pepper to season. Make white sauce by adding milk to flour and stirring to make smooth paste. Boil, stirring until thick and smooth. Form into loaf, put into buttered pan and bake in moderate oven two hours.

POT ROAST WITH VEGETABLES.—Choose a piece of meat with a little bone and fat, to weigh about two pounds. Brown this on all sides in a hot kettle. Add two cups of water and cook slowly three and one half hours, adding more water when necessary. Have ready two cups of carrots, one cup of turnips, one cup of parsnips and two onions, all chopped fine, and add when meat has cooked two and one half hours.

TOMATO JELLY.—Cut six well ripened tomatoes into small pieces without peeling. Add two whole cloves, two whole peppers, and two whole allspices; or, a small



TOMATO JELLY.

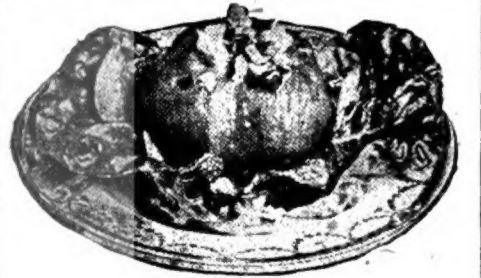
pinch of each kind of the ground spice. Also half a small onion chopped fine, and three teaspoons of sugar. Stew until the tomato is well cooked and then put through a fine sieve. To one quart of the strained tomato, add one half box of gelatine, previously soaked in a little cold water and added while the tomato is boiling hot. Set away over night and when ready to serve, turn out on a plate lined with lettuce leaves. This same recipe makes a delicious sauce for omelet, sweetbreads or macaroni by thickening a little with flour and omitting the gelatine. Add butter just before serving.

NEW HUNGARIAN GOULASH.—Peel two medium-sized onions and slice into lard. Let fry a few minutes, then add one and one half pounds hamburger steak, one half cup of cooked rice and two tomatoes or their equivalent in canned tomatoes, cooked with one quarter cup macaroni. Season with salt and pepper and cook slowly one hour.—MRS. IVAN GALLUP, Clayton, Mich.

BROWNED SWEET POTATOES.—Wash medium-sized potatoes and cook in boiling salted water until tender. Drain, cool slightly and peel. Cut in one-third inch slices lengthwise and place in a greased baking pan. Dot with small piece of butter or butter substitute and pour over them one half cup of corn syrup. Bake in hot oven until well browned.

ESCALLOPED POTATOES.—Cut one quart of cold boiled potatoes, or as many as you have, into thin slices, season well with salt and pepper. Put a layer in a buttered baking tin, dredge with flour and dot over with small pieces of butter. Continue this until all the material has been used; then add hot milk until it may be seen through the top layer. Cover with fine bread-crumbs and cook twenty minutes.—MRS. LEXIE LAWLEY, W. Frankfort, Ill.

STUFFED TOMATOES.—Cut a thin slice from the stem end of large, smooth tomatoes. Spoon out the soft center and remove the seeds, mixing with the pulp an equal amount of highly seasoned cracker-crumbs. Onion juice, a little sugar, and salt and pepper make excellent



STUFFED TOMATOES.

seasoning. Fill the cavities with the mixture, sprinkle the tops with fine cracker-crumbs moistened with melted butter, and bake in an agate pan until the crumbs are brown. Serve at once. Chopped ham may be used in place of part of the cracker-crumbs if a richer dish is desired.

GREEN TOMATOES.—Slice large green tomatoes, sprinkle with salt and small pinch of pepper, cover with corn meal or flour and fry in hot fat until brown.—ANNIE CARTER, Kerns, Ky.

BLACKBERRY JAM.—Mash twice as many blackberries as sugar used and after they are well mashed, cook until thick, stirring constantly.

CANNED BLACKBERRIES.—Use only the best berries, putting them into jar and shaking them down as much as possible without crushing the fruit. Put covers on jars, set on trivet in kettle of cold water and let come to boil. Boil ten minutes. Have ready a syrup made of one cup of sugar to two cups of water. Water may be allowed to cool a little and then jars may be removed from kettle and placed on a folded cloth, away from cold air, and filled nearly full with the syrup which has been heated to the boiling point. Put rubbers on jars and with a silver spoon press carefully around the berries to let out air bubbles, add more syrup to overflowing and seal.

PEACH JAM.—Pick over, wash, peel and slice two and one half pounds of peaches. Add one pound of sugar, one teaspoon allspice, one half inch ginger root, one quarter inch cinnamon bark and half a teaspoon of mace. The spices should be tied together in a cheese-cloth bag. Then add three quarters cup peach juice and cook until mixture is thick and clear. Turn into sterilized jars and seal.

STEAMED SALMON LOAF.—Remove skins and bone from can of salmon and chop finely and rub to paste. Beat three eggs until light, add one half cup of bread-crumbs, four tablespoons of melted butter, one half teaspoon of salt, and a little pepper. Stir this into the salmon, turn into buttered mould and steam one hour. Serve cold with mayonnaise dressing.

MAYONNAISE DRESSING.—Break the yolk of one egg in a bowl, add flour, salt, pepper and mustard to taste. Mix with a fork, then beat well with egg beater. Pour in very gradually from one to two cups of olive oil, beat constantly. Thin out with lemon juice. Whipped cream improves it. All ingredients must be ice cold before using.

SCALLOPED SQUASH.—Boil and mash squash in usual way and let cool. Beat the yolks of two eggs and add to squash when nearly cold with three tablespoons of

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milk, one tablespoon of butter, salt and pepper to taste. Pour into buttered baking dish, cover with bread-crumbs and bake in quick oven until brown.

JELLIED CHICKEN OR VEAL.—Boil a chicken in as little water as possible, until the meat falls from the bones; chop rather fine, and season with pepper and salt; put in a mould a layer of the chopped meat and then a layer of hard-boiled eggs cut in slices; then layers of meat and eggs alternately until the mould is nearly full; boil down the liquor in the pot one half; when warm, add one quarter of an ounce of gelatine and when dissolved pour into the mould over the meat. Set in a cool place over night to jelly.

CORN OYSTERS.—Run down each row of kernels with a sharp knife, removing the top of the hull. With the back of the knife press out the pulp, leaving the remainder of the hull on the cob. To each cup of pulp add one well-beaten egg, salt and pepper, and flour enough to hold egg and corn together, which should not be more than one heaping tablespoon. Drop in spoonfuls on a hot greased griddle. Canned corn may be used by putting it through the meat chopper and adding three teaspoons of milk and a little more flour. These are delicious cooked in deep fat.

BAKED ONIONS.—Wash, but do not peel the onions; boil one hour in boiling water, slightly salted, changing the water twice in the time; when tender, drain on a cloth, and roll in buttered tissue paper, twisted at the top, and bake an hour in a slow oven. Peel and brown them; serve with melted butter.

SARDINE SALAD.—Remove skin and bones from sardines and mix with an equal quantity of the yolks of hard-boiled eggs, mashed. Arrange on lettuce leaves and serve with mayonnaise dressing.

FRIED CHICKEN.—Singe, wash and wipe dry. Cut apart at the joints and remove the breast bones. Roll each piece in crumbs, then in egg and crumbs again,

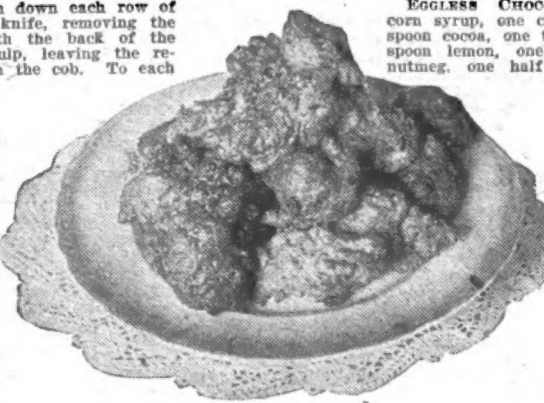
and fry in deep hot fat until brown. The Southern style of frying chicken is in salt, fat pork till brown and tender. Remove chicken, pour boiling water into pan and thicken with flour stirred up with cold water. Season and pour over chicken.

OX EYES.—Cut inch-thick slices of bread into rounds with top of a tumbler, then take smaller circles from center with top of a wine-glass. Lay in a buttered tin and cover with milk. When they have absorbed it, break an egg into the center of each ring and pour a teaspoon of milk on the top of each egg. Bake in a hot oven until the whites are set but not brown. Serve on a hot dish.

EGGLESS CHOCOLATE CAKE.—One cup corn syrup, one cup sour milk, one tablespoon cocoa, one teaspoon vanilla, one teaspoon lemon, one fourth teaspoon grated nutmeg, one half cup vegetable oil, one half teaspoon salt, one teaspoon soda, one and one half cups barley flour, one half cup corn-starch, one half cup mashed potato. Combine the corn syrup, milk and extracts and stir in the vegetable oil. Sift together the cocoa, nutmeg and remaining dry ingredients. Add the mashed potato to the first mixture. Beat well, and then beat in the dry ingredients. Pour into a brick-shaped or tube pan which has been well oiled, sprinkle the top with a little coconut and some chopped candied fruit or nuts and bake 45 minutes in a moderate oven.

SQUASH PIE.—After cutting the squash into small pieces boil until tender, drain well and put through a strainer. To every cup of the squash add one of sugar, three eggs, well beaten, two and one half cups of milk, one teaspoon of vanilla and salt to taste. Mix well and pour into pie-shell and bake slowly.

SALMON SALAD.—Flake cold, boiled salmon. Mix with dressing and arrange on nests of lettuce leaves. Garnish with slices of hard-boiled egg.



CORN OYSTERS.

An Agent of Providence

by
Anne McQueen



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BETTY Brandon, muffled in a big dust-coat that hid the ravishing curves of her trim little figure, with a soft hat pulled down to the lobes of her rosy ears and hiding all of the adorable beauty of eyes and dimples and bright hair that it possibly could, stood on the curb beside her new little car, and waited for Bob Lowry to come to take the first ride in it with her.

Up the street came Bob Lowry, big, broad-shouldered, a little stout, a little grey about the temples, a few wrinkles hiding in the corners of his kindly blue eyes; a dependable man and a likable, one would decide at first glance. He was a lawyer, and he had been till today, her twenty-first birthday, the guardian of the person and property of Betty Brandon.

"Many happy returns and a heap of congratulations on your day of freedom, young lady," called the lawyer, as he approached, holding out a big box that plainly told it contained the confetti dearest to a girl's heart—candied fruit.

"Oh, Bob—just what I needed!" cried Betty as she dove into its depths and popped a crystallized cherry into her pink rose of a mouth. Bob watched her with a queer look in his placid eyes. Betty was still a child, he decided, just a laughing, happy-hearted child, while he was getting to be an old man—twelve full years her senior and feeling much older. No—it would never do in the world—youth must mate with youth—he would keep silent!

He sighed briefly, threw his shoulders back as if to relieve a burden that bore heavily, and resumed, laughingly:

"Well, Bettykins, now that you are a malefactor of great wealth, what will be the first thing you propose doing with your money?"

"Make somebody very happy," replied Betty, between bites at a big and juicy pineapple-slice. "Honestly, Bob, I regard myself as just an agent of Providence concerning my money. You'll see how happy I'll make folks with it. Hop in—I'm crazy to try the little car."

Bob having "hopped" in with care, Betty fluttered like a drift of thistledown beside him, took the steering wheel in her small, capable hands and they whirled away out into the country; Betty, with the one eye her hat permitted to show, searching the landscape in eager quest of a case befitting the intervention of an agent of Providence.

"Now for an adventure in making somebody happy! We'll take the first turn-off, and maybe come right on a girl who pines for college, or a farmer who needs the mortgage lifted. Only how on earth are we to find out?" She raised puzzled eyes to his, a little worry-wrinkle creeping between her hidden brows. "I've just got to make somebody happy on my birthday, Bob—I've thought of it so long."

"Trust to me—I'll hunt out one for you," promised Bob, cheerily, and sighed to think how very, very easy it would be to find one—if she only knew how to look at the man beside her!

But he didn't have to keep his rash promise, for before they had been on a rather rough and rooty country road very long a sudden rainstorm came up, driving them into a tumble-down cottage so near the road that in dry weather it must have been constantly covered with the dust from passing vehicles. And here the emissary of Providence found Miss Matty and Miss Molly.

As they ran to shelter the door of the shanty opened with hospitable haste and a voice that thrilled with pleasurable excitement bade them walk right in. "Sister seen you from the window, and she allowed you'd have to run in out of the rain; folks do, in bad weather, we bein' so nigh."

The speaker was a tall angular woman of late middle age; freckled and wholesome her weather-beaten face shone with a kindly smile as she bustled forward with chairs.

"Put 'em higher me," bade another voice, "the rain's leakin' in right there." And you fetch a foot-tub, Sister—and set the dish-pan under that corner by the bed."

With alacrity the other obeyed; she set the chairs near the window, where the other speaker—a cripple, judging by the crutches at her side—sat in a comfortable, padded armchair.

"Oh, I hope we aren't putting you to any trouble," deprecated Betty, with a smile that was like a sunbeam, "we thank you so much for letting us in—a regular storm outside."

"Not a mite o' trouble," hastened the cripple, "I'm Miss Molly Brown and Sister's Matty. We're twins, though we don't favor."

"The roof ain't what it might be," apologized Miss Matty as she set the dish-pan and the foot-tub under the leaks, "but laws, it's home, and all we got! We were born right here, Molly and me, goin' on sixty year ago, come June."

"Ain't no call to be tellin' ages," said Miss Molly, tartly, "and I smell the dandelions boilin' over on the stove."

Miss Matty disappeared through an open doorway into a lean-to beyond. Betty could see a small stove and a table—this was plainly the twins' kitchen.

"Dandelions is wholesome, and good for rheumatics," observed Miss Molly. "Sister found a big patch of 'em 'cross the road. We have 'em every spring, for dinner."

"I never ate any," remarked Bob, politely, "but I've always heard they were—er—medicinal."

The rain was dripping steadily down in little streams into the foot-tub and the dish-pan. Betty, Bob said afterward, was beginning to take notes. As special agent of Providence she began to ply Miss Molly with artfully-put questions, finding out all about that simple-hearted lady and her sister in a very few minutes. They had no income, except what they earned. Miss Matty farmed—they owned about ten acres, and she hired the land

plowed. Miss Molly took in plain sewing. They made ends meet, somehow. Garden? Oh, no—they raised chickens; poultry and gardens didn't go together. Miss Molly relished an egg, and they sold them in the village, when they had any to spare; hens didn't do so well, somehow.

Through the open door of the lean-to several friendly fowls strolled, poking inquiring heads into the living-room.

"Come here, Banty," called Miss Molly, and a tiny hen scuttled in and sprang upon her mistress's knee. Not to be outdone, the others came boldly forward. Miss Molly called them all by name; there was "Frizzly," and "Top-knot" and "Muffin-jaw"—a queer mixture of blood and feathers indeed!

"Ain't much use for eggs, but they scratch for their livin', and they're right smart o' company for Sister, times I'm in the field," said Miss Matty, cheerfully, as she came from the lean-to. "Old Top-knot is fixin' to set, Sister, on that darnin'-gourd I put in her nest."

"Well, see that Frizzly don't pester her, and we'll maybe scare up a settin' some of these days," replied Miss Molly, tranquilly, "won't you-all stay and take a bite o' greens with us? Sister'll put on a hoeecake in a minute, if you will."

But, though Miss Matty hospitably echoed the invitation, Bob and Betty declined with earnest thanks—they must be getting back to town, as the sun had come out once more.

"Funny we found them right away, Bob," bubbled Betty, as they were speeding on their way homeward. "Oh, it's just lovely—the plan I've thought out for Miss Matty and Miss Molly! You wait and see—I won't tell you till it's done."

And, though Bob begged to be taken into the secret, she positively refused to explain—he'd have to wait.

Betty Brandon was alone in the world; her parents had died when she was a child, and she had been brought up by a kindly and loving old grandfather, who, when he was nearing his last days, found himself unexpectedly rich from the proceeds of some property he owned on which oil had been found. The old gentleman had not lived long to enjoy his wealth, but he had built a comfortable home for Betty, installed a relative as housekeeper and entrusted Bob Lowry with the care of her money, and of herself till she was of age and could decide things according to her own judgment.

"Money's a mighty hard thing to take care of, Bob," the old man had confided to his friend, "especially when you've never had a red penny of your own for so long. Betty will be flinging it right and left, for she's a good-hearted child, and wants the world happy. In my judgment, money's a powerful poor article when it comes to buying happiness, but Betty don't know that—you must learn by experience."

Now Betty had come into her own, and there was nothing that Bob could do to prevent her spending it to make the world happy! If only he, Bob Lowry, were not so old and plain and—commonplace, he would ask nothing better than to take care of the radiant child for the rest of his life—and keep her, incidentally, from throwing away her grandfather's money!

He did not see Betty again for some time; when he called at her pleasant home, Mrs. Ray, the relative who lived with her, told him that Betty was away nearly all the time, now.

"And I can't understand what the child's doing, Bob," worried the good lady, "always calling up folks over the telephone—architects, and landscape gardeners, and people in the city. Expensive, all this long-distance telephoning, I tell her; but her eyes are shining and she's just absorbed in some plan—a beautiful surprise, she says, for somebody."

After a while they knew, Betty, with eyes that shone like the very brightest of stars, and a face so radiant that all the world smiled to behold it, came to Bob's office in her little car—that was not so very new by now, and took him out in the country—to show him the consummation of her plan.

Beyond the little dusty shanty wherein lived Miss Molly, Miss Matty, Speckle, Frizzly, and the rest of them, they drove, and then up a hill covered with a pleasant growth of trees, fields and orchards, to a spick and shining little house right on its summit. A little house set in a carefully-laid-out garden, with a view from its sunny porch that took in road and river and fields far, far away—even a view of the distant town.

"Come right on in," bustled Betty, "isn't the view just charming? Won't Miss Molly love to sit in that special chair in the corner and watch the road, and just take in all the beauty that's spread before her, poor old dear! And Miss Matty—Bob, just let me show you the kitchen! And a kitchen garden, all planted and growing!"

She led the dazed lawyer through the little house, showing him everything—the comfortably furnished big living-room, the bedrooms and bath, the pantry loaded with beautiful things in glass and tins that shone and glowed with the hues of the rainbow. There was a kitchen, immaculate, with a cabinet, all furnished, and a stove that shone like a mirror. And, outside, there was a garden, trim and neat, with rows of young green things peeping up bravely. There was a chicken-yard, wherein lordly fowls of aristocratic and proven lineage strutted proudly. A fairy creation, invoked by the magic wand of money!

Bob, amazed, dazed, could only blink wonderingly as she displayed each new convenience with pride that spoke possession.

"And to think, the old souls will just move in and be happy and comfortable forever and ever. Isn't that worth-while work for an agent of Providence, Bob?"

"Will they know you have done this for them?" asked Bob, doubtfully.

"No—oh no. That would spoil everything. The agent is to turn over the keys to them, and they'll live here and never, never and out their fairy godmother! And, when Mrs. Ray and I come back from our trip to California, next fall, we'll come out here and see how everything works."

"I hope it will work out all right," said Bob, and there was a note of doubt in his voice that Betty declared was abominable—as if there could be any doubt about it!

Betty and Mrs. Ray were gone all summer; the world seemed a very blank and bare old planet to Bob Lowry, who missed the bright presence of the agent of Providence till his heart ached with loneliness.

He was so very lonely that one day he drove out to look at the little dream-house—the fairy gift; not to visit its inmates, he was too true to Betty to go without her, but just to see how things were looking.

It was late, getting on to autumn, and things should have attained perfection in the gardens, and there would doubtless be flocks of lordly, pedigreed poultry in the hen-yard.

As he neared the dusty shanty by the roadside he was astonished to see a smoke-wreath curling briskly from the chimney—he wondered who could be found to live in such a hovel.

"By George," muttered Bob, softly, "if there isn't Miss Matty, as sure as shooting!"

Miss Matty it was; standing very serenely in the doorway, and nodding a friendly greeting.

Bob drew up at the roadside—this demanded investigation, he would know the reason why the old ladies still lived in the shanty instead of the fairy cottage.

"It's that young-feller that come last spring with the pretty girl, Sister," said Miss Matty to Miss Molly, within. "Come right in, young man—it ain't raining, but we're glad to see company, just the same."

By the window, close to the fireside, sat Miss Molly, her crutches beside her, her eyes fixed on the outside, in search of passers by.

"I seen you," she said, as he entered, "and I told Sister to hail you. Young man, where's that powerful pretty girl? I'd like to see her again."

"She's out West," Bob explained, "and—er—are you still living here?"

"Where in tarnation would we be a livin'?" Miss Molly spoke, sharply. Miss Matty, nodding towards Bob, whispered, "Let's tell him about it, Sister."

Both started; they poured forth the strange story in a flood of speech. Somebody—nobody knew who—had willed them a house.

"And we had one—all's wanted was a little patchin'."

"And a chicken-yard—hens p'int blank like one another never could tell 'em apart—"

"And a pantry loaded with these here canned things—never tasted nothin' come out of a can, 'count o' this here newfangled thing that poisons folks."

"And a garden; and, name o' sense, how can we tend a garden, and feed all them hens, and keep up a flower yard on top o' that! Me one to do it all," declared Miss Matty, bitterly.

"And taxes to pay on the place," groaned Miss Molly, "and insurance even, to keep up, the man said, if we didn't want to reek burnin' up some night. Land knows, it's all me and Sister can do to take care o' this here farm, we was born and bred on it!"

"And what have you done with this place that was a gift?" asked Bob, his legal brain in a very befuddled condition at the old ladies' amazing statements.

"Well, seein' the man told us it was ours, and couldn't nothin' nor nobody touch us for trouble, things, we sold them chickens and that canned stuff to our grocery man in the village, cheap. I wanted to patch the roof, but Sister allowed we'd better lay the money by for taxes, which are bound to come, sure's death. It'll have to burn down without insurance, for we ain't got the money. But Sister, I wonder now if you don't know somebody that'd like the place for a home? We'd rent cheap, just for enough to pay taxes and insurance."

"I'd never live in it," vowed Miss Molly, "such a far piece from the big road can't see nobody passin'. Yes—we'd be powerful glad to rent it, that we would."

"I'll see about it and let you know," promised the lawyer, as he rose to go. "I'll be back—soon."

"We'd be plumb afraid to sell, wouldn't we, Sister?" ventured Miss Matty, "because we don't rightfully know how we come by it. Sellin', all furnished that-a-way, would save us worryin' over taxes and insurance, wouldn't it?"

"It would," nodded Miss Molly, emphatically, adding darkly: "Some folks is too meddlesome by natur'—entirely too meddlesome!"

"I'm a lawyer," stated Bob, with a dreadful fear that maybe Betty's fairy-godmother gift would fall into alien hands, "and I can look up the deeds and so on for you. And, if it's all regular and shipshape, I'll buy it myself; I've been wanting a home of my own for a long time—a little house just about like that one."

Which was absolutely true.

He searched—and found everything shipshape, as a matter of course. Assuring Miss Matty and Miss Molly of this, he promptly bought the little place, and paid therefor a sum that was not princely, but the magnitude of which covered Miss Matty and Miss Molly with confusion as to what they should do with so much wealth.

Then he found himself motoring out to the little house evenings, looking about; then he took to spending an occasional night, then every night, and at last even to cooking his own breakfast and supper on the dainty little stove, and enjoying it very much indeed.

And he began to work in the gardens, hoping to make things look presentable before Betty's

return; it was sorely neglected, but by dint of patient—and needed—exercise, he soon had trim flower beds, and thrifty vegetables growing in the kitchen garden.

Late one afternoon in the early autumn, when he boldly took a half-holiday from his office because the dahlias needed tying up, Bob, bending over the stakes, whistling softly, saw a shadow fall between him and the pale sunshine. Looking up quickly he beheld—Betty.

"Betty!" he shouted, and before he had time to collect his thoughts, held out open arms to her in a frenzy of love and longing, "Betty—you?"

Straight into the circle of those honest arms went Betty, and snuggled right up close to the big heart that was, just then, beating rather violently under the big man's vest.

"I've found out, Bob," murmured Betty, in a broken voice, "I went to your office, hoping to surprise you and found it closed. So I came on out here. And—"

she gulped back a miserable sob, "stopped at—at Miss Matty and Miss Molly's shanty. And I f—fully agree with them that some folks are too meddlesome—too darn meddlesome! And, as an agent of Providence I'm a f—fake—and a f—figure!"

No matter how unworthy a man may deem himself, when a helpless girl snuggles up in his arms, with evident intention to stay there for some time, that man is simply obliged to keep them around her as closely as possible; and so strive to convey his appreciation of the honor done him.

"I'm old and plain and commonplace, and you should have a lover who is young and handsome and altogether desirable," he began, very humbly, "but—but—darling child, if you could manage to put up with me, I'll be willing to let you take care of me for the rest of my natural life—and do it after your own way, too. I need being cared for a whole heap more than Miss Matty and Miss Molly. Could you—will you, Betty, darling?"

"No!" stormed Betty, in a gust of weeping, her voice muffled but vigorous, "I'm not fit to take care of a cat! But I'll be so very, very glad to have you take care of me, Bob, dear!"

There could be but one answer to this plea. And Bob Lowry took means to make that answer emphatic enough without a single word! After a space of time—a considerable space—had elapsed, Betty raised a bright head from his shoulder—they were now sitting on the doorstep—and, with eyes that sparkled with a sudden new and beautiful thought, spoke eagerly: "And may we have our honeymoon right here, in your own dear little cottage, Bob? I'd love it so!"

"We will," promised Bob, promptly, "in my house and in my heart—I won't dare trust you at large! You see, since you are entrusted to my care, I'm going to regard myself as a—er—special agent of Providence appointed for the purpose of making you happy—and I know I'll succeed!"

Wasn't that just like a man!

A Bit of Mid-Summer Madness

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 4.)

of the portico and looked out over the ocean. The night was hot, decidedly so; but every now and then an invigorating breeze swept up from the ocean, over which a full moon hung.

He stood for some time in the shadow of the colonnade while the evening twilight gave way to night and the moon increased in effulgence.

No one was near—he was alone with the moon for company and it was going to his head, he thought, when, as if by a spirit hand, he felt his own gently touched, and a voice low and guarded, spoke his name.

He threw his head and shoulder about and saw the woman he had noted in the dining-room.

"Mr. Poindexter." His name was spoken again. Not knowing what to make of it all, he bowed.

"You see I know you," she said softly, "though you do not know me. May I ask, may I implore your help? I am in great trouble. Will you help me?"

His gallantry immediately responded.

"If my reply does not constitute an irrevocable promise, yes," he replied.

"Then save me from the police!" Russian! Beyond a doubt, Russian! No one else would speak in that fashion.

"May I speak with you privately?" she asked. And then she evidently knew the request made him just a little uncomfortable, for she went on quietly: "You will not compromise yourself, and you will help me. The detectives are not sure of me, and if they see me with you you are known so well here, they will think we are friends, and I shall baffle them. Your social standing is above suspicion. Shall you help me?"

Poindexter did not hesitate. He was not averse to an adventure and especially with a pretty woman on mid-summer night. In the old days pixies and elves appeared on this evening to mortals and indulged in pranks, so why should he not enjoy an adventurous revel with a queen, never a fairy queen exactly, but with a queen, nevertheless? And with one so beautiful and who spoke with the clear accent of an American-born? He was glad she had no accent, a Russian accent would have, at once suggested a caviar!

"I'll help you," he said, surrendering.

"Very well. Meet me at the entrance of the hotel, and we'll walk in the grove and there I'll

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 20.)



SUMMER COOKING MADE EASY

JAM AND JELLY RECIPES

By Violet Marsh

"EVERY morning the world wakes up hungry" and every morning, whether summer or winter, the larger percent of women in the world are preparing food to appease the hunger of all mankind. And just as the busy bee makes and stores its honey against the time when change of season cuts off its food supply, so does the thrifty housewife preserve food by which she may vary a more or less monotonous winter diet and furnish greens, mineral matter, acids and other necessary materials that keep the body in a healthful condition. At the same time she is greatly reducing the cost of good food.

This month we are going to talk especially about hot weather cooking, in an effort to eliminate some of the discomfort which attends long hours of working over a hot kitchen fire, and about making a greater use of refreshing summer foods and dishes that can be prepared in advance in the cool hours of the morning.

August is the month when special thought must be given to the family diet. Greasy food, fried dishes, pastry and doughnuts are unwholesome in hot weather. In their place use fresh fish if obtainable, milk, fresh vegetables, tapioca and gelatine desserts, simple cookies and sponge cakes, fresh fruit short-cakes and plenty of refreshing fruit drinks, especially between meals. Cream cheese is an excellent meat substitute in summer and if made with care, and for variety mixed with fruits, the family will never tire of it. Sandwiches are a standby in hot weather and it is well worth while to make a study of the family taste for fillings, which are many and varied when "garden-stuff" is abundant. Encourage out-of-door eating; not elaborate picnics or lunches, but just a basket of sandwiches, sweet fruit, milk and cheese, and enjoy that summer-time relaxation away from tablecloths, linen napkins and many dishes.

Summer Recipes

MY COTTAGE CHEESE.—Without disturbing the milk after it is put into a large, shallow pan, let it stand until it becomes a firm clabber. Make a cotton bag of muslin, not too thin, and into it dip the milk, cream and all, breaking the clabber as little as possible. It is well to first move the cream to the middle of the pan, putting it into the bag after the first half of the clabber. Tie the bag with a strong string and hang it up to drip in the sun or near the kitchen stove. The sun is preferable. Hang a cloth around it if any flies are about. It should hang all day. Remove from bag and work in a very little salt. If more cream is desired, work in a little heavy fresh cream.

For combinations, add just before serving cut up dates prepared by standing five minutes in boiling hot water, then five minutes in cold water when the dirt and skins will easily rub off. Cheese combined with chopped green peppers, celery or new cabbage makes excellent sandwiches. A little peanut butter with the cheese, and the addition of a few small seedless raisins that have been washed and dried will delight the children. A lettuce leaf topped with a slice of pineapple and a thick spread of cheese pleases everybody. Try a thin sprinkling of ground nut meats with the cheese seasoned with red pepper for a pleasing variety; also try strawberry jam and cheese.

EGG AND SARDINE.—Remove the backbones and skins if the sardines are large. Mash and make into a paste with hard-boiled eggs that have been chopped and seasoned with salt and pepper and a little of the sardine oil.

HAM AND CUCUMBER.—Grind the ham and season with mayonnaise dressing. Soak thin slices of cucumber in ice water and add a layer to the ham. These are excellent.

FRUIT GELATINE.—Slice two very ripe bananas thin and pour over them two cups of fresh berry juice. Most kinds combine well with banana. Add half-a-cup of lemon juice and two cups of sugar. Let this stand one hour. Soak four tablespoons of granulated gelatine in one half cup of cold water until well softened and then add one half cup of boiling water. Stir a little until the gelatine is dissolved and then pour hot over the fruit and sugar. Continue gently stirring until the sugar is thoroughly dissolved and then set to cool. As the gelatine begins to stiffen, stir occasionally to prevent the bananas rising to the top. May be set in individual glasses and topped with whipped cream.

TAPIoca DESSERT.—Two cups of water, one cup of sugar and one large cup of fine tapioca cooked in double boiler until tapioca is dissolved. Stir frequently as it cooks. Just before removing from boiler, add two cups of any kind of fruit or

berry juice, stir and pour into deep bowl. When nearly cool and beginning to set, add two stiffly beaten egg whites, whipping them in with the egg beater.

SHORTCAKE.—Measure two cups of sifted flour, add one half teaspoon of salt, one half teaspoon of soda and one teaspoon of cream of tartar, and sift again. Beat one egg, add three quarters of a cup of sweet milk and one quarter of a cup of melted (not hot) butter, stir and add to flour. Turn onto floured board, and with the hands pat and shape into thin round cakes that will fit Washington pie tins. Bake in a hot oven until brown. Split and butter while hot, and fill and pour over the top any kind of sweetened fresh fruit.

GINGERBREAD.—One cup of sugar, one cup of molasses, two even tablespoons of butter, one level dessert spoon of ginger and one level teaspoon of cinnamon mixed together. Warm enough to melt the butter, which will be very little, and then beat the whole mixture until considerably lighter in color. Dissolve two teaspoons of soda in a very little hot water and stir in one cup of sour milk. When well mixed, add five even cups of sifted flour. Beat hard several minutes and bake in a shallow pan in a moderately hot oven.

SPONGE CAKE.—Beat the yolks of three eggs until light yellow, add one and one half cup of granulated sugar and beat again. Put into a mixing bowl, add one teaspoon of vanilla, one scant half a cup of cold water and with the egg beater beat until creamy. Add two cups of flour sifted with one slightly rounded teaspoon of cream of tartar and one half teaspoon of soda. Beat hard until fine grained and no longer. Lastly add three beaten whites of eggs. Fold egg whites in until they disappear with an over-and-over stroke. Bake in a moderate oven, slightly increasing heat at the last.

BAKED TOMATOES.—Select well ripened but not over-soft tomatoes. Cut a slice from the blossom end deep enough to remove the center and seeds. Make a dressing of bread-crumbs lightly moistened and seasoned with butter, salt and pepper. Chopped ham or chicken may be added. Fill and heap the tomatoes with the dressing, top each with a piece of butter and bake in a hot oven half an hour.

TOMATO SALAD.—Peel large, ripe tomatoes, cut in halves and remove top part of centers and seeds. Fill with cucumber that has been pared and soaked in cold water and chopped just before adding. Top each with a large spoon of mayonnaise and place it on a crisp lettuce leaf.

VEGETABLE SALAD.—Until tried, one does not realize how delicious a combination of cold cooked vegetables is a dish long famous with the French people. Cold string beans, carrots, beets, peas, a little spinach, lima beans and cold diced potato. In fact, whatever is on hand may be deliciously combined with a French or mayonnaise dressing and served as the base of a good meal. Fresh uncooked tomato, cucumber, celery or peppers are an appetizing addition.

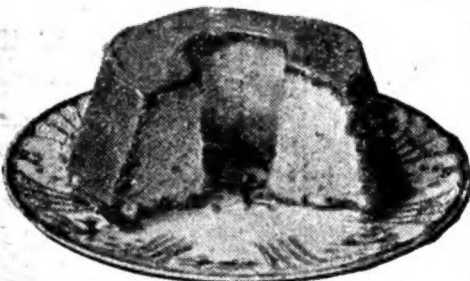
Summer Drinks

Of first importance in making delectable summer drinks is to avoid too much sweetening. Next is in serving them at just the right temperature. If too cold the flavor is dulled, and if warm they are insipid. About the temperature of cold well water is about right. A quart preserving jar makes an excellent shaker. Syrups can be made and kept on hand in bottles. Fruit vinegars, and fruit syrups may also be prepared and kept the same as canned fruits. Besides being useful in drinks, you have the foundation for pudding sauces, gelatines, etc.

PLAIN SYRUP.—Take equal measures of cold water and sugar. Stir until partly dissolved and then slowly cook ten minutes. Skim carefully and bottle.

RASPBERRY SHRUB.—Dissolve five ounces of tartaric acid in two quarts of soft cold water and pour it over twelve pounds of whole ripe raspberries, and, without stirring, let it stand forty-eight hours. Drain through cheese-cloth. Measure the juice and to each pint add two cups of sugar, stirring until dissolved. It should stand several days in a covered crock in a cold cellar and have an occasional stir. Put in bottles with cork stoppers. It is not cooked but will keep a long time if put in a dark and cold place. Dilute to taste.

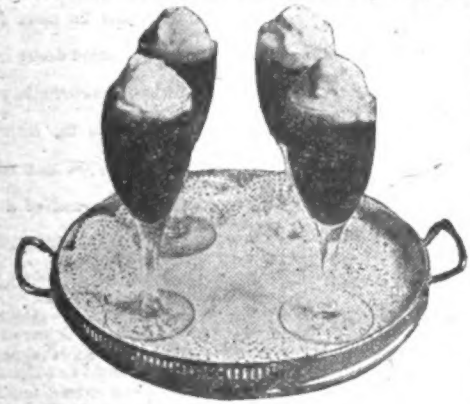
GINGERADE.—Put two rounding tablespoons of good ground ginger into one quart of water and simmer half an hour. Strain through a cloth. Add one cup of lemon juice, one and a half cup of orange juice, a little of the grated rind of both, and two cups of sugar. When the sugar is dissolved it is ready for immediate use, but if to be kept, boil one minute and seal in



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sterilized jars or bottles. Use according to taste, shaking water and syrup together.

CHOCOLATE SYRUP.—Stir six tablespoons of grated chocolate with three cups of granulated sugar and two teaspoons of corn-starch. Make into a paste by slowly stirring in two cups of cold water. Add two cups of boiling water and boil hard for five minutes, stirring constantly. Pour into hot sterilized jars and keep in a cool, dark place unless to be used within a few days. To use, add one quarter of a cup of syrup to a large glass of rich milk, shaking thoroughly.

BERRY SYRUPS.—Use any kind of table berries. Mash by hand or through a fruit press; the latter process yields more juice. Measure and add one half the amount of sugar. Bring to a boil, skim and seal. By adding an equal amount of sugar and stirring until it dissolves, the juice may be put into sterilized bottles uncooked.

FRUIT PUNCH.—Add one pint of clear, strong tea to three cups of plain syrup, two cups of grated pineapple, the juice of four lemons, two limes and six oranges, one cup of banana pulp, two cups of uncooked strawberry or uncooked grape juice. Dilute to taste.

Jams and Jellies

Fruits that are to be made into jellies should be fresh picked and ripe, but not over-ripe. Where one raises her own fruits, or buys locally and knows when they are picked, the best results will be obtained if fruit is gathered following two or more days of sunshine without rain. The juices will be of a finer quality, both in flavor and consistency.

No water is added to juicy fruits. They are crushed in the kettle, boiled hard until the texture is broken down and immediately poured into the jelly bag to drain. Fruits like crab-apples that are cut up, are covered with boiling water and boiled hard until the pulp cooks and the juices are drawn out.

The use of too much sugar causes many a jelly failure. If there is too much to the amount of pectin, it will be sticky and not hold up.

I usually make two qualities of jelly, first and second. The first is permitted to drain undisturbed for a considerable time through two thicknesses of cheese-cloth. This juice will be clear and make perfect jelly. For the second quality I squeeze the bag and thereby obtain a cloudy juice, but its flavor is just as good.

Many fruits have a delicious flavor but do not contain sufficient pectin to jelly. These are combined with over fruits. Delicious combinations are quince and pear, strawberry and crab-apple, raspberry and currant, cherries and grape, blackberries and currants, plums and quince. In these jellies use the peel and cores of quince. Jelly should have a thick coat of hot paraffin poured over it as soon as it is "made."

It is well worth the price of a small fruit press just to use in making jellies and fruit juices, for by its use all the juice is squeezed from the raw fruit, leaving only a dry pulp which is of no value. When the juice is extracted by cooking and together with the pulp put to drain, there is a great loss of juice as well as flavor. This is readily proven in the difference of weight between what remains to throw away after squeezing through a press and what is left in the jelly bag even after being squeezed for a "second" quality when the fruit is first cooked. Such a press is most valuable for making a glass of fresh grape juice, or in winter for making a pitcher of fresh cider from the stored apples.

PERFECT CURRANT JELLY.—Put currants through a fruit press. Bring the juice just to a boil, skimming carefully. Drain through cheese-cloth. Measure juice, add sugar pound to pint, and stir until it is dissolved. Fill hot sterilized glasses and set in the strong sunshine to "sun-make." It may take two or three weeks if the weather is humid, but in the end it will become firm and taste like fresh fruit.

CURRANT JELLY, No. 2.—Add one quart of water to four quarts of currants on the stem and boil hard for half an hour. Drain. To each pint of juice allow one pint of sugar. Heat the sugar in the oven, stirring occasionally. Boil the juice hard for fifteen minutes and skim. Slowly add sugar and stir until dissolved and put into glasses.

QUINCE JELLY.—Peel the quinces and cut out the cores and cover with cold water. Add the remainder of quince cut in small pieces. As quinces are hard, they should cook several hours. Add more water as it boils out. Drain over night through two thicknesses of cheese-cloth. In the morning measure the juice and allow three quarters of the amount of sugar. Boil the juice hard for fifteen minutes and add the sugar heated. When dissolved, pour into glasses.

UNCOOKED JAMS.—Many are very successful with this recipe and declare the fruit tastes nearly as good as when fresh picked. Weigh the fruit, allowing an equal weight of sugar. Crush the fruit thoroughly, stir in the sugar until it dissolves, put into sterilized glasses, and at once cover with half-an-inch of hot paraffin. Strawberries, currants, blackberries, sweet plums and blueberries are the best for this cold process.

COOKED JAM.—Small fruits are cooked whole, and large fruits such as peaches, pears and apples are pared and cut into small pieces. Use equal parts of sugar. Put the fruit into the preserving kettle with one quarter of the sugar and when partly cooked add another quarter, and the remainder at intervals of cooking. In this way the fruit does not harden. Jam is done when a little of the juice thickens in the air.

Wool Prices on Decline

Since November, 1918, the prices of wool have declined in comparison with the same month of the preceding year. The highest average price reached was 60 cents per pound in March and April, 1918, since which time the prices fell to as low as a figure as 47.9 cents in April, 1919. In January, 1918, the average price was 58.1 cents; January, 1919, 55.2 cents; and in January, 1920, 53.3 cents. The producers' price of 16.7 cents per pound in 1913 advanced to 58 cents in 1918, and fell to 51 cents in 1919. These figures are in accordance with reports received by the Bureau of Crop Estimates of the United States Department of Agriculture.—Agric. Dept. Bulletin, Mar. '15, 1920.

Sunset Soap Dyes

The old, soiled and faded garment is completely transformed by the fresh, brilliant color—really just like new. It is so easy and clean—no stained hands or utensils. Sunset dyes all fabrics, goods—the same shade and depth of color, at the same time, in the same dye bath. It is the simplest, safest, surest home dye to use, and the most economical and satisfactory.

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22
COLORS

Cubby Bear at the Seashore

By Lena B. Ellingwood

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"I WONDER, Cubby Bear," said Billy Bluejay, "that you have never been to the seashore! You never see anything beyond this forest! It is very fashionable to spend part of the summer at the beach. The sand is fine to play in, the salt water is delightful for bathing, and the ocean is a beautiful sight, with its white-topped waves."

"I have heard of the ocean," said Cubby Bear, "but I have never seen it. Neither has Mamma Bruin, nor even Grandma Bear. I wonder how far it is from here!"

"Not so far but that you could make the journey in two or three days—perhaps four. And I am not fooling you as Wild Goose did last fall, when she made you believe you could go south with her!" And Billy chuckled loudly.

But Cubby did not like to be reminded of his "Wild Goose chase."

"I would like to go to the seashore," said Cubby, "but I do not know the way, and if I did, Mamma Bruin would never let me go alone."

"I was coming to that!" exclaimed Billy Bluejay. "I had a talk with Mr. Wise Owl today, and he is putting his house and his feathers in order, getting ready to take a vacation."

"Oh, is he going to the seashore?" cried Cubby.

"You interrupt!" grumbled Billy. "Yes, I was trying to tell you so, and that he wants a companion to go with him, so he will not be lonely. I would not care to go with him myself—he is not lively enough for me—but perhaps you would not mind that."

"Oh, no! I like Mr. Wise Owl, and I am sure that Mamma Bruin would be willing for me to go in his care. Thank you for telling me, Billy Bluejay."

Cubby Bear hurried away, greatly excited, and was quite out of breath by the time he reached Wise Owl's house.

"Oh, please," he cried eagerly, as soon as he could speak, "may I go to the seashore with you?"

Wise Owl looked up blankly, then his eyes lighted up as he saw who his visitor was.

"Well, now! You are just the one—just the one! Why, we shall have a delightful time together! There is a piece of woods where I am going, not far from the shore, and we can hide there days and come out to see the sights by night."

"Oh!" faltered Cubby. "Can we be out only at night?"

"There are cottages near, where people stay. You would not want them to see you, I suppose?" asked Wise Owl, rather sharply.

"N-no!" answered Cubby.

"Can you be ready to start tonight, after dark?"

"Yes, I will run home now to get ready and tell Mamma Bruin."

Mamma Bruin was willing for him to go.

"Perhaps I will visit you while you are there," she said.

"I wonder if I am too old to go," said old Grandma Bear. "I should like a sight of the ocean!"

Then she sang, in a queer, shaky voice,

"Out o'er the bounding billow I would swim, swim, swim, and if I came across a whale, I'd have a chat with him. Then, if he splashed around, I'd bid him stop, stop, stop; For when I swim I never plan to touch a water drop."

Cubby Bear and Mr. Wise Owl made the journey to the seashore in four nights, finding good hiding places to sleep in the daytime. Cubby would have liked better to travel by daylight, but found no fault, doing as Wise Owl preferred.

Before they came in sight of the ocean, they could hear the sound of the waves.

"There is a rocky, ledgy place where the waves beat roughly," said Wise Owl. "But not far from there you will find the smooth, warm, sandy beach where the tide comes creeping up gently."

"Can we go bathing?" asked Cubby.

"You may, but I shall not," answered Wise Owl. "If I take cold, I have bronchitis. See, we are coming to the edge of the woods now! Near here we shall sleep days! Hurry, and we shall soon see the ocean!"

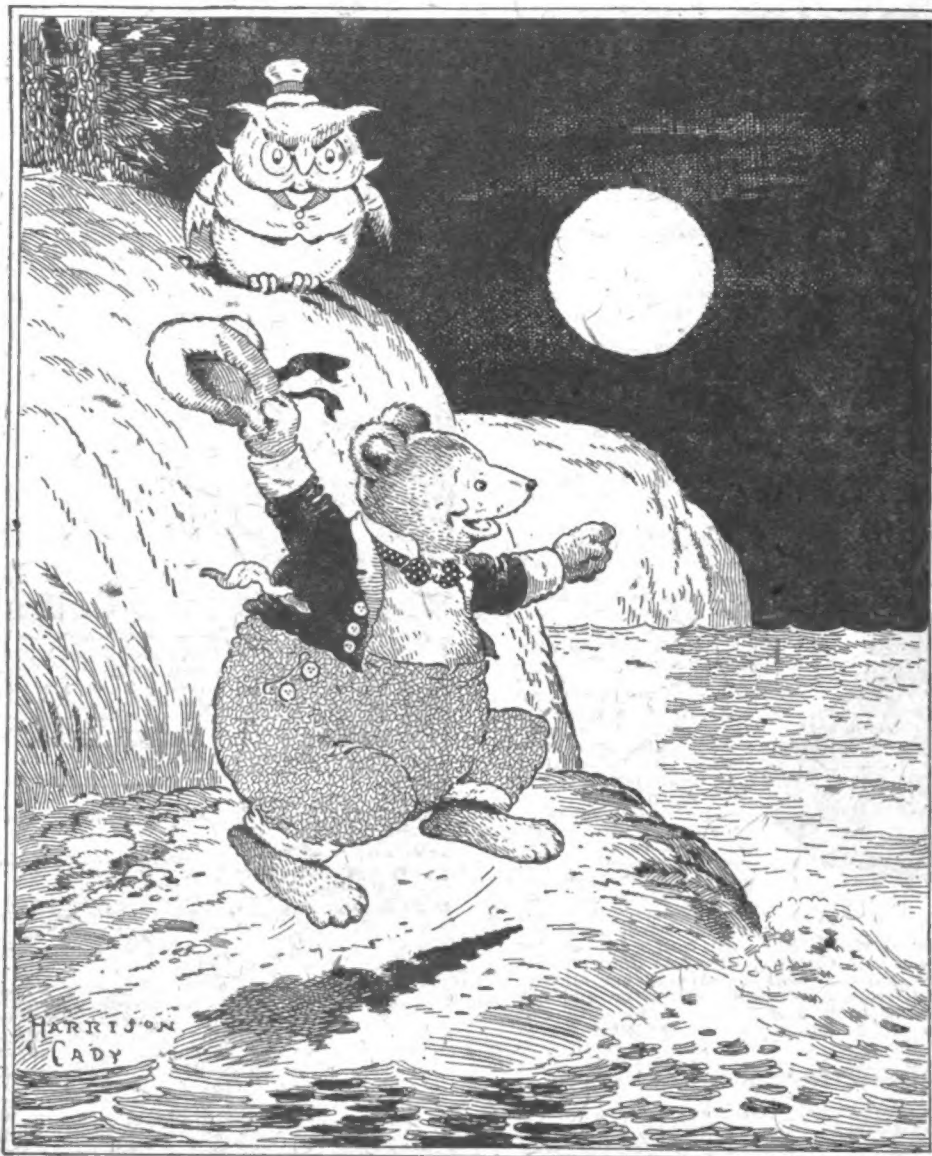
They crossed an open space, where thin, coarse grass was growing, then clambered up a great, rough, rocky ledge, and there, before them, stretched out the mighty ocean, a great waste of waters, as far as the eye could see.

"Oh, oh!" cried Cubby. "I never thought it could be so big!"

Below them the dark waters swirled, tossing up white, frothy foam where the waves beat against the rocks.

It was a beautiful night, calm and warm. The full moon sailed through the sky, making a pathway of dancing light across the water. It looked to Cubby Bear like a friendly, familiar face. "I did not think the moon would be here, too!" he said.

hours, watching the moonlight on the water. It is a sight of which I never tire." "Look! There is nice, white sand," Cubby exclaimed, pointing as he spoke. "May I go down there to play?" "Yes, indeed. Play all you want to. I shall never take a bath!"



"OH, OH!" CRIED CUBBY BEAR, "I NEVER THOUGHT IT COULD BE SO BIG."

"The moon is a great traveler, and sees more sights than you and I shall ever see. I call this place my rock," said Wise Owl, settling down in a little hollow. "I come here every summer for a while. Many a night I have sat here, for

not leave this spot until the moon goes down."

"Does the moon come up out of the water?" asked Cubby.

"I think it very likely," answered Wise Owl.

"How could it keep so clean and shining if it

never took a bath?" Cubby had a happy time playing in the sand. He dug holes near the ocean and watched them fill with water. He waded out as far as he could go and kept his head above water. He had been swimming in the Big Brook at home, and once in the river, when he had fallen in, but the ocean was rather terrifying, because of its vast size, and he did not quite dare to swim in it then, although he tried it afterward, as you shall hear.

Early in the morning, they went into the woods, and Cubby found a bed in a little hollow, quite hidden in a thicket of bushes, while Wise Owl chose a sleeping place high up in a tree.

Cubby Bear was very tired, and slept soundly all day, never waking until darkness had fallen, and Mr. Wise Owl called him with a loud, solemn "Hoo-oo, whoo!"

Then he scrambled out of his little hollow, and was ready for another night of fun. He found at the water's edge some scraps of fish which a fisherman had left there, and made a good meal of them, while Wise Owl hunted around and found a supper—or breakfast—to suit himself.

"I shall sleep nearer the sea tomorrow," decided Cubby Bear. "I am sure I can make a good, safe place."

So, after the bright moon came up, and Wise Owl was perched in his favorite place, watching the pathway of silvery light across the water, Cubby Bear went prowling about to find his sleeping place. Some distance from Wise Owl's lookout, he found a large rock overhanging a strip of clean, white sand. He had to wade in the water around some more rocks to reach it.

"This is the very place," he thought. "I will dig a hole far back here, and shall be quite safe; for if the people from the cottages climb the rocks they cannot see me underneath, and if they go out in boats, the sand I shall pile up will hide me."

He dug away busily, and after his bed was made to suit him, he went up on the rocks where Wise Owl sat. He did not tell Wise Owl about changing his sleeping place. Afterward he found it would have been wiser to do so, for Wise Owl knew the ways of the ocean better than he.

"Good by," he said. "I think I will go to bed now."

"So soon?" asked Wise Owl in surprise. "You are tired from playing so hard. Well, go on! I will come later."

Cubby Bear never knew how long he had been sleeping, when he suddenly woke, with a gasp, to hear a roaring noise, and find his hollow filled with water. As he tried to clamber out, wet and frightened, a big wave knocked him back. His head hit a sharp edge of rock, and he gave a cry of pain. He felt dizzy and confused, and did not at all understand what was happening. He had not known the tide would rise and cover his nice little bed.

"I shall not drown here if I can help it!" he thought, and struggled bravely to get out.

This was not like swimming in the Big Brook, or in the calm, smooth river. The waves buffeted him, the rocks seemed to thrust themselves out to hurt him, the salt water was in his eyes, his nose, his mouth.

"Poor me!" he sighed in self-pity. "When I get safely out, if I do, I shall lie down on the sand and cry. But I cannot stop for that now!"

He passed the dangerous rocks, and was out in the smoother water which rolled up over the sandy beach, when he heard a shout.

"Oh-oo! Willie, look, look! What's that in the water over there? I believe it's my big Teddy Bear, a-swimming!"

"No, sir!" shouted another excited voice. "Tain't Teddie! It's a real, live bear!"

Dear, dear! There were children playing on the beach!

"Oh, what shall I do now?" poor Cubby Bear asked himself.

One thing was clear—he would not stay in the big ocean! He had had enough of that.

He scrambled up on the beach, but there was no time to lie down and cry, as he had planned. Instead, he ran fast as his wet paws would take him, in the direction of the woods. He would rather be caught than drowned!

But the children were as frightened as he. Away they dashed, with a chorus of piercing shrieks, leaving buckets, dolls and hats lying in the sand.

Cubby Bear gained the shelter of the woods, and calling Mr. Wise Owl from his slumbers, told the story of his adventures.

"I am going home!" he said. "I shall be happier in my own pleasant forest. I am glad I have seen the ocean, but it is too large, and too salt, and too wild! I like Big Brook better, for its waters are pleasant to drink, and it stays where it belongs!"

SEPTEMBER COMFORT

Home-Outfitting Number

With the advent of September the prudent housewife begins planning, buying, making or making over the clothing and other household necessities requisite to fit out the family and make the home comfortable and cheery for the cold season soon to come, and will find timely help along these lines in our September Home-Outfitting Number. The following are a few of the many

Special Features for September

"Home Dressmaking and Millinery" Useful instruction in the making over of clothing and hats.

"Home-Made Furniture and Furnishings" Illustrated descriptions of how to make, repair and renovate furniture, furnishings and household conveniences.

"Box Lunches, a Profitable Home Industry" Tells how the housewife, if favorably located, can derive a snug income by putting up box lunches for travelers and tourists; also suggestions for school lunches.

"Fall Cooking, Pickling and Preserving" Seasonable recipes and instructions for canning fall vegetables and fruits and making pickles.

"The Modern Wash Day" Improved appliances and methods that lighten the labor of washing and ironing.

"Dress, Powder and Health" Dr. Florence L. Meredith criticizes present tendency to scanty attire for women from moral and physical standpoints and gives wholesome advice.

"Slothful Sylvia" A fine story by Maud Mary Brown in which she mercilessly exposes the failings of the frivolous society woman.

"Cubby Bear's Heroism" Cubby Bear has a frightful encounter with an automobile but bravely risks his life to save his friends from danger.

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CONTENTS

	Page
Editorial	2
Anton from Missouri	4
A Bit of Mid-Summer Madness	4
Comfort Sisters' Corner and Recipes	5
An Agent of Providence	6
Summer Cooking Made Easy—Jam and Jelly Recipes	7
Cubby Bear at the Seashore	8
Crumbs of Comfort	8
Comfort's League of Cousins	9
Driven Apart (concluded)	10
Siwash Celestials	12
The Pretty Girls' Club	14
The Elusive Check	16
The City That Was Not	17
Novelty in Fillet Crochet for Children	18
Simple Patterns for Various Purposes	19
A Difficult Game	20
His Heart's Queen (continued)	21
Poultry Farming for Women	23
The Modern Farmer	24
Automobile and Gas Engine Helps	25
Talks with Girls	26
The Beast of Blossom Valley (concluded in September)	26
Manners and Looks	27
Veterinary Information	28
Home Lawyer	29
Mother Love Is Supreme	29
Information Bureau	31
The Country Boy's Advantages	31
Family Doctor	33
The Emporium of Bargains and Opportunities	35
Three Wheel Chairs in July	35

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Crumbs of Comfort

Be natural.
Truth is tough.
Life is an investment.
To do good is a privilege.
Tomorrow is everyman's day.
Great men will; feeble men wish.
From yesterday there is no appeal.
The light of every soul burns upward.
Wealth creates more wants than it supplies.
Victory is beautiful; but never cheaply bought.
He who does not repent is the true transgressor.
It is just as hard to boss money as it is to boss men.
True wisdom will make our words and acts the same.
The world is a great mirror and gives us back ourselves.
A quiet wood can be more friendly than a crowded street.
Human life is constant desire and should be a constant prayer.
No first-class substitute for knowledge has yet been discovered.
The music is not in the instrument, but in the soul of the player.
Consider well what you most admire, for it is that you will imitate.
The greatest punishment of a wrong is the conviction of having done it.
We love a man for his little failings rather than for his virtues which we respect.
Plant trees; they will convert a barren and monotonous spot into an earthly paradise.
Man ceases to be a worshiper of God only when he has at last become a worshiper of self.
If the whole world should agree to speak nothing but the truth, speech would be much shortened.
There is a scale of virtues, and if we would mount the highest steps we must commence with the lowest.
There is no power in the world which can force us to make the same mistakes, to suffer the same regrets over again.
No preacher is listened to but time, which will give us the same train of thought and advice that the old and wise have in vain tried to put in our heads.
Thank God every morning when you get up that you have something to do, which must be done whether you like it or not. Being forced to work, and forced to do your best, will breed in you temperance, self-control, diligence, strength of will, content and a thousand virtues that the idle will never know.

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To be a comfort to one's parents.
To protect the weak and aged.

To be kind to dumb animals.
To love our country and protect its flag.

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HOP up onto my lap and let's have a heart-searching talk regarding conditions in our country, which, if there is any American blood in your veins, should cause you more than one sleepless night. Incidentally, I should like to read you the following letter. I have had scores like it and they have heartened me greatly: "Calhoun, La. Dear Uncle Charlie: Your contribution to May Comfort is the best I ever read. You are a wonderful writer (excuse me while I faint). With your permission, we will send your article to the Nashville and New Orleans Christian Advocate. We need more such talks as you have put forth. Pity you are physically disabled. I would want you nominated for President. Your friend, Mrs. J. L. Lay."

I am proud, dear friend, of your letter, and it touches me deeply to know that I can influence so many thousands of you good people and fill your hearts with enthusiasm for the nobler things of life. I can conceive of no greater honor than being President of a United States that was united heart and soul and one hundred per cent American, and I can conceive of no more thankless, undesirable, heart-breaking job than to be President of a United States, largely comprised of contending, unassimilated racial units. If things continue as at present, in a short time the more aggressive of our racial groups will control all the other groups and make and unmake Presidents at will. Certain elements are trying to do that very thing as I write. Some of these groups want to punish the Allies and ourselves for licking Germany and so bring the Hun back to the gates of Paris. We are woefully short of vision, and without vision the good perish, while the evil, who always have their eyes peeled for trouble, will survive and flourish. Liberty can only be retained at the cost of eternal vigilance. Down one menace, as we downed the Kaiser, and up pops another. This morning's paper contains an item which confirms certain predictions I made months ago, and which may at any time be fulfilled. Ponder over this dispatch which comes from one of the oldest of all European capitals—would that I could print it all! "So strong is our position in America that we believe no President can be elected without first having pledged himself."

Both the Republican and Democratic parties are scrambling over each other to obtain (our) votes and support. Hence the who smashed the Peace Treaty are sufficiently powerful to prevent the election of a President who is not favorable to our cause. They are strong enough to impose a candidate," etc. That's exactly what I told you would happen. Democrats and Republicans are to scramble for the tremendously powerful hyphenated votes within and we are to have our Presidents imposed on us by alien breeds who receive their orders from abroad. Thus, thanks to outside influences and faithless politicians angling for votes and an indifferent public, representative government is to disappear and you are to be conquered without firing a shot, because those who wish to dominate us never sleep, while you are never awake. To this the United States was foredoomed when, seventy years ago, it permitted itself to be made the world's dumping ground, the paradise of men who had not and still have not a single basic idea in common with those who drove out the Indian and built here a structure of liberty which is to be replaced (if you do not instantly awaken to the danger that confronts you) by the moth-eaten, outworn, soul-crushing, tyrannical systems of the Old World. The old American stock which made this country great and whose ideals are still the vital element in our national life, have declined to work or breed—they have committed race suicide. Our immigration tables tell the story and it is a heart-breaking one. The unassimilated, plotting alien has scrambled the egg of genuine Americanism and I fear there is no power on earth that can put that egg back in its old original shape. We have been living in a fool's paradise. School histories and braggy sheets and the hysterical mouthings of the degenerate gutter press have so filled us with self-satisfaction and national egotism that we never have a national stock taking, never size up the elements which compose our vast population and carefully note what those elements are doing. The alien cubs that Uncle Sam adopted as pets have grown so strong and lusty that he can no longer handle them and without an iron hand he himself must submit to be handled and mangled. Before I would consent to be President of these United States, I would insist on a national house-cleaning—insist that everyone go into the melting pot, and those that declined to melt I would deport. Like glorious Teddy, I would talk softly and carry a big stick. I would be master in my own house or seek some country that did not permit its politicians to play off dangerous, unassimilated racial groups, one against the other, so as to retain office and power. Every individual differs and each has a different "bug," a different idea of how things should be run and just what he should get out of the deal. But no matter how we may differ on the running of our complex social machine, I would insist on absolute loyalty to our flag and all that it stands for. I would not object to racial groups as long as they spoke our tongue (and one flag, one language, must be our rallying cry), meeting to discuss the literature of the countries from which their fathers came, but if these gatherings took on a political character or were used for partisan or sectarian purposes which fostered Old World affiliations and bred ideas antagonistic to our institutions, I would crush them instantly. A house divided against itself cannot stand, and our racial divisions are now becoming so menacing that no one knows what a day may bring forth. Already, alien elements seem to hold Congress in the hollow of their hands, and to our eternal disgrace be it said that we, who are about to celebrate the three hundredth anniversary of the coming of the Pilgrim Fathers, are forced to witness the Ambassador of the land of the Pilgrims creeping to his official residence in Washington, like a sneak-thief in the night, while the flag of his country is publicly burned before the Treasury Building in Washington. If an American Ambassador had been subjected to such indignities in the capital of any great power, there would have been instant war. Such exhibitions are brutally crude and crudely brutal; they are what one might expect from fanatics or an ill-mannered child and they either show that Uncle Sam has

capitulated or is no longer master in his own house. It is his political mis-representatives who are to blame, for they have not only robbed him of his self-respect and esteem in the eyes of the world but are disgracing both him and our nation. If I were your President and were forced to stand for that brand of insolent alienism, I would pack my trunk and quit.

Our last Congress, while civilization trembled in the balance and the whole country screamed for constructive legislation, gave a fine imitation of a cat and dog menagerie and talked and spent money like a drunken sailor. We cut loose from Europe and told it to work or starve and stew in its juice, one minute, and then immediately commenced to meddle in everybody's business while ignoring our own. All this was merely a gesture to catch the alien vote. If any nation meddles in our affairs it is insolence and we are ready to fight at the drop of the hat, unless it is a Germany with ten million men in the field, then we sit on the fence for three years and wonder if the battle for freedom and democracy had not better be fought by somebody else, for if we got into the fray it might hurt the tender susceptibilities of some of our alien friends within. These unpleasant facts, genuine Americans contemplate with regret, shame and sorrow. We are selling our souls and our ideals for the votes of those who are already planning a governmental system utterly foreign to the ideas of those who made us a nation. We have deluged with sympathy those who did not need it, and turned a deaf ear to the moans of Armenia, the oldest Christian race in the world; Armenia, who saw a million of her scanty population butchered by the devilish Turk; Armenia, a people that no torture, no agony, no horrible form of death can swerve from the path that leads to Calvary. A bare remnant of this great race sits at the foot of the Cross, mutely appealing to us to save them from the final death-stroke. But Armenia has no votes, she had no delegates to send to Chicago or California, and unless you can muster plenty of hyphenated votes, politicians turn a deaf ear. I am glad I am not President of the United States, for if Congress refused my appeal on behalf of these martyred followers of Jesus, I would throw up my job in disgust. It is time Uncle Sam's social, political and economic machinery was thoroughly overhauled by experts. So many monkey-wrenches have been thrown into that machine by political windbags sent by you to Congress that the machine can do nothing but burn money. Hence, general unrest and dissatisfaction. Some effort, too, should be made to cut out the wicked, ungodly, bipartisan strife in Congress which is rapidly bringing our system of government, a government which, theoretically at least, is almost perfect, into contempt. We have too many wrangling, contentious lawyers in Congress and too few big, capable, practical men of affairs, experts versed in science, business, economics and the fundamentals of good government. Managing and running Uncle Sam's business and looking after the welfare of 110,000,000 people is not a task for the man with the small-town mind, the corner-grocery vision and the cracker-barrel outlook and philosophy. Monkeyshines and jaw fests are utterly unworthy of a great legislative body, they deceive nobody and lead us nowhere. James Bryce, in his great work, "The American Commonwealth," remarks that there is as much difference between Republican and Democrat as between Tweedledum and Tweedledee, each being ready on nearly all occasions to subordinate national to party issues in order to retain office.

We do not want a non-partisan Congress for it is only in the friction of ideas in the crucible of contending thought that the pure diamond of a worth-while idea is produced, but there is a vast difference between party riots and constructive debate. We do not want the nation to drift into anarchy while contending political parties act like drunken fish wives. We are confronted with problems bigger than we have ever been called on to solve and the man who would step aside in this hour of crisis to grind his party axe, to pander to the insidious lure of hyphenism, is a traitor. It is this foolery that has made hyphenism spread like a cancer. As a matter of fact, the hyphen is now dispensed with and the mask discarded, and our foreign boarders stand before us today in their true colors, and their only use for the Stars and Stripes is to replace it with a flag more to their liking. We are aiding and abetting those who plan to enslave us, for remember this eternal, internal racial struggle will go on with ever-increasing violence unless our lawmakers get an entirely new point of view, take their tasks seriously, work constructively, and fight those destructive forces which mean national annihilation.

Soon you will have an election, and though I have hit the old parties pretty hard, I warn you not to fool with any of the new political side-shows that have sprung up and are bidding for your votes, for if you do it will only be a case of jumping out of a nice, warm frying pan into an all-devouring fire. We need a new outlook on life and especially a new political outlook, a new social policy. Instead of wasting our time in fighting, we should get together and work for a brighter and better day and develop, as Roger Babson well says, "those good motives of love, sympathy, hope and inspiration on which the industrial salvation of the world depends." We need more religion of the right kind, more churches and fewer movies. But all our religion will be in vain if it is cursed with a taint of rabid sectarianism and is not absolutely free from the defiling hand of "spiritual" politicians. The only religion that will help us, and which should be taught in every home and school in the land, is summed up in these few words of the Master: "Love your neighbor as yourself. Do unto others as you would have them do unto you." Popes, bishops, priests, ministers, preachers, may drool out their spiritual bromides until the crack of doom but until you are ready to accept and apply the basic principles of Christ's teaching to your everyday living, war, hate, suspicion and hell will be with us until the end of time. The inter-racial Church movement, drawing the churches together, a League of Nations, drawing the peoples of the earth together; the re-writing of histories, eliminating lies and drawing the golden threads of truth together—these are all steps in the right direction, steps which lead toward peace, unity, fraternity, the brotherhood of man and the Fatherhood of God. In these last few words are summed up the essence of my fifty-seventh

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birthday message to you. That notable event occurs on the 25th of September, and I shall be ever so glad to hear from all of you, especially those who are striving to make this world a better place to live in, to make our land a hundred per cent American and worthy of the God who created it and of those who gave us a noble heritage, of which, alas, at present we make such little use. God bless and keep you all. Don't forget that Uncle Charlie's four wonderful books may still be had. Start in at once to obtain them—they cost you no money, only a very little time and effort—and keep at it until you have the entire set. The book of Poems is beautifully bound in ribbed silk stiff covers; the Story Book is bound in two styles, the one in ribbed silk stiff covers like the Poems, the other in paper covers; the Song Book is bound only in heavy paper covers, and the Picture Book in handsome stiff covers. Poems or the Story Book in ribbed silk covers, either one for a club of three subscriptions; the Song Book or the Picture Book in handsome paper covers or the Picture Book in pretty stiff covers for a club of only two subscriptions. These four books are a library of endless joy and merriment, the best medicine to drive away the blues and the best gifts in the world.

My Picture Book, too, has started a deluge of inquiries: Is Billy the Goat my daughter? Is Maria her ma? Is there an Aunt Charlie? Is the big boy in the Picture Book my only baby? I have had a little leaflet specially printed answering all these questions fully, and those who are interested will find the same in every copy of the four Uncle Charlie books sent out this season.

Now for the letters.

TEXARKANA, 1102 SYLVAN ST., TEX.

DEAR UNCLE CHARLIE:

Will you please give me some information on Thrift to be used in essay work? Thrift as applied to the individual and the nation, and just a few points on keeping up with the Jones's. MRS. HENRY SCHULTZ.

It would take a dozen editions of COMFORT to cover the subject of thrift and its various ramifications. If you will look up the subjects of Thrift and economy in the quotation works in your public library—the biggest one of all, by the way, has my name on it—you will find all that the great men of the world have said on this subject, and will get material enough for a dozen essays. Thrift implies self-denial, and self-denial (twin brother to self-control) is one of the great cornerstones of character building. A man without character is like a ship without keel or rudder. He cannot be trusted, he is usually untruthful, without honor and often without decency. The whole trouble with the world today is that the thriftless and shiftless, the lazy, the ignorant, the stupid, the vicious, the criminal, are planning to make a determined assault on those who have character and have lived within their means, who have put something by for a day of need. The shiftless have declared war on the thrifty. There is a vast difference between thrift and miserliness. I admire the former and abominate the latter. Youth wants to spend recklessly, thinking that age and need will never come. There is no real happiness where there is no thrift. The man who has saved a few hundred or a few thousand dollars, as the case may be, is in the position of the man in the Bible parable who built his house on a rock and the winds and the waves beat against it in vain, while the shiftless and money-burners run up their frail shacks on the shifting sands of extravagance and soon are homeless. It was thus in Christ's day, and it is the same now. The thriftless man, however, never even builds a house on the sands. He walks through cities full of wonderful buildings, goes into museums filled with works of art, gazes on miles and miles of beautiful homes, and instead of wondering how all this was done, curses the people who did it

(and most of them accomplished it by self-denial). They worked for their money and then they learned the secret of making their money work for them. The Germans and the French are thrifty, so are the Scotch. The English, Irish and most Americans are spenders; so, while the American breathes his last in the poorhouse, the thrifty immigrant spends his last days in a comfortable home. The American mortgages, swaps or sells his house to get a flivver, and the foreigner walks in and gets the house. The New Englander or Yankee was taught thrift, as was the Scotchman, by the rocky soil, from which with infinite pains he drew his sustenance. But the old New England stock is nearly exhausted. It drifted West where nature produced with a prodigal hand, lost its old virtues and started a keep up with the Jones's. The Jones's are spendthrifts and jackasses, and those who attempt to keep up with them are as brainless and idiotic as the Jones's themselves. The war has placed upon our shoulders a terrific load of debt. Congress is the willful and wanton money-burner in the universe. We have no financial budget system such as other nations have, no up-to-date business methods of accounting. Any firm that ran its business as Congress runs ours would go broke in a week. Every child should be taught something of finance, something of the value of money, taught what the public debt is, especially now that it has grown to such an extent that it may crush every one of us. We are mortgaging the future, leaving nothing for unborn generations who will curse us for our foolishness. In ten years there will be no newspapers or magazines. Our forests will have vanished. Remember, it is the thrifty people who are the builders of the nation and who sustain it. The man who had a million-a-year income during the war had to hand over three quarters of a million of it to the tax collector. What did he do with the balance of his money? In the vast majority of cases, he only spent a few thousand dollars of it; the balance was invested in Liberty Loans, in railroad stock, mining stock or other industrial securities. It is the dollars of the thrifty, especially the dollars of the man of big wealth (for those who are keeping up with the Jones's generally scatter their money on useless things that do not count and detract from, rather than add to, our national wealth), that develop our industries, build our railroads, the steel over which the cars glide and the luxurious cars in which you sleep, eat, recline and gaze at this wonderful America. Economy is the savings bank into which men drop pennies and get dollars in return. Franklin said: "Beware of little expenses, a small leak will sink a great ship." Spurgeon said: "Economy is half the battle of life, it is not so hard to earn money as to spend it well." Franklin also said: "If you know how to spend less than you get, you have the philosopher's stone." Men, for hundreds, nay, thousands of years, have recognized the value of thrift. It was Confucius, the great Chinese philosopher and teacher, who, before Christ, said: "The injury of prodigality leads to this, that he who will not economize will have to agonize." How wonderful and how true. As you travel through life, live by the way, but live within your income.

NORTON, N. C.

DEAR UNCLE CHARLIE:

I have so much to make me happy—a dear father and mother, two sisters aged seventeen and fourteen. My father is a carpenter, but we live on a farm of 85 acres. I am twelve years old, five feet tall, with fair complexion and light grey eyes and wear my hair bobbed style. Of course, Uncle, you know all about the styles, don't you? I am studying fifth grade. I dearly love my books. Our school closes in January. Little brother and I had our adenoids and enlarged tonsils removed in November when the State Clinic came to our nearest town. We also had our teeth filled when the State dentist visited our school. My two sisters,

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 12.)

DRIVEN APART

By Julia Edwards

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CHAPTER XXXVI. IN THE OLD GARDEN.

NEIL stumbled down step after step into the fearful darkness. Not a ray of light pierced the gloom which, for all Neil knew, hid desperate foes lying in wait to destroy him. The closing of the panel at the head of the secret stairs rendered his position more secure, inasmuch as his form was not thrown out for a target against a background of light. He heard a light footfall behind him, and imagined that Irma was following.

"Go back!" he whispered. "You must not endanger your life by coming here!"

She made no response, but he could hear her still descending. At last Neil reached the foot of the stairs and moved gropingly across a level place. His hands encountered something, and he paused, his heart in his throat.

His fingers had rested on warm, pulsing flesh; they entangled themselves in disordered tresses, fine and soft as silk; they encountered a chair and ropes and a bandage knotted about the lower part of some one's face. Heedless of danger, he struck a match with trembling fingers.

"Tonita!" he gasped. The light struck sparks from the great black eyes of the Mexicana; she tried to speak, but only incoherent sounds came from behind the bandage.

"Who is it?" asked Irma, coming to his side. He had dropped the flickering match and was busy with the cloth that covered Tonita's lips.

"Oh, what vile treachery is here!" groaned Neil, as he worked. "It is Tonita, my darling's truest friend!"

"Senor Preston!" cried the Mexicana, the moment she could speak, "lose not an instant. Beryl is in awful danger! Descend the next flight of steps—follow Berdyne, who is carrying her away! Oh, hurry, hurry! Do not stop to release me!"

Neil did not pause to question, but leaving Irma to undo the cords that bound the girl to the chair, he groped his way forward to the top of a second flight, then stumbled down and down, his heart beating fiercely and his brain on fire with anxiety. Once more he reached a level space, with a blank wall in front of him. To his right, his groping hands assured him that the way was open. Ah, the secret stairs led to an underground passage and his passage trended away from the house! Now he was beginning to understand how it was that Berdyne and Marm Kinney had vanished so mysteriously.

On and on he stumbled until, finally, he saw a ray of light far in the distance. Here, at the end of the passage, he came to another stairway, leading up. He heard low voices, too, as of men in wary and intensely earnest conversation. Slowly he crept up the stairs, straining his ears to listen.

"We must get to that launch now, without a moment's delay, and cross the bay to Sausalito. It is our only hope!"

"We can't take the gal! How in blazes are we going to get her through the town and to the water-front? It isn't possible, no ways!"

The first was the voice of Berdyne; the second, of Gorsline. Neil recognized them instantly. Carefully he lifted head and shoulders through the opening at the head of the stairway, and found that he was emerging from the tunnel into a sort of crude pavilion or summerhouse. All about him was a dense tangle of trees and shrubbery. Plainly the pavilion was the center of an old garden, long since abandoned.

Beyond the pavilion Neil saw the forms of Berdyne and his confederate; and beyond them—ah, the sharp pang that shot to his heart!—was Hargreaves, clinging to the despairing form of Beryl. The valet held the poor girl in a grip of steel, preventing outcry by smothering the little mouth with one of his hands.

The sight was more than Neil could bear. With a cry of wild fury, he leaped out into the summerhouse and stood face to face with the astounded Berdyne.

"Preston!" gasped Berdyne, falling back. "By the Eternal," gritted Gorsline, "my chance has come!"

The latter drew a revolver and quickly raised it. "Not that, not that!" warned Berdyne. "The noise will draw the officers! Finish the work, and be quick!"

"Courage, my darling, courage!" cried Neil, as his helpless wife renewed her struggles and attempted to cry out.

"Ah, what a meeting for those two devoted lovers, after the many trials they had undergone! Poor Beryl, unable to move a hand for her dear one's defence, was compelled to lie where she was and witness the tragic scene which was quickly enacted. She could not turn her head, or close her eyes; a horrid fascination held her gaze upon the fearsome spectacle.

She saw Neil turn, and, with a terrible blow, knock the revolver from Gorsline's hand.

"I'll have your life, my buck!" exclaimed Gorsline, his face writhing with passion. "Trenwyck ain't here to keep me from doin' what I will with you!"

"Scoundrel!" cried Neil. Then they met in a deadly embrace, as once before in that house on Sutter Street. Now, however, Gorsline had no knife. And love is stronger than hate. Neil was fighting for his darling, and love endowed him with the strength of a giant.

The ruffian struggled with terrific fury, now and again giving utterance to fierce oaths. But he fought in vain. Neil overthrew him, bringing him down with a sickening impact upon the hard earth, and pinning him there with a grip of iron. Then it was that Berdyne's moment had come. From a coat he had drawn a dagger, watching the progress of the clash between Neil and Gorsline the while with catlike eyes.

Beryl, observing Berdyne steal up behind her husband, fought with despairing hands to free herself from the clutch of Hargreaves. Oh, if she could only cry out a warning to Neil!

She saw, as in some horrible nightmare, Berdyne bend over, his eyes gleaming like the archfiend's, the shining dagger raised. For an instant the blade hung aloft, as though the shoe-black eyes of Berdyne were searching for a vital spot; then—then—

Sharp, incisively, a shot rang out, echoing around the old garden. Beryl saw Berdyne drop the knife, spring erect, throw both hands to his breast, then pitch headlong to the earth.

"He struck me!" came a passionate voice from the pavilion; "he would have killed me as mercilessly as he was about to slay you, Mr. Preston!"

Irma Lee stood in the summerhouse, pale as marble, her eyes glowing, a smoking pistol in her hand.

Hargreaves, dismayed and terrified, released Beryl and stood erect. The girl flattered to her feet, trembling and with barely enough strength to stand. Neil, at the sound of the shot, had turned from Gorsline to see what had taken place. Gorsline, taking advantage of his opportunity, rolled away and sprang up.

Shouts were coming from the direction of the house, and there was a crashing of undergrowth which signalled the approach of the officers. "Cut for it, Hargreaves!" yelled Gorsline. "If we make a get-away, we'll have to be lively! The cops are upon us, an' Berdyne's done for!"

Like evil shadows, the two men darted away. Neil ran toward his darling Beryl.

"My wife, my heart's idol!" he cried. "At last, at last!" She tottered into his arms, and their love, taking heed of naught else in that supreme moment, breathed its holy incense aloft in gratitude to the Giver of all good.

CHAPTER XXXVII. REUNITED.

The captain of police, who had hurried out of the house on hearing the pistol shot, came at a run to the old garden, followed by three of his men. They found Berdyne desperately wounded. He was conscious, however, although unable to move. Everyone else, apart from Beryl and Neil, had vanished from the scene. Irma had disappeared from the pavilion, but another was just rising through the floor, mounting upward from the dark passageway beneath. It was Tonita. "How did this happen, Mr. Preston?" inquired the captain, pointing to Berdyne.

"That man," returned Neil, "together with two other scoundrels, was here. They had my wife, and were debating how they would carry her off. I leaped out among them from the summerhouse, and two of the villains set upon me. Berdyne, who is lying there on the ground, was about to plunge a knife into my back when he was shot by a woman who came upon the scene as I had done."

"A woman?" repeated the captain. "The same woman," went on Neil, "who screamed while I was standing at the door—the one Berdyne tried to murder. But for her," added Neil, with deep feeling, "I should have been slain."

"But I don't understand," muttered the captain. "How did you get here? Where did you find your wife? And where were Berdyne and his confederates while we were in the house?"

"I discovered a secret panel leading to a stairway from a room on the second floor," answered Neil. "You were downstairs at the time, captain, and I feared there was no time to call you. The secret stairs led me downward two flights, and then into an underground corridor which ended under the pavilion there."

"Oh, ho!" cried the captain, "I am beginning to understand the secrets of Marm Kinney's opium joint. You have found your wife, so I suppose you are satisfied?"

"If that scoundrel yonder lives!" cried Neil, pointing to Berdyne, "I shall not be satisfied until he has paid the price of his evil actions to the uttermost."

"We'll take care of him, never fear," answered the captain. "Where are the men who, you say, were with him?"

"They took to their heels," said Neil, "and I doubt whether you will ever be able to overtake them."

"We'll try, at all events," answered the cap-

tain, where Irma had gone; in fact, she had not seen her since she had finished untying the cords and had fled through the darkness in the direction taken by Neil.

Leaving the girls to talk and congratulate themselves over their escape from Marm Kinney's and the ruthless hands of Berdyne, Neil walked over to where the baffled villain was lying on the ground, groaning from the pain of his wound.

"Perhaps you think this is the end, Preston," said Berdyne, "but I swear to you it is not! If I live, you shall hear from me again!"

"If you live, Nicholas Berdyne," said Neil, with solemn intonation, "you will pass the rest of your life in stripes and behind prison bars."

"Not for this work! You won't drag the girl's name through the courts in order to send me up for what I tried to do with her."

"You speak truly there. Not a breath shall ever hover over my wife's name in any trial dealing with a case of this kind. You will be brought to book, Berdyne, for something else."

"For what?" Berdyne demanded, his face contorted with pain and his black eyes leveled upon Neil's face.

"For swindling Leroy Grayson's daughter out of a fortune!" said Neil sternly. Berdyne shrank back in dire dismay. All along he had hoped against hope that Neil had not managed to secure the Grayson papers from the trunk. Now that hope was destroyed, and if he lived, and if the prison doors failed to close upon him, he would be ruined and penniless.

"When I reflect upon the vile treachery and the devilish arts you have used against a poor, friendless girl," Neil went on, his honest indignation showing in his handsome face, "I hardly know why it is I spare you, grievously wounded though you are. No punishment is too severe for a man of your vile character. Live, Nicholas Berdyne, and you will be a felon for life. I have the proof of your rascality, secured in Alaska months ago, and in San Francisco on the day of the earthquake, and I shall produce them in the Denver courts at the proper time."

With these words, Neil turned and went back to the girls. Just then the captain of police and his men returned from their pursuit of Gorsline and Hargreaves.

"The rogues have given us the slip, Mr. Preston," said the captain. "We have the worst man of the lot, however, and he shall be held safely until such time as you want him."

"Very good, captain," said Neil. "You will hear from me later. Come, dearest," he added, to Beryl. "We will leave this place and go to some hotel where you and Tonita can rest after your terrible sufferings."

"And there is something else you must do for us, senior," said Tonita, with dancing eyes. "What is that, Tonita?" asked Neil. "Send a telegram to your people saying that you are safe."

HER TWO SUITORS

By Wenona Gilman

This strongly written story, which runs the entire gamut of modern life, from lowest to highest, is to be our next serial and will start in September COMFORT.

The heroine is introduced to the reader as a little, nameless, orphaned waif found in the wreck-strewn path of a cyclone, adopted by an animal trainer and reared to young womanhood in a circus tent.

Can you imagine a more unsuitable environment for a girl to grow up in?

It is a tale replete with wild adventure and thrilling episodes of the dangers she encountered and the temptations that beset her; telling of the snares set by those who plotted her ruin and how, braving the disdain of those who scorned her, she carved her own career.

But the crowning feature of interest is the romantic wooing of her by two suitors and the strange event that determined her choice.

Don't miss the interesting first installment of this story coming next month.

Make sure of September COMFORT by renewing your subscription today.

tain. "Come, lads!" he called, and with his men at his back he ran into the tangled bushes.

"My darling!" It was Tonita's soft voice, tremulous with joy at finding her dear friend alive and well and safely reunited with her husband.

"Tonita!" cried Beryl, and the girls flew into each other's arms.

Since the girls had entered the door of that fateful house they had each suffered keenly; their joy, therefore, at finding themselves free, and Beryl once more under the loving protection of her husband, can better be imagined than described.

Beryl told how Gorsline and Hargreaves had entered her prison chamber just after Irma Lee had reached the house, and had prevented the outcries she would otherwise have made; then she heard a door crash inward, and, a few minutes later, Berdyne rushed into the upper room and said that Neil had come and the house was surrounded by policemen.

Gorsline and Hargreaves hastened away to remove Tonita from the rear room into the secret passage, while Berdyne caught Beryl up in his arms and flew with her down the dark stairs, never dreaming that Beryl's shawl had been left behind to afford Neil a clue to his darling's whereabouts.

At the foot of the first flight, Berdyne was joined by Gorsline and Hargreaves, who had brought Tonita through a hidden door in the wall of the rear room. Hargreaves went on to help Berdyne take care of Beryl, while Gorsline lingered and attempted to slay Neil by flinging his knife at him.

Gorsline, after the failure of his murderous attempt, had raced on after Hargreaves and Berdyne and their captive, to warn them that the secret passage had been discovered and that Preston might soon be upon them.

Gorsline was for instant flight, abandoning Beryl. The difficulties of conveying the captive girl across the city to the water-front, in broad day, were greater than the ruffian dared to face. But Berdyne would not listen to leaving the girl behind. While the two were discussing the matter, Neil came, reaching the old garden so quickly that the baffled plotters were astounded.

Tonita, in her turn, described what had happened to her, and how, directly after Neil had broken in the door, Gorsline and Hargreaves had rushed back to the rear room, lifted bodily the chair to which she was tied, and had carried her through the concealed door into the dark passage at the foot of the first flight of stairs. Neil and Irma came very soon, and, while Neil dashed on, Irma remained to remove the cords that bound Tonita's limbs. This work accomplished, Irma hastened after Neil.

Tonita's limbs were so cramped by the tight ropes that had been wound around them that for several minutes she was unable to stand. The sound of the pistol shot fired by Irma, however, had alarmed her and drawn her along the passage to the summerhouse. She did not know

"Oh, that, of course, just as soon as you can. But, look at us! Our gowns were none too suitable before the earthquake; but now—now—"

A little shiver of mock dismay pulsed through Tonita's slender form as she surveyed her tattered and soiled apparel.

"There are thousands in a worse plight than either of you," laughed Neil. "But I shall keep the promise I made on the morning of the earthquake. If there are any gowns to be had in Oakland, I shall not be long in replenishing your wardrobe and my poor little Beryl's."

That night they were lodged comfortably in an Oakland hotel, and Beryl and Tonita were well satisfied with a supply of ready-made garments.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

LEROY GRAYSON'S NEMESIS.

To Circle City, in far-away Alaska, there came—some two years previous to the opening of this chronicle—a man who gave his name as Leroy Grayson. He was a middle-aged man, and gave his halting place as Denver, in the States. In some way it became known that he had failed in business in Denver, through a dishonest partner, and had come to the land of gold to recoup his fortunes. Whenever a mail went out by Indian runner, or by dogs and sledge, Grayson was certain to send a letter to his daughter, about whom he was wont to speak often, and in endearing terms.

"My little Beryl shall live to be a lady," he declared. "I shall dig a fortune for her out of these icy hills, and come day I shall return to Denver and pour my gold at her feet."

That seemed to be the one desire of Leroy Grayson—to endure the bitterest hardships in order that he might make a fortune for his darling child. For months he worked on fruitlessly; then some one came into camp with the news that gold had been discovered in the bed of a remote creek. Grayson joined the stampede of men that started for the place, and staked off a claim of wonderful richness.

Into the camp, on this creek where the new strike was made, drifted Nicholas Berdyne, penniless and starving. He was likewise from Denver; and Grayson, who needed help in working his claim, took the man into his cabin, gave him work, and helped him in a hundred ways.

Berdyne coveted the claim, and his evil mind set itself at work to secure it from his unsuspecting friend. From a tribe of Indians he secured a slow poison whose deadly work confined itself to the brain. In artful ways he contrived it so that Grayson should partake of a certain amount of this poison each day. In the end, Berdyne's generous benefactor lost his reason.

A little later a party of capitalists came to the creek to buy up the claims. Berdyne showed a deed, purported to have been given him by Grayson, whereby the rich claim had passed into his

—Berdyne's—hands. No one disputed the validity of the deed, and Berdyne received a draft for eight hundred thousand dollars for his right and title in the rich holdings.

Posing as a gold hunter who had "struck it rich" in the Northern fields, Berdyne returned to Denver a wealthy man. With him he brought Grayson, whose mind was a blank and whose body was but the shattered wreck of what it had once been. Thus the scheming scoundrel returned the father to his daughter; in a few months Grayson died, Beryl went to work in the bindery, and Berdyne began the enjoyment of his ill-gotten gains.

But the poor, wronged daughter had one friend who was not disposed to accept Berdyne's story. This was Neil Preston, who had become acquainted with the beautiful bindery girl and had given her his heart. Neil proposed that he should take a trip to Alaska in Beryl's interest, and find out whatever he could concerning her father. Beryl dreaded to have him go to a country where such evil had befallen her father, but he insisted, and so the two fond lovers parted.

What has already been stated, Neil discovered. He even found the man, one Mings, who had helped Berdyne secure the poison from the Indians, and who had forged the deed to Grayson's claim. Mings was desperately angry at Berdyne, as the latter had gone away without carrying out his written agreement to divide half the spoil with his confederate.

Mings had hitherto kept silent, fearing to involve himself in the net of the law; but, under the persuasion of Neil, he made an affidavit regarding Berdyne's actions, and told of certain papers in Berdyne's possession which would prove his guilt conclusively.

Neil went to Dawson City to see another man, who, Mings thought, could offer more damning testimony against Berdyne; and while in Dawson City Neil fell ill and was in the hospital for a long, long time. For months he had not heard from Beryl, and a vague feeling that all was not right filled his breast. As soon as he was well enough to leave the hospital, he returned by overland route to Skaguay, and thence, by the steamer Argonaut, to San Francisco.

Here his arrival was announced in the daily papers, and he was visited by Irma Lee, who told him a tale of persecution against his sweetheart which filled his soul with a mighty desire for vengeance. He arranged for the immediate marriage of himself and his sweetheart, and went to Sunset Ranch to get his little bride-elect.

All that Neil lacked to make a thorough case against Berdyne was the packet of papers mentioned by Mings. And we have already seen how providentially they came into Neil's hands. It seemed almost like the direct intervention of a higher Power seeking to undo the evil wrought by Berdyne, and carry to a success the unselfish struggles of Leroy Grayson for his daughter's welfare.

Berdyne, when he met Trenwyck in San Jose and started for Sunset Ranch, believed fully that he could beg or coerce Beryl into marrying him. This new step necessitated the destruction of every paper of an incriminating nature in his possession in the trunk left to the care of Hargreaves; and yet, at the same time, enough evidence must be saved to enable Berdyne to protect himself against Mings, if the latter should try to make trouble.

This explanation of Berdyne's reasons for bringing the trunk to San Francisco and leaving it there was pure speculation on Neil's part, yet it seemed logical and correct.

And so, to the two wondering girls Neil narrated the story of his discoveries in Alaska. Her horror at Berdyne's perfidy was equally divided with admiration for Neil's resourcefulness in carrying out the errand that had taken him to the distant North.

"And so, my darling," Neil finished, with a tender smile, "you see that you will soon be wealthy. At last the little bindery girl will take her rightful place among the society people of Denver."

"I am so glad, dearest," Beryl whispered; "you have given up your wealth and family for me, and you have won this fortune by your own courage and cleverness—so it belongs to you, even more than it does to me. I am happy to think that I can make up to you some of the things you have lost."

"I should be repaid far beyond my deserts, sweetheart," he fondly answered, "if I had only your dear self."

CHAPTER XXXIX.

CONCLUSION.

Joys, like misfortunes, never come singly. This was soon made manifest to brave, unselfish Tonita. Neil's telegram to her people that she was safe and in the hotel in Oakland brought a response in the person of Tonita's lover. He was in San Jose when the telegram was received, learned the joyful news, and at once took the train for Oakland. Thus the cup of Tonita's happiness was full to running over. But this was not all. Many young lovers who had passed through the terrible San Francisco disaster were being united in marriage, desirous of beginning life over again and facing the world hand in hand. The example appealed to Tonita's lover no less than to Tonita, and they also were made one at the altar.

The San Francisco fire burned for three days before it was checked. A week passed, and, when the various safes and vaults about the city were cool enough to be opened, the people began getting at their valuables. Near Van Ness Avenue a man was shot while seeking to plunder a safe among the ruins. This man was Dave Gorsline. Neil read to his wife the account of the shooting in a daily paper.

Marm Kinney, like Hargreaves and Trenwyck, vanished from the house in J Street about the time Berdyne was shot. They were never heard of afterward. Nor was any trace of Irma Lee ever discovered.

For a long time Berdyne lay in an Oakland hospital. Neil and Beryl went back to Denver; and Neil put Beryl's case in a lawyer's hands. In the course of a few weeks a gentleman of the legal fraternity came on to Denver from Oakland. In Berdyne's interest.

Berdyne, the Oakland lawyer declared, was anxious to do what was right and just toward Beryl, and keep the case out of the courts. In case she would agree not to proceed against him, and would drop the entire matter, he would turn over to her the entire amount which he had received for her father's claim—eight hundred thousand dollars.

Under no circumstances would this offer have been accepted had not the lawyer declared that Berdyne had but a few years to live, and would be utterly helpless during those years. The bullet fired by Irma had shattered his nervous system, leaving him powerless to move hand or foot.

In the sight of Heaven, Berdyne was as guilty of Leroy Grayson's death as though he had struck a sudden and fatal blow with his own hand; and it went against Neil's better judgment to spare him. But his remaining years would be years of physical and mental torture, and it was Beryl's opinion that his punishment was heavy enough.

So it became known throughout Denver that Beryl, the bindery girl, had come into a fortune. She at once became one of the social leaders, and was courted and petted by all the wealthy people of Colorado's metropolis.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 17.)

\$100 Brings These Shoes Prepaid On Approval

Don't imagine there is any catch or strings to this offer. Merely mention this paper and send a dollar with order. The shoes you select will come immediately prepaid for free examination. Not a bit of bother or red tape. This is just an example of my styles and values and the way I serve women everywhere. You take absolutely no risk whatever in asking me to send you these shoes on approval. If perfectly satisfied, you spread the cost over six months. If, for any reason, you would rather send them back, do so entirely at my expense and I will refund your deposit without delay or without asking for any explanations.

Black or Brown Atlas Kid Leather—Military or French Heel

This beautiful high lace shoe is one of the very best new styles for Fall and Winter wear. It not only looks extremely pretty on the foot, but will be found comfortable and serviceable. It is a very light and good style in the best of taste, excellently made from fine materials. You don't need to fear about being fitted perfectly, merely give me the size and width that you usually wear. My free examination offer is positive proof against the slightest dissatisfaction. You have every opportunity to judge appearance, value, workmanship, quality and fit before you make up your mind to actually buy.

9-inch High Dress Boot in the Fashionable Louis Heel

An extremely stunning dress style in a superb quality Atlas kid leather with a glossy, glove-like smooth finish. It stays soft and flexible and is just the proper weight. It will hold its stunning shapeliness and not spread or run over.

Dressy Louis Heel. Extremely well shaped high French heel of real leather, fitted with an aluminum plate. Has fashionable high arch. Sole in medium weight, with close edged dress effect. Toe is long vamp, sensibly pointed in latest style with Fleur de lis perforation and also a perforated tip effect.

Napoleon Waved Top is one of the very newest modes in shoe styles. Stunningly perforated at vamp and lace row and extending around top.

Two Colors—A beautiful Autumn shade of brown; or a rich dull black. State choice. Sizes, 2½ to 8. Widths, C. D. E.

No. KST202 Brown Atlas Kid Leather. Price, prepaid, \$7.49

No. KST203 Same style exactly in Black Atlas Kid Leather. Price, prepaid, \$7.45

\$7.45
In Black

Send \$1 with Order
Only \$1 Monthly
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\$7.49 Same Shoes in Brown

9-inch High Walking Boot With Smart Military Heel

I urge you to order a pair of these stunning shoes on approval. The shoes you select will be sent for free examination and, if pleased, you may spread cost over 6 months.

High Lace Style is extremely popular this season, and with the very new Napoleon waved top and swager military heel completes an appearance of unusual charm. Down the sides of the lacing and around the top is attractive perforation which is matched also clear around the vamp.

The Military Heel is just the proper height for an everyday walking shoe and easy to wear. In fact, you will find this shoe wonderfully comfortable. Heel is tipped with aluminum plate.

Atlas Kid Leather of exceptional quality, long wearing, soft and pliable, is used. It will not spread or lose its handsome first appearance. Has medium long pointed toe with fancy perforation and perforated tip effect. Medium close edged sole.

Two Colors—Autumn shade of brown; or rich dull black. Sizes, 2½ to 8. Widths C. D. E.

No. KST204 Brown Atlas Kid Leather. Price, prepaid, \$7.49

No. KST205 Same style in Black Atlas Kid Leather. Price, prepaid, \$7.45

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Everything a Woman Wears Sent Prepaid on Approval

I show 1001 styles in my latest Fall book. Any of them will be sent to you in just as easy and simple a manner as the shoes shown on this page. Your mere request and a trifling first payment is all I ask. Bear this in mind, this is not a C. O. D. offer or anything like that. Your selections are delivered right into your home for two days' free examination and I prepay all delivery charges. If you return your selections, I pay the cost back to me and immediately refund any payments you have made. Nothing could be more satisfactory or free from bother or red tape.

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Aprons	Bath-robos	Ladies' Coats	Furs	Lingerie
Baby Needs	Bloomers	Combinations	Gloves	Shoes
Children's	Brassieres	Corset-Covers	Hair Goods	Slippers
Clothes	Caps	Corsets	Hats	Stockings
Children's Wear	Chemises	Corset Waists	Hosiery	Suits
Complete	Cloth Skirts	Underwear	Kimono	Sweaters
Boys' Wear	Petticoats	Dresses	Millinery	Waists

Write Me Today—A Penny Postal Card Will Do

One Example of 1001 Styles in My Free \$100,000 Style Book

Regardless of price, you will find no shoes anywhere that are smarter or more comfortable than I show here. But this is just one sample of all my other splendid values in suits, coats, dresses, and everything else that a woman wears. In other departments my styles are just as beautiful and my values just as unusual. So look around to your heart's content and see what others offer. All I ask is not to forget my new book.

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I allow you to pay just about as you please. You don't even need to ask for credit. I take care of all that in advance. You can have the loveliest things without waiting. You may look your prettiest at all times and take months to pay. You're enabled to have things early in the season and all your new things at one time.

But I realize that my Credit Plan alone wouldn't make many women want to have my new Style book. Style, quality and value must come first. The credit must be considered simply as something extra.

So I urge you to write for my Style book for the beautiful fashions it displays. Ask for it because I have given a lifetime study to producing good clothes at lowest costs. Learn how nice it is to get all your purchases delivered right into your home on approval, so that you can never make mistakes and never be disappointed either on quality, becomingness or style.

Your copy is waiting your request.

Be Posted on the New Styles

All my life I have had to know style tendencies way in advance of the season. In the old days I got to know the most famous designers everywhere. Now a great many of them come to me first with their new ideas.

So women everywhere look upon my Style book as a real authority. It will tell you the new width and length of skirts; the right height and design of shoes; the newest cloths; the latest weaves; the smartest trimmings.

You will learn from it the most popular modes in dresses; the fashionable colors; the correct ideas in millinery; lingerie or children's wear. Having it in your home is like chumming with a famous style authority. Why not write for it today?

Ask For It Early—A Penny Postal Card Will Do

To get my free book all you have to do is to drop a postal card in the mails today. My Style book, with postage, costs me \$1.00. But I want to send it to you free. You can make up your mind about buying from me later. But I want you to have my book early.

It is always a matter of pride with me to display all the most beautiful and practical styles, no matter who creates them or where they originate. My own designs have come to be the most widely copied of all fashions shown anywhere. But even this doesn't satisfy me unless I can produce such stunning things at a cost below what others charge.

Send for my book and see. It will tell you in advance of the season what styles will be most popular. It will help you to compare values. No matter where you finally buy, I want you to have it anyway. It costs you nothing.

The Secret of My Bargains

For many, many years I was a buyer of ladies' wearing apparel. I got to know mills and makers everywhere. I learned where to look for the very choicest bargains. In my own business I am able to apply all this experience and to make very wonderful savings.

I do away with all extravagances like fancy store space and high rents. I never have left over stocks or sacrifice sales. My book is my only salesman. I have no high priced salespeople. I deal direct with mills and makers and I buy in such big quantities that I get rock-bottom prices. I cut out all the profits of the retailer, wholesaler and jobber.

The biggest saving of all comes in this way: Nearly all dealers and stores charge for the appearance of a garment. It doesn't make any difference what it actually costs. If a style turns out unusually popular, an extra price is put on it. That is why there is so much false value in women's clothes. I never do this. The same small profit goes on everything—neither more nor less.

MARTHA LANE ADAMS
3851 Mosprat Street
CHICAGO

SIWASHED CELESTIALS



I thought it was a Siwash Convention.

By Albert Sonnichsen

Copyright, 1920, by Albert Sonnichsen.

VARIOUS accounts of the facts concerned in the following narrative were published in the press, not only in Seattle and Tacoma, not far from where the incidents occurred, but all over the land, for the conception from which they originated was so unique, so strikingly clever in its very simplicity that it evolved finally into a huge joke at the expense of the Federal Revenue Officers. However, those printed accounts were rather a sequel to this narrative, for the persons involved did very little talking in court. It was not till some years later that I met one of the participants, third officer on a liner running between San Francisco and the Orient, and had from him the details which never had been made public.

"It was after my second trip to sea," he told me, "and I wasn't much more than a kid—just going on eighteen. Too old for a deck boy, which was all I'd been till then, and too young for an able seaman. Anyway, I couldn't get a ship in Seattle, and there I was stony broke, living in that hole, Copperbottom like's boarding house."

"Well, one day I ran up against Tim Buckley, whom I had known as a man before the mast on my first trip, a young fellow, but a good deal older than I was. I hardly knew him, so dressed up he was and prosperous looking. We shook hands, then he invited me into a saloon to have a drink, and I told him my hard luck story, though I wasn't specially thinking he could help me. I know there are some fellows who put all their pay on their backs and go short on grub to make up for the show."

"But Tim showed me right away that he wasn't that kind. Out he pulls a big wad of greenbacks that fairly made my eyes bulge, and offers me a twenty. I was so surprised that I didn't take it at once, and then Tim kind o' lowers his hand and says:

"Take it kid, unless—you'd like to go with me to where this stuff comes from. There's an opening for a husky lad about your size."

"Give me the opening," says I; "take me to it."

"Well, he took me to his hotel, and introduced me to two friends of his; an old fellow by the name of Selby, who seemed to have been more of a fisherman; and an Indian, Silent Jim, they called him, who had never been a seaman, as I could see at first look."

"Late that night the four of us went down to the docks, and got into a small sloop, and set sail up the Sound."

"It's a long sail," says Tim, "so you can turn in." So I turned in on a pile of fish nets down in the cabin and slept."

When I awoke next morning, we were heading into a sheltered cove, and half an hour later we ran up alongside of a jetty. Back from the shore, about a quarter of a mile, was a farmhouse. Along the shore was a lot of Siwash shacks, and behind them rows of trays on which fish were drying, so I thought that they were getting me in the fish business. But that was all a bluff, as you'll soon see."

"For three or four days we four men lounged about that farmhouse, not doing much of anything, old man Selby's wife and a Siwash squaw cooking for us. Of course, I'd been asking for explanations, but all I could get out of any of them was: "You just wait until you see what you'll see."

"I guess it was the fourth night, and I had turned in in my room when Tim comes and rousts me out."

"Come on," says he; "the Immigration Bureau has opened for business."

"So I got up and dressed, and he takes me out the back way, through a stretch of woods, and we come to a big barn. It looked all dark, and I was getting puzzled, when suddenly the door opens, and I see a big crowd of men inside, and the place all lit up, only there was canvas across the windows."

"At first glance, I thought I'd gone into a Siwash convention; there were about twenty Indians all about us, until I looks across the room and sees another bunch of Chinamen. And right in the middle of the floor was a barber's chair. A Chinaman got into it, another Chinaman got busy, put a wig over his head, gave his face a wash with a sponge, and the next minute that Chinaman got out and you couldn't have told him from a Siwash. And then I sized up the whole situation: We were on the British side of the Sound, and these chinks were to be shipped across."

"About half an hour later, when all the chinks had been siwashed, we marches down to the boat landing. I tell you, they had it all worked out slick. The disguised Chinamen were divided into lots of ten each, and one of us white men was attached to each lot before we left that barn: it was like being corporal in an army. But that Indian, Silent Jim, who could talk English like you and me, he was the general of the outfit. He'd worked out this whole scheme. Only he was a real Sioux, and no Siwash."

"There were thirty-four of us all told, and how we all squeezed into that sloop was a surprise to me. The Chinamen were shoved down into the cabin, packed in like sardines, then covered over with nets and fishing gear of all kinds. And when we were all ready to sail, a very slick looking Chinaman in white man's clothes and gold-rimmed spectacles counts out more gold eagles into Silent Jim's hand than I'd ever seen in my life; right there on the landing."

"Well, the excitement of the thing got into my blood, and I was beginning to enjoy it. It was a fine fall night, with a new moon that didn't give much light. The wind was west, blowing in sound and fair for heading directly across for the American shore. Selby steered, and Jim kept a sharp lookout. However, nothing happened: we could see the lights of steamers way off that might have been revenue cutters, but they didn't head our way, and about an hour before dawn we ran into an inlet and alongside a boat landing. Then we rushes the Chinamen out of the cabin and ashore."

"I could see about a dozen shacks near where we were and two or three Siwashes coming down to meet us."

"Now," says Jim to me, "take your ten men into those shacks. This old fellow here will arrange the details where to put them. But when daylight comes, you see that they're all put to work. The old fellow will show you, but you keep your eyes skinned, so you'll know what to do next time. And if any white men come snooping around here during the day, you hand them out the right kind of a bluff. You're here fishing and hunting—above them off the scene."

"With that Jim and Selby leaves me, each going in a different direction with their squads of Chinks, and Tim casts loose and sails back across the Sound."

"The old Siwash, who could speak some English, puts my Chinamen away in different shacks, and points out to a place on a heap of gear where I could sleep. And pretty soon I was pounding my ear at a thirty-knot gait, for the excitement had tired me out."

At noon an old squaw woke me and called me out to eat. I looked around for my squad, thinking I had been caught napping, but I couldn't locate them anywhere specially. All I saw was half-a-dozen Siwashes here and there; two were mending nets, one was scraping the bottom of a canoe, another was down the beach digging for clams, and two were sleeping in the sun. So I guessed the old fellow had looked after my job. He came along pretty soon, nodded his head, and said: "Heap all right, John—you go sleep, so after I'd fed on some boiled beans and coffee I went to sleep again."

"Well, suddenly I was awakened again. There was the old chap."

"Quick," says he; "you go spik white man. Me plenty drunk."

"Whereupon he rolls over and shuts his eyes. Up I jumps and walks out of the shack."

"And there was five men on horseback riding along the beach toward me. All were armed with Winchester, so I guessed it was up to me to keep an open eye for squalls."

"The leader rides up leisurely, then reins in."

"Hello, stranger," says he; "Been fishin'?"

"Yep," says I, stretching and yawning.

"Ain't seen a dark-complected colored man pass this way, have ye? We're lookin' for one."

And so we kept chinning right along for ten minutes or so, but all the time I could see his eyes taking everything in. Finally, he gets off his horse, saying he wants to stretch his legs, and walks in to the shack. But there wasn't nothing there but the old fellow, snoring to beat the band. And finally this boss constable mounts and the five of them rides off."

"Naturally, I slept no more that day; I'd had quite a scare. Just about dusk Jim and Selby came with their men, and we had more beans and coffee. I told Jim what had happened but all he said was: "Uh! Guess they'll be on our trail tonight."

"About an hour after dark we set out, Jim in the lead, Selby next, and me last. We traveled about two hours at a pretty brisk walk, through heavy timber, along narrow, twisting trails. Pretty soon we came to open country and Jim called a halt."

"Now listen," says he. "I go way ahead. One whistle, one hoot, one dog bark, means lay low—drop off the side of the road. Two whistles or hoots means come on. Sabe?"

"On he goes about a hundred yards ahead, we following. Then we struck a wagon road through a marshy country."

"I guess we'd been traveling an hour when suddenly I catches a low whistle. I turned to my Chinks, but those fellows had all been coached; they just dropped and rolled off into the dry grass. And so did I."

"Pretty soon I hears horses tramping, and a voice shouts: 'Hello, who's this?'"

"Me Siwash—go fish—Duck Creek," came Jim's voice. Somebody lit a match, and I could see three men on horseback."

"All right, John," comes a voice. "Ye ain't seen nobody coming along this road, eh? Have a drink of whiskey?"

"I could hear Jim grunt, just the way a Siwash says no or yes. And then, with a laugh the three men galloped past us down the road. We waited about ten minutes, then came two short owl hoots, the Chinamen tumbled out on the road, and we went on."

Toward morning we got into the foothills and came to a ranch. The fields around the ranch-house were covered with haystacks, and into each of these stacks we put two or three Chinamen, while Jim, Selby and I went up to the house and had breakfast with the owner, a fellow by the name of Evans, his wife, and their two sons, all of whom seemed to be in the game."

"We slept there that day till late in the afternoon, when we had another feed, then Selby and I walk into a nearby town, where we take a train for Seattle. Jim, I guess, came by another train. Anyway, we met him in Seattle, and the whole lot of us went back to the farm on the British shore in the sloop, which had been sailed to Seattle by Tim. That trip brought me in over two hundred dollars as my share of the returns. And for over a year I worked the game for all it was worth, making nearly five thousand dollars, until finally they got us in the end. But that was all in the papers."

"But how were you discovered? I don't remember," I asked.

"What do you think? There was a woman detective on our trail for six months. And she spotted us at last. She came into the Siwash village when we had our Chinks there, looked them over as she had done several times before. And then a hairpin drops from the back hair of

one of the Siwashed Chinks. Dropped from his coiled-up queue under the wig, I guess, and that little lady sizes up the situation at once, because no Siwash ever uses hairpins. So I got six months in a Federal penitentiary, all because of a hairpin. Ain't that—?"

Comfort's League of Cousins

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 9.)

Thelma and Edith, went to Johns Hopkins Hospital two years ago and had their large adenoids removed. They were there about one month and they say it sure is a nice place.

Your niece, RUBY ESSIE COLLINS.

Three cheers for North Carolina, the most American State, by the way, in the Union as it contains only one per cent of individuals of foreign birth. No wandering "Presidents" of republics real or imaginary have a ghost of a show of causing international trouble in the Tar Heel State. Some people gauge Americanism on the basis of industrial prosperity (a dangerous delusion); but if you examine the war records of the American Protective League you will find that North Carolina was the most loyal state in the Union. Treasonable propaganda could not spread its poison there. Would all other States had as good a record. Yes, Ruby, I know all about the latest styles and before me is an article from a newspaper in scare headlines: "Girls To Wear Less This Year." Well, if they wear any less than they are doing now, Mother Eve will be outclassed and the police will have to chase them with horse blankets. Ruby, I am delighted to see that North Carolina is doing one of the main things that prompted me to plead for universal military training, which will eventually lead to universal good health. The State dentist is filling up the holes in the boys' and girls' teeth, something absolutely necessary to health, but why, with plenty of cake around, you boys and girls did not fill them up yourselves. I can't imagine. Billy the Goat says it was too much cake and improper diet that caused the holes. Wise Guy, Billy! I'm glad you've had those troublesome infections, "adenoids," as you write them or "adenoids" as they should be, and enlarged tonsils, removed. But I don't see why you called in the State Clinic surgeon to do the job when you had a carpenter in the house. A saw and a chisel ought to make any self-respecting adenoid throw up its hands and beat it. I would like to have my tonsils removed, but the furniture moving man says it would require two vans to remove them and he would have to make two trips at a thousand dollars apiece, and it would cost five hundred dollars a month for storage after he got my internal furniture stowed away. So I guess I'll let them stay where they are and send them at monthly bill for rent. Johns Hopkins is the finest institution of its kind in the U. S., and if you can get out of it alive you can always look back to your sojourn there with pleasure. But if I had a carpenter in the family, Ruby, no hospital would catch me.

WHITE EARTH, N. DAK.

DEAR UNCLE CHARLIE: I am a girl twelve years of age, five feet six inches tall. Not many girls of my age are as tall as that, are they? Uncle, don't you think that young people should get together at least once a month? I do. I do not mean to have dances, play kissing games and that other dope, but I mean such games as "Happy is the Miller," "Fig in the Parlor," "Four in the Boat," and so on. What do you think about this? It is not very densely populated here. If there is not room in COMFORT for my letter please write me a letter.

ETTA IONE MOKE.

Etta, you are some girl, and I like the tone of your letter immensely. If your brain is only expanding in proportion to your physique, in a dozen years you will be the ruler of the universe. You will be able to tweak the nose of the man in the moon, skim the cream from the milky way, and, oh, every old thing. Yes, I do think young people should all get both together and together. As we are short of farm help, it is far more necessary that they get to gather than get together, especially around harvest time. If there is anything to be done in the gathering line, Mr. Townley can doubtless give you all the pointers you need. I'm glad you are going to cut out the kissing games. Exchanging germs is dangerous. One has to take a chance when one grows up, but if you knew the danger that lurks in most mouths you would not want to touch the lips that shield them, no matter how thoroughly some of them were sterilized. Any way, Etta, thanks to your height, you are out of the kissing zone, or soon will be. Many a six-foot man has broken his back trying to kiss a four-foot girl, but those were in the days when they knew nothing about stepladders or air flitters. The games you have suggested ought to afford an immense amount of amusement. Be careful, however, how you play that game, "Four in a Boat," for some boats won't hold four and not even one if the occupants are built along your Junesque lines. You never know when a German sub (and there are plenty of them up in your vicinity) might not come sailing in from the kitchen, shake its periscope in defiance, torpedo your frail craft and drown you all in the depths of the parlor rug. I tell you there are many forms of death that are unspeakably horrible, but nothing quite so awful as being drowned in a parlor rug. Take my advice and try one in a boat before venturing on a stormy voyage around the parlor table with four. If you play pig in the parlor, see that he does not get into the boat or you'll be upset sure, then bacon will be scarcer than ever and Mr. Gompers' sixty-one-dollar-a-week printers (they wanted seventy-five dollars a week, by the way) won't be able to get even a smell, let alone a slice. When Sam has got all he wants for his crowd, the rest of us will be in the poorhouse. The only time a pig looks nice in the parlor is when he is served in slices. In spite of this, however, the pig will nose in, no matter how he musses things up, and others have to clean up after him. Happy is the miller! He will be if you raise any wheat for him to grind and he gets his usual rakeoff after it is ground. Nobody, however, is happy who eats the miller's product after the miller has taken all the life-sustaining matter out of it. You would be able to put more vim into your games if you were eating the bread milled by a miller who produced only whole-wheat flour, which is the perfect food. Animals starve to death on white flour and so do humans but they don't know it. Etta, some of the cousins will doubtless be glad to send you books containing descriptions of parlor games and I hope you won't get a crick in the back reaching down to grab them.

NEW ALBANY, 2302 Shelby St., IND.

DEAR UNCLE CHARLIE: I am a Hoosier girl, five feet tall, have brown hair and eyes and fair complexion. I hope this finds you feeling fine and able to get after the traters. Keep it up Uncle, anybody that's a trater to our flag should not be allowed to live under it. I am a member of two other clubs beside the C. L. O. C. One is a human club. Uncle, do you believe in fortune tellers? I don't. Uncle, when are things coming down? Tell me what you think of it. I have a button off a soldier's coat that ran on the General Grant engine during the Civil War. Is there any primum on it? Do you like music? I just dearly love it. A brass band is the kind I like best. I'd rather listen to one of them than eat. I play the piano and violin. Won't write more as the Goat has already chewed a dozen of my letters.

Your niece, PEARL LEE, League No. 43023.

I'm not feeling very fine, Pearl, but fine enough to get after the traitors, or "traters" as you have it. If all the "traters" were taters, what a wonderful food crop we would have and we could have all those taters well mashed before we ate them. There will never be any scarcity of the

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traitor crop, the Reds will see to that. That "human" club must be quite interesting. I suppose a human club is a half-sister or mother-in-law to a humane club. I wish I could make the world into one vast humane club, but it is a tough task for nations do not like each other because they do not know or understand each other, and lack of understanding causes jealousy, suspicion, prejudice and hate. Anyway, we have only had one generation that could read and even begin to think (for people use their emotions and let their brains rust), and the beautiful art of being kind, which is all this sad world needs, has never been put into practice. Fortune tellers are a bunch of frauds and fakers. In this section of the country these gentry are put in jail. You ask when I think things are coming down. I've just read in the paper that in the fall skirts will be longer, though I don't believe it. If this report is correct, things will be coming down. A telephone wire man has been on our roof and he is now coming down, and so are large sections of our ceiling. I understand that when it stops raining, umbrellas will come down, and if the Reds get control you will see the Star Spangled Banner coming down and Mr. Hillquit or Mr. Berger or some of their friends will be hauling up the red flag. Once the red flag symbolized a common brotherhood. It appealed strongly to all men of ideals, including myself, but like all good things in this world, even from the cross of Christ down, these symbols of a sublime idealism have been seized by rascals to cover every form of villainy, vice, murder, bloodshed and plunder, hate and destruction. Everything that symbolizes the good, the beautiful and the spiritual should be rescued from those who contaminate and disgrace it. That is the work of forward-looking humanity, and it is a work that will be done. I can't tell if there is any "primum" on that button. If there is, I advise you to polish it and get the "primum" off. I hope that a young lady who belongs to so many clubs as you do is not going to part with what many would regard as a precious souvenir, though I may tell you frankly that if General Grant had seen anyone running on his engine, they would soon have had the buttons all shot off them. General Grant was a man who stood his ground and was not strong for traitors or runners. Oh, Pearl, something else is coming down. There is a brass band coming down the street, and it is making such an awful racket that we have had to close the windows. It is making just the kind of noise you love. The Goat says you mean the price of things coming down. Before the price of food comes down, more food must come up, and more can't come up until we have more food producers, and food producers just now, instead of working, are watching the movies in the cities and trying to get a drink of wood alcohol. The recent railroad strike ruined thousands of tons of food and forced up prices, and so the merry game goes on.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 9.)

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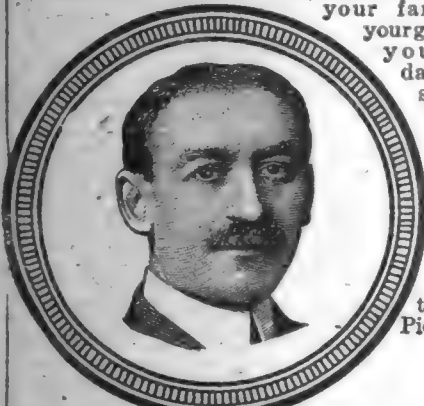
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The Pretty Girls' Club

Conducted by Katherine Booth

To Freckle or Not to Freckle

NOW is the time of year when the little freckle makes its appearance, when tan and sunburn go about seeking whom they may attack, and when every girl in the broad United States cries: "Oh, how do you get rid of freckles?" There is an old saying which I recommend to your consideration: "Prevention is better than cure." The way to get rid of freckles in the most effective manner is not to acquire them. Few skins can stand the hot summer sun unprotected without blossoming forth in freckles, or donning a coat of sunburn, and if you want neither of these attributes, then be a little more careful about courting Old Sol.

A good recipe for getting sunburned is to don a middie blouse with sleeves above the elbow, and low neck, and go forth unhatted to play tennis or row in the sun. If you are at all capable

then smear on the cream quickly again and wipe off the surplus, adding the powder as the final touch. In this way, you may come home from your outing without any sunburned skin to testify to your adventure.

But you can't wander around on the beach without a hat or even stroll down to the post-office summer afternoons hatless, unless you want a sunburned nose or a freckle or two. If you don't like to wear a hat, then invest in a sunburning parasol and carry that when you go prom-nading down the pretty streets of your town. A parasol is out of place on an outing, however, so here you must provide yourself with a big becoming hat; and if you don't want sunburned, tanned or freckled arms, then there is nothing for it but a long pair of silk gloves. You can protect the skin of the arms as you do that of the face, by rubbing in cold cream and powdering, but you must be sure to get all the surplus cream off or your gown will bear the marks.

If I were you, however, I wouldn't worry about the marks the sun leaves, except to prevent a bad and painful case of sunburn such as comes from an extended trip in a motor car without a top. Cold cream, as used above, will help in such case, and you must always remember never to put water on a sunburned face or one which is hot from being in the sun. The heat added to the water will almost blister the face. Use cold cream for such cleansing purposes.

Answers to Questions

LOUISE.—Do not scratch the scales which measles have left on your scalp. Get a medicine dropper at your drug store, and with olive oil anoint the scalp thoroughly. To do this, part the hair from brow to nape of neck, and run the medicine dropper along the part; then part again about half an inch away, and do the same, and so continue until the whole scalp has been oiled. This is not so untidy as pouring oil upon the scalp, which makes the hair very oily, too. Do your hair up in a towel at night to avoid soiling the bed linen; then in the morning shampoo the hair with water in which you have sliced half a cake of white household soap, letting it thoroughly dissolve. If you have the courage, keep the scalp oiled two or three nights before your first shampoo; this will mean, however, that you will have to keep out of sight, for your hair will be oily and stringy. If the scales do not come away after an oiling and shampoo, then massage the scalp every night for a week or the days with fingers dipped lightly in oil. To massage the scalp, slip the fingers under the loosened hair on each side of the head, and, holding the fingers firm, move the scalp back and forth on the skull; place the fingers in a new place and repeat, and continue until the whole scalp has been gone over in this manner. If the fingers are slightly oily at the tips, this will lubricate the scalp. Of course, you must make up your mind that when you brush your hair the next morning, the oil on your scalp will be spread over your hair, and you will not look as attractive as you would like—but we must get rid of those scales, mustn't we? About dressing your hair becomingly, I have said many times in these columns that girls of fifteen in fashionable families dress their hair very simply; parting in the middle, for instance, and rolling softly away from the face, then braiding in one long braid in the back.



SUBSTITUTING A PARASOL FOR A HAT.

of producing freckles, be sure they will come forth on this invitation, while unless you have a decidedly tough skin you may resign yourself at once to an aggravated case of sunburn.

However, there is nothing objectionable in a tanned skin—the aftermath of sunburn—and the pleasure of the outdoors is worth the penalty, in my opinion. But if you want to keep a lily-white skin, you cannot do it by this method.

Skin which is dry or skin which is wet with water burns easily. Skin which is oily does not. So that is the first thing you should keep in mind. To protect your skin which is to be subjected to the hot sun, coat it thickly with cold cream and gently massage it until it will hold no more. Then wipe the face with equal gentleness with a soft cloth, and powder it with a good face powder. If you are going on an automobilizing trip, be sure that your face cream and powder box go with you—not any dinky little amount of either, but a generous supply. And when you stop for lunch or a rest, apply a little cold cream and wipe off the dust of the road thoroughly;

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THIS IS NO WAY TO AVOID FRECKLES OR SUNBURN.

A good way to do it is to part the hair from ear to ear across the top of the head; then part again from the forehead to the part you have just made morning. With one half of the front hair, experiment, drawing it down a little on the forehead, then rolling it back, pinning it in place as you do with invisible pins; do the same with the other half, then braid the ends of both sides in with the back hair.

E. A.—Arm exercises will reduce the bust. You need not fear their developing other parts of the body. Exercise not only develops muscle, but wears away excessive fat. Any of the arm exercises given in these columns will aid in reducing the bust. Perspiration also reduces flesh, so if you will cut a bandage of rubber cloth wide enough to go well above and below the bust, and long enough to wrap tightly about the body, then fasten it about the bust with strips of adhesive tape, this will help in reduction through causing perspiration. It is a rather uncomfortable form of treatment in hot weather, however. Are you not too fat elsewhere? If you are, then the answer lies in cutting out fat-building foods, such as sweet things, starches (potatoes, rice, white bread, macaroni, etc.) and fats, including gravies, much butter, etc.

ROCHESTER.—You are eating the wrong kinds of food, my dear. It is a simple manner to reduce, if you will eat only the foods which make muscle instead of those which make fat. When you are already too fat, you need to reduce the amount of food as well as the kind, until you have lost some of the fat. First, make up your mind that you will eat only at meals, three times a day; that you will not eat candy, cake, preserves or other sweet things. With those two resolutions, you are a long way on the road to keeping the fat from coming. The next thing you have to do is to settle on a diet which will not make more fat. Here is a good breakfast for you: Half a grapefruit, or an orange, a soft-boiled egg on thin, crisp toast without butter. For lunch you could eat some sliced tomatoes on lettuce with French dressing or with just vinegar, pepper and salt; and some other green vegetable, like string beans for instance, or spinach, or asparagus, or carrots. Only the tiniest bit of butter should be used in seasoning the hot vegetables. A baked apple barely sweetened will make a good dessert, or an apple which has not been cooked. For dinner, any lean meat, any green vegetable but no potatoes or rice or macaroni or white bread. For dessert you can have any fruit (fresh), including melon, but must not have any cream on the fruit and but the tiniest amount of sugar. Oranges are good for you, cantaloupe, peaches, pears, etc., etc. Don't eat fat meats, gravies, preserves, cake, pie, sweetened puddings, don't drink milk or take cream on any food; eat scarcely any butter or sugar. Try this plan for a few weeks and you will be surprised at the difference. At the same time you should exercise to the point of fatigue so that you perspire with the exertion.

ANXIOUS C. P.—I should let the mole on my neck alone, as meddling with moles sometimes causes serious trouble. Where a mole is large and fleshy, sometimes ty-

ing a thread around the base tightly will cause it in time to shrivel up and drop off. You understand there will still be a mark left on the neck, however. If you use a thread, dip it in boiling water first, and do not touch with the fingers the part of the thread that goes about the wart. You can wind the thread about the wart several times, drawing it tight. The only safe way to remove moles is by the electric needle in the hands of a skilled operator. You say your hair is short, and does not grow. It is not getting nourishment enough. Pay attention to your whole body, for the health of the hair depends upon the body health. See that you eat regularly, chew your food thoroughly, drink plenty of water between meals, get the right amount of sleep, eight to ten hours, have fresh air in your room, and that your bowels move regularly once or twice a day. Exercise and water-drinking, with proper food, will take care of the bowel habits. Then shampoo your hair once in three weeks carefully, being careful not to use strong soap, and to rinse the hair very thoroughly afterward. If you can use rain-water for the shampoo, so much the better. Every night, when you are ready for bed, let your hair down, part it from the forehead to the nape of the neck, then brush each half gently and with long strokes one hundred times. Do not brush back from the forehead, but from the part toward the ears. Sleep with your hair loose. See what I say to "Louise" about massaging the scalp. Massage your scalp for five or ten minutes every morning when you first get up. You are at an age when your body is undergoing changes and its building qualities are strongly taxed, so it is not strange that your hair is feeling the effects. What you must do, therefore, is to give your body plenty to build with. Drink milk; eat plenty of cereal foods, oatmeal, cracked wheat, or any of the ready-to-eat cereals, with cream and sugar—lots of bread and butter, potatoes, rice, bacon, meat, eggs, etc. Fried foods are not very good for you because they take so much longer to digest and therefore overwork your stomach. Meats are better when broiled or roasted and are more easily digested. For the same reason, pork and veal are not particularly good meats; lamb, beef, mutton are better. Chicken and other poultry are good, as is fish. Eggs are a wonderful food, but they should not be cooked hard. Three minutes to three and one-half minutes is enough for a soft-cooked egg. Poaching an egg is a good way to prepare it, but see that it is soft. Scrambled eggs are good if quickly prepared and still soft and creamy. You couldn't have better food than the following: For breakfast, some fruit, such as an orange, an apple, a piece of melon or a dish of berries; then a big bowl of oatmeal and cream with sugar, and some toast or bread and butter; then a soft-boiled egg. For lunch, some rice with butter, a green vegetable, a glass of milk, bread and butter and plenty of it; and perhaps a baked apple. For supper, some meat, potato, bread and butter, a green vegetable, some baked custard, or some fresh fruit or any other simple dessert. When we are growing girls, we have little to say about what food will be served at a meal, which is only fair, as the older people are entitled to their preferences; but if you can get plenty of milk, soft-boiled egg for breakfast, cereal and cream, potatoes or rice, and lots of bread and butter, you will have good foods with which to build up health. This is a time of your life when you want to give yourself the right things to eat that you may be made into a healthy woman. Be sure to chew every mouthful of food until it is liquid before you swallow it; in that way you get out of it all the body-building qualities it has. Drink plenty of water between meals—eight to ten glasses a day. Oh, about that blackhead which has left a lump. The just means that the pore is still clogged with secretions. Do you take a good body bath every day when you are well, being careful that the water is warm and that you do not get chilled? That helps the skin to throw off its impurities. For the face, before you go to bed at night, use hot soapy water to wash the skin thoroughly, then rinse, then lay hot cloths over the nose where the blackhead lump still exists; this helps to open up the pores and let the impurities out. After you have done this for a few nights, however, the lump has disappeared, stop using the hot water packs, or it will make large pores on your face.

HELEN.—Your freckles are of the summer variety. The best thing for you to do is merely to protect the skin as much as possible, in the future, in the spring when you begin to acquire them. Anything which removes freckles must take off the fine surface skin, for freckles lie beneath the skin; this renders the new skin susceptible to other blemishes and needing more protection than the old. The year is too far advanced, now, I presume, to ward off a crop of freckles for this year, but next year you should heed the advice I give in my talk to "Pretty Girls" this month. In the meantime, if you want to use something on your freckles, lemon juice is the most harmless acid. Even horse-radish, ground and made into a paste, then applied to the skin, will act. Another formula is as follows:

To Remove Freckles

Glycerine, one ounce; lactic acid, two ounces; rose-water, one half ounce. Dampen your freckles with this lotion. It will probably redden the skin, for what it must really do is to have the surface skin removed. The discolored skin which we call freckles. You can use a good cold cream afterward to soothe any irritation. My own advice would be, since your freckles are so insignificant, to powder them as you have been doing, not attempt to remove them, then another year begin early in the spring to ward off their reappearance. About the down on the upper lip, I do not advise the remedy you suggest; in fact, I strongly advise against it. You will merely have a new and stronger growth shortly, and then your troubles will begin in earnest. Try the peroxide and the ammonia, as I have recommended. The probability is that you do not need anything; if you will examine people's faces closely, you will find that the large majority have a down. This is not objectionable, and only becomes so when the down develops into hairs, if it does. You are a pretty girl and will stay so longer if you do not experiment with cosmetics, lotions, eradicators, etc. Just take care of the complexion you have, and think as little about it as possible. You would be surprised to see how few things the professional models use on their faces, and how careful they are not to "experiment" with their skins. I recommended a very simple treatment of the skin to a model once, and she said earnestly: "Oh, but I never use anything on my skin except a tiny bit of the very finest powder. I can't afford to experiment with it." That's a good thing for a "pretty girl" to remember.

ALABAMA GIRL.—Any arm exercise will help your bust. Deep breathing will increase your bust measure in a short time. Be careful stand. Do not let the shoulders fall forward, but drop them easily, then throw the chest out but without forcing the shoulders back. This easy elevation of the chest will give your lungs room to do their work and grow in capacity, and as this takes place, your bust will increase. To practice deep breathing, stand erect, with hands on hips or hanging loosely at side, then slowly draw in breath through the nose, keeping the mouth closed. It should take you at least ten counts to do this. Then just as slowly exhale the breath again through the nose, and while counting ten. Repeat ten or fifteen times, and do this several times a day. In fact, you can always practice deep breathing, as you go about your work, as you walk along the street. Be sure your corset is not too tight. Wear a low-busted corset, one that extends only a little bit above your waist, and the top of which is about an inch below your bust. Tie your corset strings in two places,—about half way below the waist, and again at the waist. Never put your corset on "laced"—but unlace it each time before you unhook the front. In putting it on, it should be unlaced with the strings very loose; the front should first be hooked up, then the side garters fastened to the stockings, and finally you should settle yourself easily into the corset, and draw the strings at the waist all the corset fits you easily, then tie the strings; then draw the strings below the waist, and tie them firmly. To lace your corset for this method of putting it on, begin at the top, putting the middle of your corset string there, and then lace with each string until you reach the waist-line; then instead of crossing over, as you have been doing, put your left string which you have just drawn through an eyelet on the left side, into the hole just below it on the left side; at the same time putting your right string which you have just drawn through an eyelet on the right side, into the hole just below it on the right side. Leave a loop at this point on each side of the corset, then resume your lacing until you are about five inches below the waist-line, then do the same thing again, leaving a loop on each side, and finish lacing to the bottom. Wear rather a long corset. Use these loops to draw up the corset string when putting it on, and be sure your corset sets easily about the waist, and that you have not pushed the flesh at the waist-line down below the waist-line of the corset.

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So every woman may know what Gardal Face Powder and the Gardal odor, we will deliver a sample receipt of your name, address and a 2c stamp. You also will learn of other exquisite Gardal Products, with the same alluring scent.

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Gardal preparations sold only through more than 3,000 representatives in town and country.

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Science has discovered the way for restoring hair to its natural color. It is offered to women in Mary T. Goldman's Scientific Hair Color Restorer. In From 4 to 8 days it will end every gray hair.

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FREE Send today for a trial bottle and our special comb. Be sure and give the exact color of your hair. Try it on a lock of hair. Compare the results, and the pleasure of using, with the old way. You'll not have gray hairs once you have tried this scientific hair color restorer. Write now.

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low the waist-line, then do the same thing again, leaving a loop on each side, and finish lacing to the bottom. Wear rather a long corset. Use these loops to draw up the corset string when putting it on, and be sure your corset sets easily about the waist, and that you have not pushed the flesh at the waist-line down below the waist-line of the corset.

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Whole Wheat Puffed to Bubbles

Puffed to eight times normal size. Grains airy and toasted, thin, flimsy and crisp—ready to crush at a touch. The most flavorful, most fascinating morsels ever served in a bowl of milk.

Yet they are simply wheat grains steam exploded and made easy to digest.

Served Tonight To Millions of Happy Children

Puffed Wheat is the finest dainty ever served in bowls of milk. The gigantic grains are thin and airy, and they float. The flavor is like toasted nuts. The thin walls crumble at a touch.

The fragile grains seem tidbits, made solely to entice. But they supply whole-wheat nutrition. And with every food cell blasted, digestion is easy, quick and complete. Puffed Wheat in milk forms a supreme food in the ideal form, and every child should get it in abundance.

Grains That Melt Away

Puffed Wheat and Puffed Rice are whole grains puffed to bubbles. Corn Puffs are corn hearts puffed—sweet toasted inner corn.

The process was invented by Prof. A. P. Anderson, and the purpose is to blast each food cell, to fit it to digest.

The grains are sealed in guns, then revolved for an hour in a fearful heat. The bit of moisture in each food cell is thus changed to steam.

When the guns are shot those cells explode. A hundred million steam explosions occur in every kernel. Thus these three Puffed Grains—Wheat, Rice and

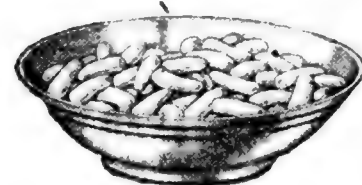
Corn—become the best-cooked cereals in existence.

Thinner than tissue

Puffed Grains are as airy as snowflakes. The walls are thinner than tissue. When crushed they melt away, and the flavor is exquisite.

Each has its own delights, so every home should keep the three Puffed Grains on hand.

They are not only breakfast dainties. Serve all day long, in all the ways you can. They will take the place of lesser foods, of sweets and of confections.



This morning

Millions of others had some Puffed Grain served with cream and sugar. And it tasted like a food confection—like nut meats puffed.



With their berries

Others mixed Puffed Grains with berries and made a delightful blend. The flaky, flimsy globules added what crust adds to a shortcake.



This afternoon

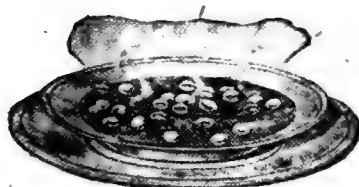
Puffed Grains were crisped and doused with melted butter. And countless children, when at play, ate them dry like nut meats.



Thousands made candy with Puffed Rice in it, to make it light and nutty.

Puffed Wheat Puffed Rice
and Corn Puffs
Also Puffed Rice Pancake Flour

Now used in pancake flour



Wafers in soups

Thin, toasted wafers. Use the Puffed Grain which best fits the soup flavor.

Now we mix ground Puffed Rice in an ideal pancake flour. The Puffed Rice flour adds a nutty taste and makes the pancakes fluffy. The flour is self-



raising, so the batter is made in a moment. And you never knew such pan-cakes. Ask for Puffed Rice Pancake Flour.



At dinner today

The ice cream dish was garnished with Puffed Rice or Corn Puffs. And the flavorful bubbles, melting into the cream, doubled its delights.

The Quaker Oats Company
Sole Makers

The City That Was Not



by Hapsburg Liebe

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IT was sheer idle-curiosity, perhaps, that sent young "Hondo Jim" Clarkson to St. Louis, Chicago, Buffalo, New York—sheer idle curiosity, aided by the big money his ranch had made for him during the past year. He had never been to any city before. But he had heard much of cities, and read much of them, and he wanted to see them for himself. His days, even his nights, had been filled with cattle, cattle, cattle, ever since his boyhood. He needed a rest, he thought, and he took it.

There is no doubt that it was Fate, granting that there is such an animal, that sent Hondo Jim to Mrs. Magill's Select Boarding-house, which held forth as a sort of hypothetical home to certain shoe clerks, bookkeepers and department-store girls.

It was after supper—he called it that, though the rest of them called it dinner—and Jim Clarkson sat alone in his upstairs room and deliberately took stock of things. The outcome was exceedingly disappointing. The cities made him feel too inconsequential. Back home, on the River Hondo, he had been a big frog in a little puddle. Here he wasn't a little frog in a big puddle; he wasn't even a tadpole! In a shooting-gallery, he had seen a pale and sickly-looking youth break one glass egg after another in the air with a small rifle, a feat that he, the pride of the Hondo as a marksman, would hardly have attempted; he didn't know that the rifle threw some two dozen tiny shot instead of a single bullet. In a theater he had seen a very small man, and a Jap at that, manhandle the strongest fellow the audience could produce; he didn't know it was jiu-jitsu, or that the victim had been bought off beforehand.

And there was something else. In certain shady quarters that he had blundered into, he had witnessed two marvels of gunfights, and he had seen a man slap a woman's face and then disappear as though by magic. Hondo Jim had gone to his hip for the gun that wasn't there.

"The savages," he said very soberly to himself, "sure don't live in the woods, deserts or plains. The savages live in the cities. I wonder just how long Wild Bill Hickok or Billy the Kid would have lasted here! Talk about bad men, them out West were pikers."

After staring at nothing for a moment, he went on: "And the cities is all alike. Every one. It's the River Hondo for me. I'm sure glad I didn't sell out a year ago, like I thought o' doin'." Now, the fellow that slapped that woman—

Hondo Jim Clarkson was certainly no saint himself, and he didn't pretend to be one. His record was more or less checkered; and yet, it was all a clean checkering. The idea of a man striking a woman—it sickened him, made him ashamed of his sex. He rose, found that the night had fallen, and turned on a light. Just then the tinkling of a banjo came from the room next to his, and somehow it jarred. Clarkson was ordinarily a lover of any kind of music, but now—well, everything jarred now. He quite forgot that he wasn't back in New Mexico, where even the stars were his, and rapped on the wall.

"Break that off!" he said harshly.

The tinkling stopped so quickly that it surprised him. Almost, it made him regret that he had interrupted. He sat down again, and, oddly or not, began to think of the one person at Mrs. Magill's that had seemed really worth his notice; she was a slender, light-haired woman of not more than twenty, who had sat squarely across the table from him. She was quiet, good-mannered, and as pretty as a rose. Perhaps, he told himself, his attention had been drawn to her because she seemed as much out of place there at Mrs. Magill's as he felt in New York.

He remembered now that she had spoken to him on sight, smiled, and then appeared to freeze. Yes, freeze, and he wondered why.

Hondo Jim went to sleep thinking of her, and that night she romped tantalizingly through his dreams. At breakfast the next morning, she gave him a look that he would have recognized as being a look of reproach tinged heavily with defiance, had he been anybody but the bluff Westerner that he was, with cattle, cattle, cattle on the brain. At the noonday meal he missed her, and he missed her also at supper that evening—and he missed her much more than he would have thought possible. When supper was over, he met Mrs. Magill in the hallway that led to the front, and took her by the arm as though she had been a man instead of a woman.

"Say," he began, "what's become o' the little lady that set right across the table from me? The one with the light hair and blue eyes?"

Mrs. Magill the butom shrugged. "That," said she, "was Miss Sadie. Miss Sadie McAllister. She's from somewhere out West. Poor little thing, the city was so lonesome for her! She's been trying and trying to land a job, and she always failed; and her money was giving out, I've got reason to believe. She—"

"From the West!" gasped Hondo Jim. "Whereabouts in the West?"

"I don't just know. Texas, maybe; or maybe it was Idaho. Her folks was all dead, and she wanted to live in a city, where she'd have advantages," she said. But she was disappointed in the cities; they were not like those she'd read about in the storybooks, she told us. Poor little thing. I'm sorry for her. She—"

"But where is she?" Clarkson cut in. "I've got to see her, Mrs. Magill."

The butom Mrs. Magill shrugged her ample shoulders again. "Oh, she's gone. She left this morning. I haven't the slightest idea where she went. She told me she believed she was making a nuisance of herself with her banjo, and—"

But Hondo Jim was streaking it for the front doorway. "What's the matter?" Mrs. Magill called after him. "What's the matter, Mr. Clarkson?"

Mr. Clarkson answered over one of his big shoulders: "Oh, nothin'; nothin' at all."

Once more Mrs. Magill shrugged.

It would be a simple and easy matter to find any particular person in Cobway, New Mexico. To find any particular person in a city such as New York borders on the impossible, unless one has more of a trail to follow than had Hondo Jim. But no matter what the difficulty, the time necessary, or the cost, Clarkson felt that he must find her. He had run her off; with one mean, little, impulsive deed,—and three, mean, little impulsive words,—he had run her off, and her money

was giving out! He had to make amends. He simply had to. If he didn't, he could never look mankind in the face again.

As he wormed his way through the endless streets with their endless streams of humanity, he tried to put himself in her place. If he were she, as lonesome as she, without money and without a single friend and without the ability to get work—what would he do? He didn't dare to think of it, that which he feared she would do. The dock, or poison—

Hondo Jim quickened his pace.

He took up quarters in a modest uptown hotel, in order that he might be nearer to the work that engrossed him, and spent all of the following day in walking the streets and looking, looking for Sadie McAllister. All the next day he did the same, and the next, and the next. He went everywhere, it seemed to him; he consulted policemen; he advertised in the newspapers; he even hired a detective to help him.

A week passed, and neither he, the detective nor the newspapers had found her. Then, a little pale and thin, feeling as though he were the worst of murderers, Jim Clarkson went to Mrs. Magill's Select Boarding-house to see Mrs. Magill. It had just occurred to him that perhaps that estimable lady had seen or learned something of Sadie McAllister.

"Mr. Clarkson!" Mrs. Magill cried out heartily at sight of him. She remembered his name—and she had room for another boarder. "I haven't seen you for a long time. Will you come in, Mr. Clarkson?"

Mr. Clarkson would, and did. But he didn't take the chair Mrs. Magill set out for him.

"I'm afraid you're not well—" she began, and Hondo Jim interrupted rather ungallantly:

"Sadie, Sadie McAllister, have you seen her? Has she been back? She left the same day I left, you know."

"Oh, yes, she's been back," Mrs. Magill answered with maddening slowness. "She came back a day or two after you went. It was the next day, I think. She came back for something she'd forgotten, and decided to stay, as you'd gone. It was you, she said, that objected to her banjo—"

"But where is she now?" Clarkson cut in hopefully.

"Gone back to her West. She was out of tune, she told me, with everything here. She made the decision all in a minute, womanlike. Poor little thing! I guess it was best for her. It's the cities for the people that grow up in them, and the country for those that grow up in the country. You can't transplant—"

"What—what part of the West?"

"Really, I don't know. It was Texas maybe; maybe it was Idaho. If she told me—"

Hondo Jim scarcely heard the rest of it. Anyway, there wasn't a word of enlightenment in the rest of it. He walked out without even a good by, and went slowly toward his hotel. The knowledge that Miss McAllister had gone home brought him untold relief, it was true, but—oh, well, Clarkson wanted to see her. He wanted to ask her to forgive him. He wanted to tell her—she was gone, Heaven knew where. It is almost as great an undertaking to find one particular person in the vast stretches of the West as it is in New York's wilderness of streets and buildings.

But Clarkson swore to himself that he wouldn't give it up. Either he was very deeply in love with Miss McAllister, or he thought he was, and it amounts to about the same thing.

Within two more hours, he was aboard a sleeper, and flying westward.

In due time, Hondo Jim alighted from a train at Cobway, the nearest railroad point to his ranch on the River Hondo. Cobway is a withered little town of one long street and half-a-dozen short streets, and Clarkson hailed its sleepy, sun-baked appearance with delight because it was home to him—or nearly home. As he went toward Bill Aker's livery stable, he saw things that he had never before known existed in Cobway. Always before he had been busy, busy with cattle, cattle, cattle.

The open doors of a restaurant exuded a savory odor of something being fried, and it reminded Hondo Jim that he was hungry. He walked in, put his suitcase down, hung his hat on a nail in the wall, and dropped into a chair at a small table. There were soft footfalls behind him, and he looked around and upward to see—nobody else on earth but Sadie McAllister!

"You here!" he gasped astutely. "You—Sadie— you here?"

She smiled. Very sweetly, too. And it was the smile of one who, if not happy, is wise enough to be content.

"Yes, Mr. Clarkson, I'm the new waitress. I'll take your order, if you please. We have ham and eggs, bacon and eggs, stewed—"

She broke off as Clarkson rose. He held to his chair with one hand as he turned toward her.

"I was a fool, Sadie," he said weakly. "Sadie, I was an awful fool. After you left, I—I looked all over town for you, and advertised, and had a detective looking for you; I—I did everything. I wanted to apologize, and I—I—dang it, Sadie, I apologize now! I sure hope you'll find it in your heart to forgive me!"

"The banjo? Oh, that's all right. I was so lonesome I just had to play it to keep from—blowing up! I understand that you went also to St. Louis, Chicago and Buffalo. I did, too, Mr. Clarkson. How did you like the cities?"

He told her in a few words, and without the faintest syllable of lurid language, exactly how he liked the cities. She laughed merrily when he had finished.

"You were looking," she said, "for just what I was looking for—the ideal city, and there is none this side of the new Jerusalem. We were looking, Mr. Clarkson, for the city that is not."

"You're right," agreed Hondo Jim, gaining confidence in himself but still greatly surprised at finding Sadie McAllister in Cobway, New Mexico—"dead right. Now tell me this: how comes it that you're here, of all the places I know?"

She laughed again, and to Clarkson it was a charming laugh. He took one of her hands, and she, after making sure that there was nobody to see or overhear, allowed him to keep it and answered:

"Why, this is home to me. I've lived here all my life. And you really didn't know it? Hondo Jim, I've known you by sight ever since I was a little girl; I used to make believe you were a

knight, on that black horse you used to ride, and I—when you spoke to me so coldly there at Mrs. Magill's—"

"After you'd smiled at me because I was from Cobway, New Mexico,—little lady, I sure follow you! Say, I need a wife out at my ranch, somebody to keep me from—er, goin' back to the woods like a chaparral cock that's been hatched in captivity under a hen. Will you, Sadie?"

It came to pass that Hondo Jim didn't go back to his ranch alone.

Comfort Sisters' Corner

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 5.)

and try to please him and I know he does the same. We have a little girl nearly four years old and a baby boy ten months old, whose picture I am sending to Mrs. Wilkinson to put in COMFORT. His name is Arnold Howard Brandon. Above everything else I want to raise my children in the right way and to teach them about the Bible. My little girl knows all the pictures in the Bible and can tell me about them. I want them to be Christians.

Love to all.

MRS. CARL BRANDON.

OAKLAND, OREGON.

DEAR SISTERS:

Mrs. Wilkinson's answer to Mrs. Lee's letter interests me very much. So much depends upon the antidotes of the poisons we have in the house. As long as fly poisons are on the market, housekeepers will continue to use them. Or, our children may get the poison at the home of a playmate, so keeping poisons away from your home doesn't entirely evade the danger.

I had a similar experience six years ago which I am going to relate to show you what knowledge and quick action did.

My three eldest children were girls, Mildred, Kathleen and Frances, the first and third being taken away while infants. Then came James Hartleigh, a big, blue-eyed, mischievous boy, interested in everything his father did. Kathleen was always interested too but never touched anything with which her father was working.

The day of the accident, James was two and one half years old. His father was making an assay, using nitric and hydrochloric acid, equal parts, and had about an ounce in the test tube. In this he put the metal to be tested and bade the children keep back as the fumes are also poison. Dinner was ready and, believing James couldn't possibly reach it, he set it in a basin pushed back on a table on the porch, washed and was just sitting down to the table when I turned to put the child in his high chair. He was gone. He was by my side when his father came to the table. I thought of the acid and then I never shall forget the strangled scream. I reached his side in one bound: the sight paralyzed me. I remember how two had already gone.

He had stood on tiptoe to reach the basin and managed to get hold of the tube; as he lifted it out the contents poured over his hand and down onto his face. As I turned with him to his father I tried to say, "Do you suppose he has swallowed any?" but "suppose" was as far as I got. The answer I received was, "Suppose and get busy." That was all I needed to bring me back to salt and soda. By the time he had the youngster over his knee, head thrown back and mouth forced open, I was there with a box of soda and a cup of water. He put soda in the child's mouth and then poured in some water to wash it down; threw some soda in the cup and put it on his eyes, face and hands. I then got salt and he forced salt and water down the child's throat. Then he went for the doctor, but when they returned, half an hour later, vomiting had set in and the child was out of danger.

I still keep acid in the house labeled and away from other medicines. But James has never meddled with acids since, though still very mischievous. I believe this experience will keep my children from meddling with unknown medicines, especially James.

I think it would be a good idea if COMFORT would print some antidotes for poisons.

MRS. J. H. RODGERS.

Mrs. Rodgers.—Thanks for the suggestion. You will find a few antidotes in the space devoted to "remedies," and more will follow.—Ed.

Yost, Ka

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND SISTERS:

Words cannot express my appreciation of and love for COMFORT and its whole staff and contributors. I read it from cover to cover, even the ads. which I find interesting and instructive.

I want to add another caution to our editor's reply to Mrs. Josie Lee. Be very careful about leaving little folks in a room with an open fire. Our own baby girl, when she was three years old, caught fire, though she had not been alone in the room four minutes. Fortunately I was in the next room and reached her in time to prevent any serious injury.

How many believe in teaching boys to do girls' work and vice versa? I do and my three boys can wash dishes, sweep, help with the cooking and do lots of little things around the house, and the oldest knows how to sew on the machine and how to sew on buttons. Even if they never need to do such things the knowledge won't hurt them.

Mrs. Maggie Robinson, what do you do when you have so many duties that you can't for the life of you tell which is nearest? That is usually my trouble. I am slow, always behind with my work and invariably have to take the nine stitches instead of the one in time.

We are very poor and do not have money enough to fuss over. What we do have is used by the one who needs it first or worst.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 22.)

Driven Apart

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 19.)

But there was one who did not wait for Beryl's wealth to be known before she came, acknowledged her worth and sought a reconciliation. This was Nell's mother. Neither could Mrs. Burton Preston forget that to Beryl, whom she had cruelly wronged, she owed her life. The haughty woman's pride was humbled. Beryl was not slow to forget and forgive, because she was eager to do everything she could for Nell's happiness.

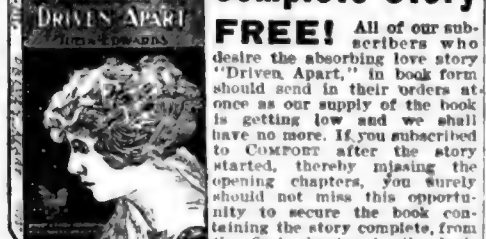
In Beryl's settlement with Beryl, a mortgage of five thousand dollars against Sunset Ranch, long overdue, fell to her. As a token of esteem for "Mother Jackman," Beryl canceled the mortgage, and forwarded it to the good woman who had always been her friend. Thus she heaped coals of fire upon the head of the faithless ranchman.

Help was also extended by Nell and Beryl to Mr. Bickerdike and his daughter, who had lost everything in the fire.

The people of San Francisco have already rebuilt the wrecked parts of the city, which has arisen from the ruins more lovely than before. Nell and his beautiful wife sometimes motor through the streets where once they searched wildly for each other. But for the most part they live in Denver near Mrs. Preston, who is almost as happy as they are.

THE END.

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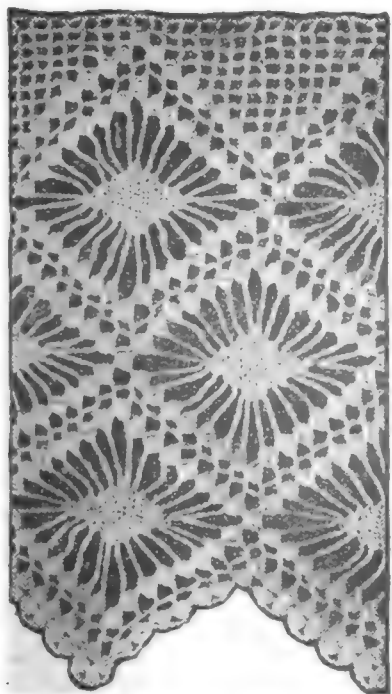
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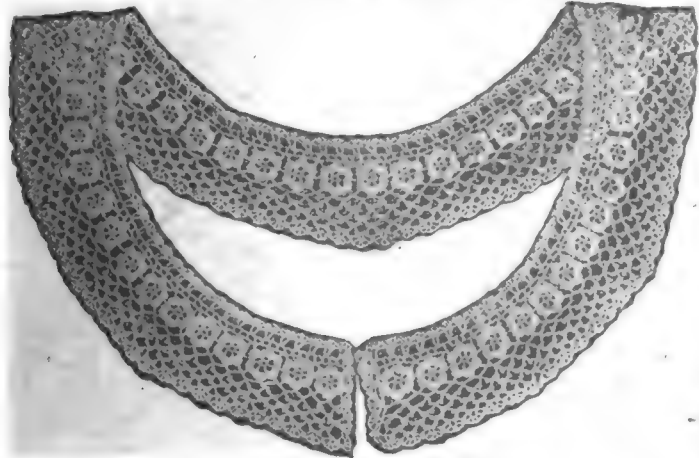
Spider Web Edging

7th row.—4 d c, ch 3, 4 d c, 2 sps, 1 blk, ch 9, 9 s c, ch 9, blks and sps, ch 9, 1 s c, ch 9, blks



SPIDER WEB EDGING.

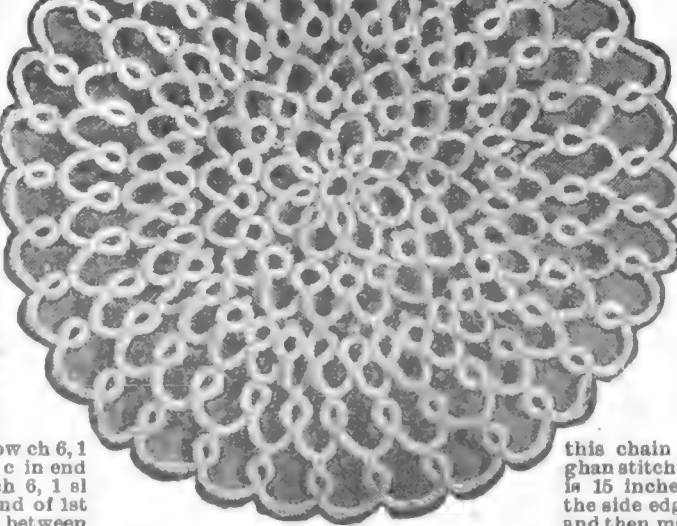
The only difference is on edge of point, which finishes with 1 blk, 2 sps, 1 blk, ch3, turn, until first web on the edge is completed, then edge as in first 8 rows.



ROUND YOKE. By Fannie Relinskie.

ршн, 0 врз, 14 с, 1 вр, сн 0, сшн.

second motifs in the



TATTED WRIST BAG.

FANNIE RELINSKIE.

front band of the hat. These bands are 6 sts wide and 2 inches long. Attach one end of center strap to edge of

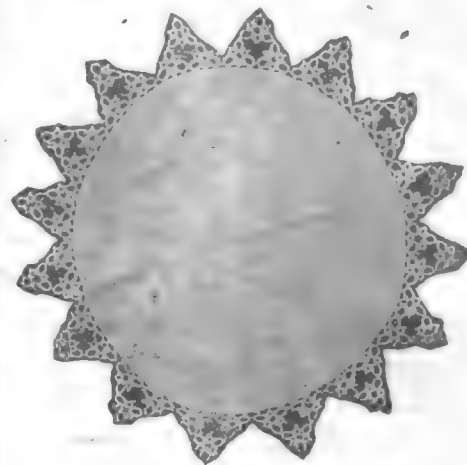


Knitted Uell

over needle as onest. Bind off loosely, finish with

vertical thread of previous row.

draw through
through the
large space



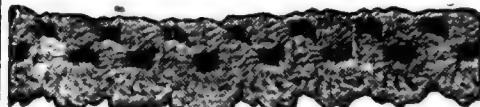
TATTED POINT-EDGED DOILY.

On large doilies larger points may be made by placing two motifs over three and over these one.

BY MRS. F. B. BECTOR.

Make this strip about 8 inches or longer if desired. Add another row like the first joining together by center picots of rings.

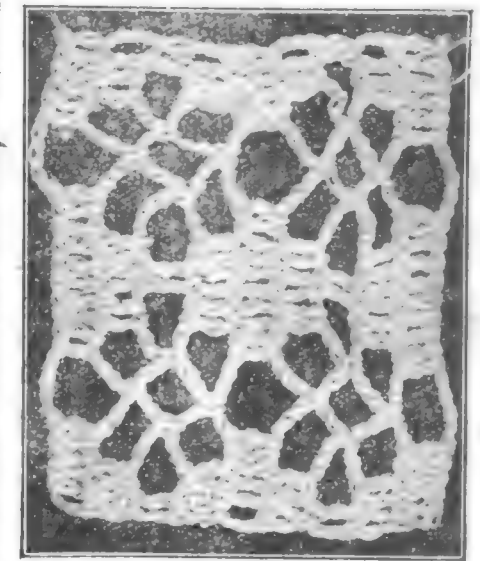
Ch 12, turn.
1st row.—6 d c in 4th st from hook ch 2, 1 d c
in each last 6 sts of first ch, ch 8, turn.



NARROW LACE.

4th row.—Same as 2nd row. Repeat pattern.
MRS. OSCAR WILSON.

3rd row.—1 d c, * ch 5, s c over ch 5, * twice, ch 5, sk 2 d c, 2 d c in next 2, * ch 5, s c over ch



MOTHER'S INSERTION.

crocheted when she was a girl about thirty or forty years ago. From a reader of COMFORT.
CLARA V. JOHNSON.

BY NEVA CHRISTY.

15 inches, but do not make it too long as a hand-made tie



**CROCHETED
NECKTIE.**

Tatted Point-Edged Doily

This pattern can be used on a dolly of any size. The linen center should be buttonholed or crocheted around and then the tatting hand-sewed to this.

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A Bit of Mid-Summer Madness

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 6.)

explain everything to you," and, with the words she shrank into the darkness and disappeared. Poindexter slowly stroled to the big entrance and just reached it when the girl appeared, and, smiling at him, she approached his side and slipped her arm within his.

Some people stared, but he paid no attention to them and led the way to an unfrequented path leading away from the hotel.

As soon as they were quite alone, the girl began:

"Perhaps you will not wish to be mixed up in this. I am in with a set of international jewel thieves and I have upon my person a string of pearls worth a fortune. I know there is a plot afoot to chloroform me tonight and search my room for the string. I do not care about that for it would not be the first time the game has been played to keep me quiet. But if they do, they will find nothing, for I want you to keep the string for me until morning. Shall you do that?"

"Do you think, as a law-abiding citizen, I am doing the right thing?"

"Oh," she interrupted a bit haughtily, "if you are afraid—"

"Not at all," he answered quickly, for no man can bear an aspersion upon his bravery. "It is because my desire as a man conflicts with my sense of duty as a citizen. Still—"

"You will do society a great service by helping me," she responded, tears in her voice. "I want to save the pearls for their rightful owner."

"Then why not turn them over to the detectives since you do not wish to keep them?"

"And be caught with stolen goods? Or be discovered as a traitor to the set in which I am? I want to deliver them to their rightful owner, cast myself upon her mercy and be quit of the whole outrageous transaction!"

Though a little incoherent, Poindexter sensed her position at once. "I will help you, for I trust you, Miss—"

"He hesitated over the lack of her name.

"I am known as Madam Petrovich, though I am not married. Here I go by the name of Stella Langtry. Well, if you will help me, here is the string," and from beneath one of the ornaments of her gown, she drew the pearls and handed them to him.

He had no time to examine them except to note that they were of good weight and had a curious, diamond-studded clasp.

He dropped the string into his inside pocket. "Such a relief," sighed Madam Petrovich. "We may go back now. If I see a mutual acquaintance, may I say that we were acquaintances in New York? I shall see, though, that you need not acknowledge me unnecessarily."

"Very well," he replied. "But would you not like to stroll about a bit? The promontory is beautiful by moonlight."

She nodded and slowly they wandered toward the silvery beach. The moon was now high in the heavens. The girl walked slowly, with exquisite grace, and Poindexter wondered that she could have allowed herself to become mixed up with a set of thieves. But, then, those gangs always secured the help of beautiful women in their machinations. Beauty is always associated with purity and truth. He wondered if the beautiful creature had really repented, and could she be brought back to enter in at the straight and narrow gate?

Then he calmed himself a fool and—pardon! It was his own expression—a "nut" who had been artfully taken in by a very clever woman, because the moon was in his head. No doubt, tomorrow morning he would wonder at his mild lunacy.

Madam Petrovich chatted on non-essentials and seemed anxious to keep him at her side—as her protector, no doubt. But now she probably realized that she was monopolizing his time, and suggested that they return to the hotel.

They did so, and as they approached the building, the strains of a joyous jazz band came to them.

"You dance, madam?" he enquired.

A Difficult Game

by Arthur Wallace Peach



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MRS. Hammond looked soberly at her husband, and her eyes were serious with her thoughts. "Ted, here is a chance for us to do some missionary work—"

"Hold off, my dear! I'm up here at the cottage to rest, and I don't want to be mixed up in any missionary work unless I am the subject of it," he interjected.

"But listen—here is a letter from Jameson; his niece has been outrageously flitted by some chap there to whom she was engaged—or they have quarreled; and the trouble seems to have broken her heart. Anyway, he wants to send her up to us and to have her spend two or three weeks at the cottage. He says he knows from experience that here is the place for healing."

Hammond snorted a bit. "Same old line that James usually hands out. But his heart is in the right place any way. Tell him to send her along. If she is good-looking and fits into the landscape, I shall be satisfied."

When Lilla Cranston did arrive, he found nothing to criticize but much to praise. She was a dark-haired, dark-eyed slip of a girl who won his masculine heart immediately. Attractive as a rose she was; Hammond often wondered who the chump was that had left her in the lurch. He discovered to his pleasure that she could swim and liked to fish—accomplishments that his wife did not possess.

In spite, however, of his earnest efforts he could not drive the shadows from her eyes—shadows that persisted in coming even in the midst of their fun. So Hammond took a hand in the missionary work.

"Belle," he announced to his wife, "I am passing. I managed to keep you interested until you fell in love with me. Now, no comment is necessary; but this slip of a girl has a shadow in her heart. Here's my scheme. What she needs is some fine chap of her own age to come here and cheer her up. December and May don't hitch. What do you say? Let's get another missionary on the job!"

"But where are you going to find him?" she queried.

He thought a moment. "By Jove, why not write to Jameson to send along the oval to the chap who flitted her? She's beautiful as a rose; she must have had other lovers than this lemon. Why not?"

"Ted, I am proud of you. We'll try it any way," was her reply.

Jameson's answer came back quickly. The note read: "Dear Belle:—I am sending by this express the missionary you desire. Leave him alone with her as much as possible, and don't let Ted butt in. Report developments. Cordially yours, James."

Hammond snorted. "I like that reference to myself. However, I'll take the hint. I'll even send her in the car to get him."

He kept his word. When he told her of the errand, he saw a faint light of new interest in the quiet darkness of her eyes. Mrs. Hammond added her word, "He's guaranteed by an old friend of yours, Lilla, so handle him with care."

From her own point of view Lilla was in a hidden way amused over the situation. She was aware that the Hammonds had known of her trouble with Robert Philbrick, but she did not know of the plot forged about her. She thought she was going to meet some one of the friends often invited to the hospitable Hammond cottage, and with natural curiosity she wondered who he was and what he would be like. It did not occur to her until she was almost at the little village station that she did not know his name.

When the express paused for its brief breathing-time at the station, she saw a tall figure alight and look enquiringly about, then come in her direction. One glance at his face, and she drew back with a low cry.

He came up and topped short, his face tense with astonishment. He was the first to rally.

"Lilla, what does this mean?" he asked, a trace of wonder and a bit of hope in his voice.

"I don't know. I was told I was to meet a friend—and you come," she said a little bitterly.

"Then you don't regard me as a friend?"

"How do you reward me? Oh, let's not quarrel again. You are a guest of the Hammonds; so am I. Suppose we carry out the scheme. I shall

"Divinely, they tell me," she smiled. "I was once in the Russian ballet."

When Madam Petrovich said she danced divinely, she had not overstated her accomplishment, and as Poindexter was out of the ordinary run of dancers, they made an attractive couple.

The dance finished, but so enjoyable had it been that Poindexter asked for several more, so that, hardly realizing it, he remained at Madam Petrovich's side until at length the music ceased, and the hotel guests gradually started for their rooms.

Madam Petrovich arose.

"I've kept you too long," she said with self-censure. "I must have bored you. You will forgive me?"

"Don't speak of having bored me, Madam. You helped me spend what promised to be a very ordinary night."

"Ah, thank you, so much," and with a good night, she was gone.

Poindexter went to his room, and, sitting on the edge of the bed, drew forth the pearls, and as he did so encountered the telegram he had received. He had entirely forgotten Montgomery's instructions to look up Miss Lansdonne. He was glad he had. Could he have enjoyed the evening more thoroughly with a conventional society girl than he had with Madam Petrovich, the adventures?

His thoughts came back to the pearls. For a moment he was undecided, then he placed them with his own valuables under his pillow, undressed and went to bed.

make believe I like you if you will do the same with me."

He nodded, his face a little white, as he entered the car.

The playing of the game began the next day. "You may take me fishing, canoeing and swimming," she said calmly. "It will only last a short time."

He smiled. "I will gladly, and you remember you are to appear as if you were interested in me."

The game was played so skillfully that Mrs. Hammond did not sense the true situation, and her motherly heart was cheered at the sight of the young people evidently enjoying each other's company. Hammond, himself, keener-eyed, saw that something was wrong, but he did not suspect that Jameson had sent Robert Philbrick himself.

The young couple fished, canoed and swam together; and only when out of sight of the older folks did the true situation reveal itself. Once Robert unthinkingly put his arms about her as he raised her to the float from which they were diving. She quivered in his arms, and he may have held her longer than necessary; anyway, she turned upon him desperately.

"Robert, you must not—you must not—touch me."

Then leaving him staring after her, she ran to the boathouse. He had lingered a moment, feeling still the thrill of her flesh against his. Then he had gone quietly to the dressing-room. Sadly, he realized that he loved her as much as he did in the golden days past before the idiotic quarrel which had parted them.

He sought her out that evening, deliberately when she was with Mrs. Hammond. "Miss Cranston, will you take a stroll with me?"

Her eyes rested upon him without anger at his taking advantage of the situation. She agreed.

They strolled down the path along the lake shore. Suddenly, he stopped. "Lilla, these days are becoming days of heartache for me. I can stand it no longer. Won't you give me the benefit of the doubt?"

He could see the dusky oval of her cheek. It was carried high; and the thought stung him with pain that the high-blooded pride which stood between him and her now might be a holy thing once they were man and wife.

Before she could reply, the night air brought down to them horridly a woman's scream and a sudden turmoil of voices. They stopped, transfixed.

Out of the woodland came a running figure, and, seeing them, a man gasped: "A little lad is drowning—got the cramps—can you dive?"

Without a word Philbrick started down the shore.

The light was still strong enough when she reached the spot to distinguish figures. With a prayer on her lips, she stood among the stricken cottagers, and watched a tall figure, stripped to the waist, shoes off, dive repeatedly from the float, searching the dark waters for the white body of the drowning boy. As she watched, she prayed, "If he had given me the chance!"

Cries rose about her. "The white figure shot and rose again and again from the dark water. He went down—would he never come up?"

"He's struck bottom," a hoarse voice said. The cry was enough. "No! no!" she found herself saying. All pride now was a trivial thing. Face to face with the issue, she knew she had forgiven what there was to forgive—that she loved him.

A wild shout from the float, a struggling in the water, and a small white object was lifted, then slowly, laboriously another that sagged into a heap on the platform.

Philbrick opened his eyes in the Hammond cottage. After a dazed glance about he smiled. I hit something, but the kid is all right? At Hammond's nod, he smiled. His eyes searched the room, and it was Hammond who understood again and not his wife. He leaned over and said to Philbrick's ear: "It's all right, old chap. Lilla has fessed up and old Jameson. He sent you here in hopes you two kids would make up. Now, I'm going to stand guard over the door while you make up; and, old man, I guess it won't be hard."

He winked.

He opened the door. Philbrick, looking up, raised himself weakly at the sight of the slim, tense figure at the door. Only a moment did he wait, and then she came to him.

In the darkness she seemed to see a face of wondrous beauty framed in dark hair and set off with a great bird of Paradise. Sometimes the eyes were a little wistful, now a bit roguish. Surely she was not a bad woman. But, stop! He must be careful! What was happening to his heart?

At length he slept, with one eye open, he thought, but suddenly he awoke and night was gone. Early dawn flushed the sky and the sun was pushing long golden fingers into the room. His first thought was of the string of pearls. His hand slipped under his pillow. He thrilled with sickening horror.

It was gone!

Someone must have witnessed the transaction of the night before, for an ordinary thief would have taken his purse and watch which this thief did not.

How was he going to square himself with Madam Petrovich? But what else could be expected? Jewel thieves were superior to honest fellows who, when they went to bed, slept the sleep of the just.

In an agony of self-aversion, he dressed and hurried outside. He must think up some plan. Perhaps his careless-thness would drive the girl back to the sang of thieves. And what vengeance might they not take upon her for her attempt to bolt?

Unconsciously he had hurried to the beach and there he beheld the girl. He hurried to her side.

"Dear me, Madam, what excuse shall I offer for my carelessness? The pearls have been stolen from me!"

Madam Petrovich bestowed upon him an icy stare.

"I believe you are mistaken," she replied coldly. "I am not Madam Petrovich and do not know whereof you speak."

"Why, surely—surely—"

He stopped short and stared at the girl. For about her neck was the identical string of pearls. He knew it from the diamond-studded clasp, which had worked itself to the side of her neck.

"The pearls—"

But the girl, positive alarm in her eyes, moved away.

Poindexter passed his hands through his hair in perplexity. Great guns! Was he going mad? That thought gave him an idea. Perhaps it was the other way around. Possibly the woman was afflicted with dementia and had in an irrational moment told him all she had, and then, the attack passing, she realized what she had done and in some nocturnal fashion gained entrance to his room and had again taken her pearls.

He watched her as she walked toward the hotel, nothing Russian nor foreign in her manner or dress now.

He, too, then went slowly back to the hotel and to breakfast. Later the girl came in and with a young chap who seemed to exercise a certain amount of authority over her.

Was the poor creature indeed demented? As he sat at the table, another telegram was brought to him. He tore it open and read:

"OLD DEAR: Have you met Sylvia yet? Some stunning girl, isn't she? Not of conventional type, is she? Hope you are enjoying your stay. MONTGOMERY."

Miss Lansdonne again! Well, he'd look her up since Monty was anxious for him to meet her. But not until he had found out more about Madam Petrovich.

When evening came on, and he again went in to dinner, the girl again appeared, dressed even as gorgeously as the evening before. And again she seemed to be studying him, though Poindexter could not catch her at it.

Finished, he left the room, smoked his cigar and then, when the moon was high in the heavens, strolled to the beach and sat down on the timbers of an old hulk deeply embedded in the sand.

Suddenly he became aware of the woman again approaching him.

"Mr. Poindexter," she began, "will you adjudge a wager?"

He looked curiously at her. She seemed to be smiling.

"More lunacy?" he queried mildly.

"Oh, no. A mutual acquaintance thinks I could not act in the movies. What did you think of my performance last night? Do I win or does—Franklin Montgomery?"

As a flash it came to him. It was Monty's waggish work!

"You are Sylvia Lansdonne!" he exclaimed. She smiled and nodded her head.

"Franklin said I couldn't act. I declared that I could. Then he dared me to do what I did, and you were to judge whether I did it naturally."

"So naturally," he exclaimed rapturously, "that I had already been dreaming of how I could rescue you from the clutches of your diamond thieves!"

"But this morning? Did you not suspect?"

"No. I thought you were demented and felt sorry for you."

"Then I win all around?"

"No."

"Why?" She seemed suddenly disappointed.

"Because if I gave you the decision it might tempt you to go into the movies, Miss Lansdonne, and I wouldn't want that."

"Why not?" she demanded.

"It does not behoove me to tell you that, having met you only last night," he side-stepped.

"However, I hope that some day I may—"

"Then you were not annoyed by this bit of mid-summer night madness?"

"Not at all."

"And it is forgiven?"

"On condition that I may dance with you many times tonight and that we will be very good friends hereafter."

"I accept the conditions," Miss Lansdonne said, holding out her hand.

Poindexter caught it in his. Then his eyes rested upon the string of pearls which she had about her throat.

"How did you get these back?" he asked. "I've exhausted every conjecture."

She smiled. "You saw the young man with me at breakfast?" And as Poindexter nodded, she continued: "He is my brother. His room is next to yours. He climbed along the brick facing of the building, into your room and purloined the string while you slept."

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His Heart's Queen

By Mrs. Georgie Sheldon

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CHAPTER XXXVII.

"DO NOT FEAR; THAT STING IS GONE."

At first Violet did not even appear to swallow; but Wallace kept dropping a little of the liquid into her mouth, until the action of the throat told him that it was passing down, and, at the end of half-an-hour, it became evident that the nourishment was taking effect, for her pulse was stronger and her breathing more natural.

Still, consciousness did not return, and there was a terrible fear in every heart that she would never revive.

The officer came and touched Wallace gently on the shoulder after a time.

"I thought you didn't know the girl," he said, a look of inquiry in his eyes, for Wallace had represented her as a friend of Mr. Lawrence, but a stranger to him.

"Oh! I never suspected—but she is—my wife," the young man returned, with white lips.

The man's face was very sympathetic, but he was anxious to make his prisoner secure.

"You can leave her for a couple of minutes," he said; "let the woman tend her while you come down with me, in case this fellow should try to make me any trouble. I want to get him under lock and key; then I'll send the carriage back for you."

Wallace bent a searching look upon the woman. Her face was full of sympathy, her eyes rested upon Violet with a look of intense anxiety, and he believed she could be trusted.

"What are you here for?" he asked. "He hired me to take care of her," she replied, indicating Wilhelm Mencke by a gesture.

"What was his object in keeping her here?" "I don't know, sir; I was only to cook her meals and wait upon her. Let me feed her," she added, holding out her hand for the glass.

"Can I trust you? You haven't been giving her anything to make her like this?" Wallace questioned, sternly, a new and terrible fear taking possession of him.

"Oh, no, sir," and the woman recoiled, with a look of horror on her white face that reassured him. "I wouldn't harm a hair of her head—indeed, you may trust me—I will warm the milk, and it will be likely to do her more good. I only wish I had thought of the brandy before."

Wallace yielded his post to her, and preceded the officer and his prisoner down-stairs, where they found the carriage waiting.

Wilhelm Mencke was inclined to resist getting into it, but another twist at the nippers convinced him that it would be unwise for him to exhibit much of his stubborn spirit, and he stepped into the vehicle, followed by his custodian, and was driven away, while Wallace returned to his charge up-stairs.

"She is really coming around, sir," was Sarah's greeting, as he entered the room.

As Wallace bent down to smooth the tangled hair from Violet's brow, her white lids slowly opened, and the beautiful blue eyes of his loved one looked once more into his.

Wallace thought he must break down utterly as he met that gaze—a long, loving, earnest gaze it was, too—and he trembled so that he was obliged to drop into the chair which Sarah thoughtfully set for him beside the bed.

A faint smile began to hover about Violet's lips, and he wondered that she did not seem surprised or agitated to find him there.

"Wallace!" she whispered, after a moment. "Yes, love."

"I knew you would come to meet me."

He thought she was wandering, and did not reply, but took one of her hands in a fond clasp. "I thought I was dying," she went on, in a weak, dreamy tone, "and I didn't care much—I was so unhappy. I am glad now, for nothing can ever separate us again."

"Good gracious, sir; she thinks she is dead, I do believe!" Sarah exclaimed, in an astonished whisper.

Wallace made a gesture enjoining her to be silent, then he said, softly:

"No, darling, nothing shall separate us now."

He began to feed her again with the warm milk and brandy, and she took it with some show of hunger, only once she glanced from the spoon up into his face and murmured:

"How queer!" and he knew that she was still only partially conscious, and imagined herself and him both in the other world, while it had occurred to her as strange that he should be feeding her.

She was still very weak, and presently she dropped off into a gentle, natural slumber. She slept for more than an hour.

The carriage came meanwhile, but Wallace bade the driver wait, he would not disturb the beloved sleeper in her strengthening repose.

During this time he drew Sarah out of the room, and questioned her closely.

The woman told him truthfully all that she knew regarding Violet's capture and imprisonment, and he was convinced that she was in no way responsible for what had occurred, but had on the other hand been as much of a friend to her as she had dared to be. He also learned that, immediately after Violet's recapture, Mrs. Mencke had hurried off to Cincinnati, but he could gain no clue to the object of her journey.

Sarah begged that he would not allow her to be arrested as an accomplice of Wilhelm Mencke, and told him of her crippled child at home, who was dependent upon her, and he assured her that she should not be; but told her that she must hold herself in readiness to testify against her employer when his case came to trial.

Their conversation was interrupted by a slight sound from within the room, and they hastened back to their patient, to find her awake and half sitting up, supported upon one elbow.

"Oh, Sarah! I dreamed—!" she began, then catching sight of Wallace behind the woman, she cried out in a voice that was tremulous with love, and joy, and wonder:

"It was no dream! Oh, Wallace! Wallace!" He knelt beside her, opening his arms, and she threw herself upon his breast, sobbing in utter abandonment.

"Go," Wallace said, in a husky tone to Sarah, and she stole noiselessly out of the room, wiping the tears that streamed from her eyes.

We, too, are shut out from those first moments of reunion, for they are too sacred for any human eye to witness. Only that long-parted husband and wife will ever know how solemn, yet joyous, was that hour, when they realized that they had been given back to each other from the dead, as it were.

At last Wallace called to Sarah to prepare Violet another glass of milk, and the woman added a beaten egg to it, feeling sure that the girl's recent comatose state had been chiefly produced by mental depression and the lack of nourishment, rather than by any bodily ailment.

Violet drank it eagerly, but without releasing her hold upon Wallace's hand, for it almost seemed to her that he would again vanish from her sight if she let go of him.

"Now, my darling," Wallace said, when she had disposed of it all, "I want you to have Sarah dress you warmly, then I am going to take you home, if you think you can endure the ride. Mr. Lawrence, I know, is terribly anxious, and will begin to think I have failed to find you, it is

getting so late. Are you strong enough, do you think?"

"Yes, indeed; and, oh! I shall be so glad to get away from this dreadful place," Violet answered, with a shivering sigh.

It was not an easy task for her, however, to dress, for she was still exceedingly weak, and panted breathlessly with every exertion; but finally she was ready, and Wallace, gathering her slight form in his arms, carried her down, and laid her upon some pillows in the carriage. He then went back and locked Mrs. Mencke's door, leaving word with the family below that she would find her key at the nearest police station. Then he handed Sarah a ten-dollar note, and took her address, saying that he would see her again in a few days.

After this the newly united husband and wife were driven directly to Mr. Lawrence's residence on Fifth Avenue.

That gentleman was overjoyed when he learned that Violet was once more safe beneath his roof, while it would be difficult to depict his amazement upon learning that Wallace was the husband of his fair protégée.

Wallace had insisted that Violet should go directly to bed upon her arrival home, and, after she had partaken of a nourishing little repast, which Mrs. Davis prepared with her own hands, she fell into a refreshing slumber which lasted far into the evening.

During this time Wallace conversed with Mr. Lawrence, and read Violet's letter, which had come to light after his departure in the morning, and through this learned the reason of Wilhelm Mencke's abduction of her, and the probable object of Mrs. Mencke's journey to Cincinnati.

When Violet awoke he questioned her further about the matter, when he comprehended more clearly the plot against her.

Early the next morning he telegraphed to Ralph Middleton the message to stop all proceedings regarding the Huntington fortune, and then wrote immediately, relating the romantic story of Violet's adventures, and promising to bring her to Cincinnati to claim her inheritance as soon as she was able to travel.

Her recent trying experience had told fearfully upon her, and she was obliged to keep her bed for several days. She could not even see Mr. Lawrence, although she would have been glad to

go to him, and she was shocked when she learned of his injuries and narrow escape from death.

So Wallace had to be the bearer of messages between the two sick-rooms, but it was a pleasant task, and one in which he took especial delight.

"My dear fellow, I can never express my joy in the knowledge that you are Violet's husband," Mr. Lawrence remarked, the day after the wonderful reunion. "Yours is the most romantic story, out of a novel, that I ever knew of; and now that she has come back to me, you must make this your home also."

"You are certainly very kind, Mr. Lawrence," Wallace began, flushing; "but—"

"There—there, don't let us have any 'buts' nor any objections," said Mr. Lawrence, interrupting him. "Violet, to all intents and purposes, is my adopted daughter; my will was made some time ago, and half of all that I possess is left exclusively to her; the other half will go to—my nearest of kin"—this last with a keen glance at Wallace, who, however, did not appear to suspect that he was his nearest of kin. "Now be reasonable, Wallace," he pleaded, seeing that the young man still hesitated from a feeling of independence; "this house and all there is in it will some time belong to Violet; I am a lonely old man who enjoys young company, so stay, both of you, and be my children."

"Well, then, for the present, since you so much desire it, we will stay perhaps until the nearest of kin present themselves," Wallace replied, smiling as he warmly clasped the hand that the invalid held out to him, while he wondered a little what caused the mischievous twinkle in his eyes.

Wallace had been absent from his office for two days, and when, upon the morning of the third, he presented himself there again, he found Lord Cameron before him, making anxious inquiries regarding his prolonged absence.

Wallace at once drew him into his private office and locked the door.

"Where have you been, Richardson?" his lordship inquired. "I have literally haunted both your office and your lodgings during the last forty-eight hours, but no one could tell me anything about you; and—Jove! what has happened to you?" he interposed, as he searched his friend's eager, glowing face, and remarked his animated, joyous manner. "I should think you had taken a fresh pull at the 'Elixir of Life.'"

"I have," said Wallace, laughing out gaily in his new-found happiness; "and, Cameron, Love is the elixir of life, isn't it?"

"Yes—es. And now Lord Cameron looked sharply at him.

Could this smiling, animated face belong to the same man who so recently had told him that "his

heart was dead"—that he "could never love again in this world?"

Wallace saw that his friend was sorely perplexed by the change in him, and he grew grave at once.

"Cameron, what, to you, would seem the most wonderful thing that could happen in the world?" he asked.

"I should as soon think that Violet could come back to earth as that you could fall in love," the young earl answered, still regarding him fixedly.

Wallace lost some of his unusual color at this unexpected reply.

"How strange that you should have thought of that!" he said.

"That I should have thought of what?" demanded Lord Cameron, looking a trifle annoyed. "You deal in enigmas this morning."

"Of Violet coming back to earth," said Wallace. "I did not think of her coming back; I only said that would not seem much more wonderful than that you should fall in love, after all that you have so recently said."

"I could never love any but the girl whom I made—my wife, Cameron," Wallace returned, in a voice that quavered slightly; "and now be prepared for a shock, my friend, for I do not know how to break my tidings any other way—Violet has come back to me!"

"Wallace! you must know that is impossible! Are you crazy?" cried his companion, seizing him by the arm and searching his face with the greatest anxiety, while his own grew very pale.

"No, I am not crazy, although I can hardly wonder that you should fear it," said the young man. "My friend, do not look so incredulous, for I have told you only the truth. Violet has really come back to me; she never died—it was all a terrible mistake; and, oh, Cameron, I believe I am the happiest mortal living at this moment."

There was no mistaking the ring of truth and sincerity in the young man's tones, and, though Lord Cameron could not wholly credit the statement that Wallace had made, he felt sure that something very wonderful must have occurred to have thus changed the hitherto sorrowing, hopeless young man into this eager, buoyant, joy-beaming lover.

"Sit down, Richardson," he said, with all the calmness that he could assume, "and, if you can talk connectedly, and intelligibly, tell me what your strange words mean. Have you turned spiritualist?—have you seen a materialized spirit? You surely cannot expect me to believe that Violet Huntington is here in New York City, in bodily presence?"

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 22.)



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Comfort Sisters' Corner

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 17.)

Here is a hint that may help someone. When our teacher gave an exhibition and the ladies around gave a pie supper, to buy a stove for the church, I made some cookies or gingerbread men. They sold like the proverbial hot cakes, some going as high as thirty-five cents a pair. Any good cookie recipe with ginger added will do, and a little practice will enable you to shape the men far better than I can tell you.

Best wishes to all.

MRS. PEARLINE GRAHAM.

CALIFORNIA.

DEAR COMFORT SISTERS:

I am five feet, seven inches tall, dark brown hair, hazel eyes and some freckles. Am twenty-two years of age and have been married seven years and have three children, the oldest being five and the youngest two and one half years. I do all my own washing, ironing and sewing. We live on a farm and as hubby works out I have everything to look out for and it keeps me rather busy.

I must tell you about my kitchen. It had a dark brown linoleum on the floor, wainscoting was dark brown and everything to match so it was rather a dreary place. I bought some cream paint and when hubby got time he painted the woodwork a cream color with tan trimming. I also had my old wooden sink torn down and a white enamel one put in its place. I saved my apple money and got a grey, cream-and-green checked linoleum for my floor and a white oilcloth for my table. With white curtains at my windows and a few plants in blossom my kitchen is a lovely place in which to work. Of course a light kitchen means a little more work but it is so much more pleasant I don't mind that. Another thing, how many sisters have a small wood stove with an oven that won't bake or that burns everything? Go without that new dress and save the money for a real stove. It needs very little more fuel and think of the comfort of having perfect bread, cake and pies, without watching the oven every minute.

Why squabble about money? Hubby and I set aside a certain amount each month and the rest is put into the family purse to be used as we need it. We both feel free to help ourselves. I was inclined to be a bit extravagant with the small change so I began to keep an account book. I enter everything I spend and by knowing that I will feel ashamed of myself for a silly item.

How many of you make the bottoms of hubby's shirts into little garments? I do. I make underwaists, drawers and even petticoats of them. They last almost as long as new ones and think of the saving. It doesn't take very long to make them.

Best wishes and the best of health for the whole Comfort family.

A YOUNG MOTHER.

Young Mother, and others.—While we're beautifying the kitchen let's not forget the pantry. I saw one just the other day that filled my heart with longing. It was such a beautiful pantry. The color scheme was in keeping with the kitchen and there were earthenware jars, all alike, but in different sizes, to hold the various dry goods and sugar while for the spice and everything nice there were smaller jars, all alike, and neatly labeled. All this grandeur was in a new house with new furnishings, and a new mistress, but the majority of us have to use in our pantries the jars and tins that seem like we've always had and we don't know just where we got them or why, but after all's said and done, a spick and span pantry covers a multitude of odds and ends in the way of containers.—Ed.

MT. ARMY, R. R. 3, N. C.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND COMFORT SISTERS:

I am the oldest girl of ten children, so you see there is quite a crowd of us. I am eighteen years old and only five feet, two inches tall and weigh 106 pounds. When I was a baby and could just begin to pull up to things, one cold winter day mother built a good fire and sat me and my little brother down on the floor and told us to sit there while she went out to do up the chores. While she was gone I crawled over to the fire, pulled myself up to the wall and got the poker and began punching the fire, when over I went into it. My head was burned quite badly and my hands were almost baked. They did all they could for me and I got well though the scars are on my

hands now and my fingers are grown together quite a ways down. I have thought for some time about writing to this corner to see if any of the sisters know of anything that would take the scars away. I would be so glad if I knew a way.

My love to you and all the sisters.

Your friend, ETTIE MOSLEY.

TEXAS.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON:

Please admit a young man into your corner? I will not be as busy as Bachelor Bill but wish to say a few words in defense of that glorious and beautiful thing called Home. Most of my letter will be in reply to B. of Goshen, California. B. seems to think that a smart and well-educated woman is throwing herself away when she marries and undertakes to raise a family. She seems to think that the little "four walls" of a home are too small for any intellectual woman to waste her time in. But if she would just stop and think a while she would see that the four walls of a home make the four walls of a nation. Too many women in the last few years have considered home life as a very small matter, a kind of side line, you know, and the result can be found in the ever increasing divorce court record. B. also mentioned the divorce record but she didn't name the cause. One great reason of so much discord in the homes of today has been caused by mothers teaching their daughters that home life is too small for brains. The young men and young women are losing all desire for home. They can see too many things that appeal to their fancy away from home.

Mrs. Wilkinson is indeed doing a great work and she is a woman of sense and education but she will also tell us that she is not so high that she does not ever find a puzzle in home life. Now don't you, Mrs. Wilkinson?

B. would have us believe that there is no room for service in such a little place as home. What greater service can a woman do than bring a life into the world and guide that life from babyhood to manhood or womanhood in such a way that her own flesh and blood is a blessing and an uplift to humanity.

There is not a person under the canopy of Heaven who considers the training of a human life as a small matter and where have we all received our first outlook on life? Who gave us our first impressions of life's burden? Mother did. Our first teacher was mother but still B. says the four walls of the home are too small for a woman of intellect. What do you married sisters say to that? Do any of you who have brought little lives into this world feel that you are so highly educated that you could do more for the world if you were single again? And now don't each and every one of you mothers feel that you do not know as much as you should to guide that little life entrusted to you—along life's way? I feel sure that all mothers feel that they are small for the great undertaking of raising the little one who will be a woman of caliber should not confine herself to a home and family.

Once a large number of attorneys met in a near-by city and during the meeting this question was asked, "What is the most essential to a nation's welfare?" Of all things it was decided that home and home training was the most essential. "Without home," said one of these great men, "our every institution would soon crumble to decay." B. continued, "Without that raising at home of love and sacrifice, civilization would soon go to ruin and all peoples would descend back to the dark ages." Again we all remember reading this, "A nation's morals cannot grow above its home life." And as the morals are at home, so will the nation be. So you see that when a woman of large caliber confines herself to the "four walls" of home and family, she is doing the greatest service for humanity that can be rendered.

Girls, don't get the impression that you can find more real happiness and do more for humanity at large by going out in the world and facing life's problems alone. God never intended that and a normal woman's mind finally turns to home and little mites of humanity to sit on her knee and crown, "My own dear Mother."

After all, what is the need of asking the reason for this, the reason is because God intended it so.

Is a woman a slacker who does not bring life into the world? She may be a slacker but she is many times a mourner. She often thinks that she might have grasped the blessing God offered her, but, "The saddest words of tongue or pen are these, it might have been."

I hope I do not pull down the wrath of anyone upon my head and if Mrs. Wilkinson gives me a welcome I will come again and next time my subject will be morals, past, present and future prospects. That is my favorite study and my hopes are to be able to offer some line of improvement, or at least some help.

Enthusiastically for COMFORT, HOME LOVER.

NORTHERN MAINE.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND COMFORT SISTERS:

I have not seen many letters from our old Pine Tree State, nor have I read that any of the sisters wish to hear about it although such requests have been made to those living in some of the southern and western states. I have read COMFORT since I can remember and I think it could not have a better name. It was only lately that I began to read the Sisters' Corner and I know now how much I have missed it. When I read the different letters I feel somewhat acquainted with a lot of people of whom I had never heard about.

I have noticed that some of the happier wives do not exactly approve of "airing one's troubles," as one of them expressed it, but I wonder if they forget that all of us are not made alike. Some feel far better by telling about their troubles and getting advice, while others shrink from the very thought of it.

I do not see, now, why I have not been stirred before, by the appeals to increase Uncle Charlie's Home Fund, but after reading recent letters in COMFORT I feel that I must send my bit, and I am mailing it in this letter. I think Uncle Charlie is a wonderful man and he deserves a beautiful home. Judging from some of the letters, many of the "bits" come from those whose dollars are none too plentiful (and that is my case).

I have brown hair, grey eyes and a light complexion. I am five feet, four inches tall and weigh one hundred and eight pounds.

Best wishes to all.

LEWIS.

SAN ANTONIO, 419 Hicks Ave., TEXAS.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON, SISTERS AND BROTHERS:

Yes, the time has come when we may as well add brothers for they will crowd in occasionally to peek over our shoulders to see what we are doing and now brothers and sisters, do you know what we are planning on for this summer? Reading Pearl Vasey's camping experience isn't going to discourage us even if we too are told to move. We are planning to take a little vacation each year but something has always happened to prevent so this is to be a dozen vacations in one. First we expect to go from here to Oklahoma, then on to Ohio and Michigan and then through the northwest to Seattle, then on down to southern California. Now won't that be fine? And don't you wish that you could go along?

I thought at first that I would try and write our experiences as they could enjoy the trip with us but I realized it would take up too much space and I'm not a gifted writer, but just the ordinary sort that would delight in giving you a bouquet of flowers but could not describe their beauty to you. Such being the case, it would be fine if we could look ahead and say "We're most to Blankville or some other village or city, and when at last we sight the farm or town and give three hanks—that will be our signal—Sister So and So will come running out to greet us, wiping her hands on her apron for she was mixing bread and Mr. So and So drops his hoe and comes forward rather reluctantly, wondering what them folks want."

Joshua says to me, "Betsey, didn't I tell you this was a fool thing to do? The world is full of people, even this very road is filled with cars." "Yes, I know," I interrupt, "but they're not all COMFORT people and they don't stop and say 'Howdy.'" The good sister grasps my hand and I give her a good squeeze back again and her John sets his hoe by the gatepost and comes and looks the car over and asks about the trip and the men are soon discussing cars like they used to horses. In the meantime Mrs. So and So and the rest of us are exchanging canning recipes and we admire the children who have followed Pa and Ma to see who's come. Then we show them the scenes and other kodak pictures we have taken on the trip and then with an "if you ever come our way drop in and see us," we wave good-by and soon we are on our way. Joshua says, "They were nice friendly people. Who's next on your list?" Said the wife at home, "I asked and asked them to come in and rest but they just got a drink and filled their water jug; that was all, and wasn't them nice pictures, etc."

We're not "cousining," but it is pleasant to stop and have a glad handshake.

How many would like to have us stop a wee bit of a while in case we might come your way? Then send us your address.

I intended to write something helpful, particularly for the shut-ins and those sad at heart, for I realize this is rather personal, but will postpone it until after our trip, which we expect will be during the months of July, August and September.

Much love to all.

Your affectionate sister, BETSEY BETSEY.

Sorry, Betsey, your letter wasn't received in time for an earlier issue but this is the best we can do. Next best to making the trip with you and meeting the sisters in person will be hearing about it from you.—Ed.

KENTUCKY.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND COMFORT SISTERS:

I enjoy reading the sisters' letters as I get so many helpful hints from them. I notice one subject is being rather overlooked. While you are trying to keep your boys at home, what about your girls? Most girls around the age of twelve or thirteen want a room. They want one they can claim as their own and if by any means you can afford an extra room, let them have it. Let them know in a way that isn't a command that they are expected to keep it neat and clean and in order. Give them certain household duties to attend to and after they have finished let them read or play. Give them a certain sum of money weekly, if it isn't more than twenty-five cents, to be spent as they want to. Board and clothes isn't enough. They need a certain allowance for their personal needs and if you don't give it to them they will leave home and go to work as soon as they are old enough. Aren't our girls worth more to us than money?

Think this over and let me know your opinions. Wishing COMFORT a long life, I remain, LISH.

Irish.—If all girls take the interest in their room that I did in my first "all-to-myself" room it would be advisable for the mothers to have furniture that could be moved easily and wood-work that would stand a weekly cleaning for I'm positive that I cleaned mine that often and rearranged the furniture. Even a very small room means a lot to a girl if it is all her own.—Ed.

LOUISIANA.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND SISTERS:

I haven't a thing of importance to say, only that I am a happy wife, a mother of five and some say a successful wife and mother. I married at sixteen and have never regretted it; however, I don't advocate early marriages as they don't all prove as happy as mine. The only regret I have for marrying so early is that I didn't finish my education.

I have read many letters from COMFORT readers of life on the farm but I always had a little doubtful feeling about farm life, but now I have tried it for nearly a year and our farm life has been ideal. We have a farm of 600 acres in cultivation and about 180 in wood. We are four miles from a town of 8,000 population and the roads are excellent. There hasn't been a day we couldn't go to town in the car. Our little home is new and I have planted lots of flowers. We have three near neighbors, all very nice people, so I haven't been lonesome one minute.

Will someone send in some good names for a farm as we must name ours. I like to hear a farm called by an appropriate name but can't get my wits together to pick one out.



CHARMAN CLAYTON, FOUR YEARS OLD.

I must tell you something about my children—they are such dear youngsters (Isn't that just like a mother?) My oldest are twins, eleven years old. Their names are Emmet and Endelle. Beverly Gay is nine. Keith is six and my baby, Charman, whose picture I am sending to Mrs. Wilkinson, is four.

Sisters, I will whisper a secret into your ears. If you expect to keep your children's love and confidence when they are out in the world, be a companion to them when they are small. I know one poor old mother who says she can't claim the love of her daughters who are grown and out in the world. They never write to her and seldom come home and then only as a duty and not because they want to. She says they never offer to kiss her or show any affection for her and the poor old soul's heart is nearly breaking now.

I hope and pray I shall never live to see one of my children treat me in this way; but that isn't all I do. I have made myself a confidant and companion of each child. I know their dispositions and treat each in a different way. I rarely have to punish them and they are considered well-behaved by the people around here. They are not saints but healthy, normal children as they get into mischief lots of times.

I want to say a word about children's teeth as I saw something in a recent COMFORT along that line. I carry my children twice yearly to a good dentist and have their teeth looked over. The first teeth should be well cared for if the second are expected to be sound. I have also taught each child to brush his teeth twice daily and it has become a fixed habit; they would no more go to school in the morning without brushing their teeth than they would go without combing their hair.

With best wishes and love to all the sisters, HAPPY MOTHER.

ILLINOIS.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON:

May I have a little talk with you in behalf of COMFORT's brothers and sisters? I often read the sisters' letters as my mother takes COMFORT and I think they are interesting.

A lady who signs herself "E" seems to be worried because she has been divorced and would like to hear from her brothers on that subject. She wants to know if men can have the same love and respect for a divorced woman they would for an unmarried woman. Yes, they can. Why not? If you are the innocent party (and people will know whether you are or not) men will love and respect you just the same as though you had never been married. But if you are the guilty one then men might shun you. But I don't believe you are the guilty one for you take the matter too seriously. You think that a woman is ashamed

to be placed in your position. A good woman might feel ashamed but an evil one would just laugh it away. I have been divorced, but was not the guilty party as my friends know. You must cheer up and keep young. While you have love in your heart, keep it there. We are as old as our heart is. If sorrow is in our hearts we grow old. If love is there we keep young. Go out with friends and enjoy yourself. If you feel like it. Get on your wraps and let's you and I take a walk down the lane. Mrs. Wilkinson lives down here where you see that nice apple orchard. I know she will be glad to see me. By the way, E, did you know that the brothers and sisters are going to have a surprise party on Mrs. Wilkinson tomorrow night? Well, we are. We are to meet at sister Pearl Vasey's home, with our ice cream and cake, and all go over to Mrs. Wilkinson's home, together. You be ready and I will call for you and we'll go to the party together.

ILLINOIS BROTHER.

Illinois Brother.—If it were only possible for the sisters and brothers to have a surprise party "on" me it would be my idea of a good time. To be sure, you might find me working in my garden, as I sometimes do in the cool of the evening but nearly every one of you knows what that means no nobody would mind if my hands and nails were somewhat laden with good honest soil. There'd be that much more of me to welcome you my dears as the wolf told Little Red Riding Hood—only I'll promise not to eat you.—Ed.

MISSOURI.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON:

I have been a reader of COMFORT for years and enjoy the sisters' letters very much. Some are very amusing. I am an old maid but I never resent the name. A speaker at the Chautauqua last fall called me "Community Angela," but I prefer the name of old maid. I am happy to be one. I know there are some, even grass widows, who look on us with pity. With taking care of my mother and my flowers I have plenty to keep me busy.

I attended a county fair last fall and there I saw a woman going along pushing a baby carriage and leading another child, with one or two more clinging to her skirts and I wondered where her John was and when I looked over to the race track, and saw the fence lined with men, I thought to myself, "He is having a good time and never giving a thought to his wife and children." Then I could say with the Pharisee, "Thank the Lord I am not as some other people."

What authors do the sisters like best? I admire Harold Bell Wright and Ralph Connor. Maybe someone would care to know what I look like. I am five feet, four inches tall, with brown curly hair, blue eyes, a pug nose and am so old I don't dare tell. If I see this in print I will come again. BETSY.

WILKINSON, LEO.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND SISTERS:

I have been a silent reader of COMFORT for over twenty years. I wrote you a letter at that time and it was published. I was a young girl then but now I am the mother of two boys and a girl living and one little flower that God plucked from our home and transplanted it in His garden above.

Sadie E. W. P., I agree with you about helping others. We have no better example of our Savior's life on earth than by forgetting self in the joy of helping.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 27.)

His Heart's Queen

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 21.)

"Yes I do—just that. I have held her in those arms; her own have clasped my neck; her lips have pressed mine. I have looked into her dear eyes. I have heard her speak."

"Richardson! truly, I am losing patience with you; what strange hallucination is this? It cannot be possible, when I saw Violet dead and in her casket—when you yourself have looked upon her grave at Mentone!" sternly returned Lord Cameron, who really began to fear that his friend's mind had been unhinged by long grief.

"It was all a mistake," reiterated Wallace, "and, Vane—" with a sudden thought—"don't you remember that last day in London when I saw that face in a passing carriage, and how it startled me by its strange resemblance to my darling?"

"Yes," and Lord Cameron started.

"Well, that was Violet herself—she was on her way to the Midland grand station to take the train for Glasgow. The body that was buried at Mentone was that of a poor peasant girl."

And then Wallace proceeded to relate Violet's history from the time of her flight from the hotel up to the time of his finding her two days previous.

Lord Cameron listened amazed. The story seemed so strange, too unreasonable to be true; but told in detail as it was, he was compelled to believe it.

The strong man was deeply moved also by the memories it revived, for he had truly loved the beautiful girl and had sincerely mourned her supposed untimely death.

His wonder was gradually supplanted by a feeling of profound gratitude that she had escaped the terrible fate which every one supposed had overtaken her.

He sincerely rejoiced also that Wallace, whom he regarded almost in the light of a dear brother, would once more be happy—that his life would not be the broken, hopeless existence, which he had feared he must henceforth lead.

He believed, too, that he could look upon his future happiness with Violet as calmly, and in as friendly a spirit, as if she had been a cherished sister, instead of the woman whom he had once hoped to marry.

He was somewhat surprised, as he secretly tried to analyze his own feelings, at the change that had come over him of late, and he was sure that the affection which he had conceived for the beautiful girl, whom he had recently chosen to be his wife, was as deep, and pure, and tender—if it had not quite the ardor of a first passion in it—as that which he had once bestowed upon Violet.

"Wallace, I never was so grateful for anything in my life as I am for this wonderful news," he said, earnestly, when the young husband concluded his story. "I am personally thankful for the preservation of Violet's life, and I rejoice, with all my heart, with you, in the great happiness that will henceforth be yours and hers."

Wallace turned, and looked gravely into his friend's eyes.

Lord Cameron met his glance, frankly and smilingly.

"Do not fear," he said; "there is no sting in this for me—that is all gone, and my future with the woman whom I truly love—whom every day I am growing to reverence and admire more and more—will be all the happier for knowing that your life will be perfected in this union, which I believe was ordained in heaven."

The two friends clasped hands, while each felt assured that the bond of friendship between them was stronger than it had ever been before, and when that cordial clasp relaxed, there were tears upon the cheeks of both.

TO BE CONTINUED.

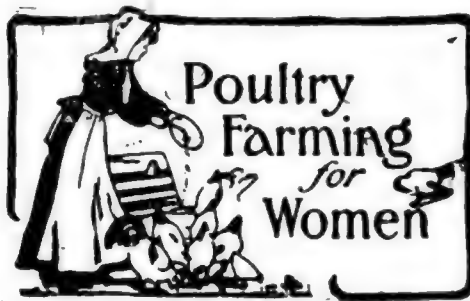


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BY KATE V. SAINT MAUR.

Better Stock and Better Prices

GRAIN and labor are so expensive these days that no one can afford to keep scrub stock any longer, and this is the best time of the year to start improving, as most large poultry farms will sell young cockerels in the fall much cheaper than later in the season. A well-bred hen costs less to feed than a mongrel because she is properly proportioned and constituted, and so utilizes the food given her that she is always in good condition. The mongrel, being a mixture of several breeds, the food she consumes goes first to make form, then fat; but rarely, if ever, is she in perfect condition either as a fryer or roaster, and as an egg producer she is never profitable.

Many of my correspondents seem to think that the only advantage of keeping pure-bred stock lies in having pretty things to look at, and the extra price which their eggs may bring for setting. All this is a mistake. Pure-bred birds are the best for market and eggs, because, as I have said before, they have no counteracting characteristics to overcome, so are always fresh and dress well at all ages; and after they stop growing, every scrap of food over and above what they need to keep up their normal condition is converted into eggs. A pure-bred chicken, when nine weeks of age, will have a compact and well-proportioned form, plump breast and thighs, and weigh from a pound and a half to two pounds, where the mongrel of the same age will be long of limb, large boned, with protruding breast bone, and not half the amount of flesh.

The careful study and observation which big poultrymen and agricultural colleges have given to the subject of egg production during the last fifteen years, have proved conclusively that the male bird has more influence in building up a strain of heavy layers than the females, which is a point not generally known.

The average person selects the best layers in the flock for the breeding pen, and then spoils everything by selecting a cheap male bird whose appearance pleases, without knowing about the characteristics of the stock he came from. Many letters I receive tell me that the writers began two or three years ago with good birds, and had splendid luck for the first and second years, but that the egg yield had dwindled down to almost nothing, though they feed just the same as before, and change roosters every year. This last sentence is just where the trouble lies. They started with good birds which had been bred specially for egg production, then mated them to a new rooster each year without any knowledge of the egg-laying qualities of his maternal ancestors. Naturally, the pullets from such a mating are inferior layers. To get good pullets which will mature early and lay well, the father bird must come from a family of heavy layers. This is of much greater importance than the number of eggs laid by the mother of the pullet.

Farmers have grasped this point pretty generally about cows, but they haven't awakened to the fact that the same principle applies to poultry, yet the rooster had as much influence with the number of eggs the pullet laid as the bull has had with the milk yield of the coming heifers.

Many of you have been reading this department for years and asking my advice, and hundreds have acknowledged that I have been able to help you, so why not take my advice on the subject of getting good male birds? Sell off some of your old hens or poor young stock and buy a good cockerel from a poultryman who knows his business and mates his birds for practical results. Of course, such a man can't sell his birds for one or two dollars apiece. It has taken him time to establish a flock of birds with records behind them, and it can only be accomplished through experience and years of constant culling and the use of trap nests, which means lots of extra work watching the nests and releasing the hens after they have laid, but it is the only way, and the breeder can surely know each hen's value as an egg producer.

I visited a poultry plant not long ago, where trap nests had been in use for ten years. In each of the laying houses a chart was kept, and when the pullets were put in the house in September, bands were put on their legs and the number of the band was entered on the chart. All through the season a man goes through the houses every two hours from 8 A. M. to 4 P. M., taking the hens from the trap nests and entering their numbers on the records so that the owner can look back for ten years and see the record of every hen for several generations.

At the end of the first year the best layers are separated and mated to roosters hatched from eggs laid by equally good layers, and after ten years of such work it was found that the hen of heavy egg yield never produced a daughter which was as good an egg producer as herself, but that the cockerels produced from her eggs always gave her great egg-producing power to their daughters. So you see it is the productiveness of your male birds—mothers and grandmothers—that really count, and as it costs heavily to put in trap nests and pay the extra help to watch them and keep records, you can't expect to get cockerels from such stock for less than ten dollars apiece, and remember that if you mate one such bird to seven hens you are pretty sure to get a hundred pullets from the mating, and if their egg-producing power is only improved one per cent, the sale of the extra eggs the first season will more than pay the purchase price of the sire, besides improving your stock for several generations.

The second season use the same bird to head a pen of five of his own pullets, and mate the seven original hens to the brightest and strongest looking of his sons and you will have a flock of heavy layers. Disabuse your mind of the idea that pure-bred birds are only for looks, and to win prizes at shows, and realize that they are the only practical money-making birds, because they lay more eggs and bring more per pound when dressed for market. And remember, also, that you only want male birds for breeding pens.

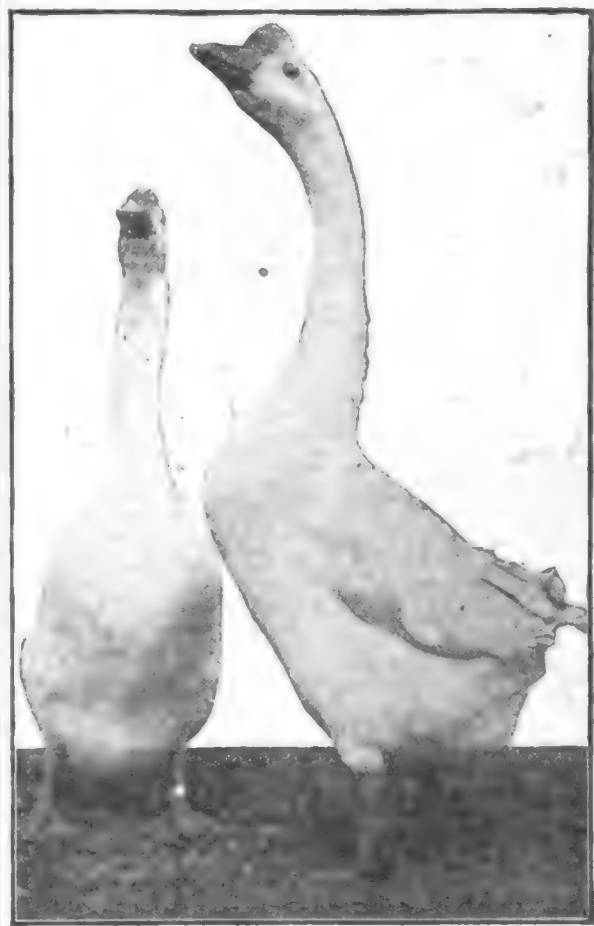
Pullets and hens being kept only for market eggs should have no male birds with them, as infertile eggs are preferred for eating. There is no danger of infertile eggs ever developing a blood spot, due to embryo development. Due to the absence of a fertile germ, they withstand heat much better than the fertile egg. During shipments, especially during the winter, it is often that the crates are exposed to considerable heat when they are placed near the steam pipes in the express car or office, and again they are allowed to remain on the platform for a considerable time on cold days and exposed to a low temperature. In the case of fertile eggs the intense heat would cause the embryo to develop beyond its normal resting stage, while the following exposure to cold would cause the death of the developing embryo, which would result in a blood spot. An infertile egg will stand shipment

remarkably well under peculiarly adverse conditions which must be expected in a greater or less degree where large quantities of eggs are handled at all seasons of the year and over great distances. Again, infertile eggs are much easier to preserve. It is a common practice to put thousands of dozens of eggs in cold storage when the price is low and the supply abundant for use in the winter months when the supply is limited and the price high. Infertile eggs stand this storage and come out much better than fertile eggs. It is often the case that private families desire to preserve a limited number of eggs for their own use in the winter, and they are usually put down in water glass or salicylate of soda. The infertile eggs are found to be far superior for home preservation to the fertile eggs. The infertile are much slower to decay. There is an old saying that "where there is no life there can be no death," and with the infertile egg there has been no union of male and female germ cells, hence there is no possibility of such eggs becoming decayed or rotten except as they are handled under very adverse conditions. Infertile eggs are much easier to produce and cost less than fertile eggs, due to the fact that no male birds are required in the pen, and it is a fact that just as many infertile eggs are produced from a given pen as there would have been if a male bird had been present.

This being the case, it seems foolish to keep a lot of useless male birds running with the whole flock. Sell them off, and buy one or two good cockerels to mate with your best stock next spring, and so establish a profitable flock of thoroughbred birds.

The really big money in the poultry business comes from selling eggs and stock for breeding, and it should be the aim of every poultry dealer who has gleaned experience from practical work to establish a flock of really fine birds. I started with common stock, because when I commenced I hadn't the capital to purchase anything better, but from the first I studied the principles of mating, and at about the end of three years, when my poultry was paying well, I determined to start out with a higher class stock, which would enable me to get big prices for eggs and birds. I bought a trio which had won first prize at the New York Poultry Show. They cost seventy dollars, which seemed an awful price for just three birds, and I felt guilty until results justified the extravagance.

Rearing prize birds is one of the most profitable and interesting branches of husbandry, but to succeed you must have knowledge to work on. The beginner is usually convinced that two



WHITE CHINESE GEES.

perfect looking creatures of any sort or kind will produce their like, but unfortunately such is not the case. A bird's ancestors have more influence on its progeny than the individuality of the bird itself. For that reason it is necessary to know the characteristics of the ancestral progenitors of the bird that you desire to cultivate, so that the signs of reverted heredity can be recognized at once and intelligently combated by the next season's mating.

Correspondence

Subscribers are entitled to advice of our Poultry Editor, free, through the columns of this department. Address Poultry Editor, COMFORT, Augusta, Maine. BE SURE to give your full name and address, otherwise our letter will receive no attention.

E. A.—It is very difficult to get rid of the small house mites when they once get established. If you have a spraying outfit for fruit trees, fill it with very strong insect killer, and thoroughly spray the inside of the house, every third day, for two weeks. If you have no spraying outfit, use plenty of whitewash. Mix a quart of a pound of powdered glue with every pail of whitewash. Slake the lime, using just enough water to start it boiling; then thin down with boiling skim-milk. The wash should be much thicker than for ordinary whitewash, and applied whilst hot. Use a stiff whiskbroom, and wash as much as possible into all the cracks and crevices, for these are the places where the mites congregate and breed.

L. C.—Broody hens and setting hens are very likely to get sick if fed on all sorts of food. They should have nothing but whole corn, which digests easily, and so the intestines do not become overcharged with waste material. A bird's instinct prevents her from leaving the nest more than once in twenty-four hours, and as a bird will not soil her nest when she can possibly help it, waste matter retained in the intestines irritates and causes disease.

B. M.—Lice and improper food have caused the trouble. Please read answers to L. C. and E. A., and as you know the hens are infested with lice, you had better powder them before setting, every third night up to the fifteenth day.

E. G.—I think you fed the goslings too soon and too heavily. They should not have anything to eat for forty-eight hours. After that time we give them stale bread moistened with milk, squeezed dry and mixed with an equal quantity of green oat sprouts, which are cut into short lengths. To this mixture is added one tablespoonful of sharp sand or part gravel, or powdered charcoal. About half-a-cupful is given to five goslings five times a day for the first week, and during that time they are confined to a small yard, which is movable. We keep them on short grass, and move the yard each day. After a week they are allowed night and day, and fed only twice a day. We use a mash made of ground oats and corn, mixed with equal parts of bran and white middlings. After the third week

the morning feed is omitted, and they have only a small quantity at supper time, until they are nine weeks old, when they are again placed in an enclosure twenty feet square for each lot of twenty. For three weeks they are given the mash three times a day, to bring them up to market condition. We clear out all young ones in July and August, when they are about twelve weeks old, for that is when they bring the highest price, namely, from twenty-three to twenty-five cents a pound in the wholesale market. It is not as profitable to keep them until fall and winter, because there is the expense of additional feed, and they don't bring more than nineteen cents a pound.

E. B.—Please read answer to E. G.

A. O.—While diarrhea is a germ disease which originates in the intestines of the hen, and is usually carried through a germ adhering to the shell, for which reason all eggs which are to be set aside should be wiped off with alcohol. A germ picked up by a newly hatched chick, either in an incubator or under a hen, will start the trouble in a brood, because the droppings from the infected chicken spread the disease. Give chicks some milk and keep the coop or brooder very clean.

T. A. H.—Please read answer to A. O.

E. L. S.—Long-continued cases of egg-bound birds are seldom helped by any treatment. The over-fat condition has existed too long to be helped by any change in diet. Treatment: Hold the fowl with her vent in the steam arising from a dish of boiling water. If this does not sufficiently relax the parts to cause the delivery of the egg, carefully inject a tablespoonful of olive oil, and give the fowl half a teaspoonful of linseed or sweet oil every two hours. Inflammation of the egg passage may occur in connection with an egg-bound condition or may be due to the over-use of stimulating condiments and medicines. Some of the "egg foods" for sale, warranted to increase egg production, are decidedly too irritating for continued use, and are not without their dangers at any time. Inflammation of the egg passage is a serious disease. The effect of it is at once seen in the bird's movements and general appearance. There is almost a continual desire to strain, as if an egg was in the end of the duct. This straining is sometimes so violent that a blood-vessel is broken, causing death at once. If the disease proceeds from a broken and unexpelled egg, immediate removal of the latter is indicated; for so long as this (the cause) remains, it is perfectly useless to attempt the reduction of inflammation by administering calomel, tartar emetic, or any other medicine. The finger oiled should be carefully introduced to explore the passage at its lower end, and if the broken egg is within reach it may with patience be removed with the finger. If too far away, then repeated injections of olive oil should be used, which will soothe the lining membrane of the duct, and facilitate the passage of the collapsed egg. These measures failing, then a proper pair of forceps is to be introduced, and the offending object removed, without further delay. This accomplished, the passage should be syringed with a weak solution of carbolic acid, and tepid oil, and 20 to 30 grains of sulphate of magnesia administered and repeated two or three times. For some days the fowl must be kept quiet and free from stimulating food.

H. H.—Please read answer to E. L. S.

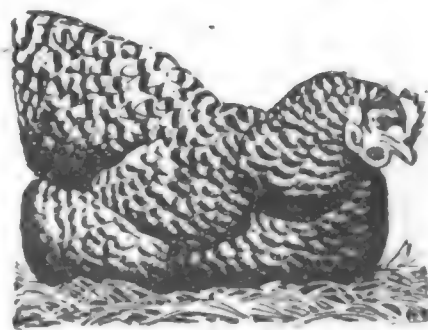
N. D.—Give your ducklings nothing for forty-eight hours, then a small quantity of mash. Mix one cupful of ground oats, the same of ground corn, and two cups of wheat bran, half-a-cup of fine, sharp sand or chick-sized grit, and a cupful of ground clover or alfalfa hay, or if you don't have the latter, cut up young clover or onion tops very fine and mix with the mash just before feeding. For the first week, mix the mash with scalding hot water, cover tightly, put in a warm place and let stand for several hours. Feed when cold, little and often. After the second week they need only be fed twice a day, and if they have free run on short grass you need not put any hay or corn in their mash. Keep them away from swimming water until they have got their feathers, but give them plenty of drinking water in a vessel deep enough for them to get their whole beak well under water. Otherwise the two small holes at the base of the bill get stuffed with mash or mud, and the ducks smother to death. Keep their sleeping place dry. They need not have a regular heated brooder, but should be shut in a small coop or well-ventilated box with plenty of bedding at night.

L. L. H.—The birds have diphtheria, which is a contagious disease so all infected birds should be removed from the rest of the flock and confined in some small house or large coop which can be easily disinfected when the trouble is all over. But unless you are keeping birds of exceptional value, I advise you to kill all that show signs of disease. But if you wish to try your skill as a doctor, dissolve half-a-teaspoonful of permanganate of potassium in half-a-pint of water. Wrap some absorbent cotton around the end of a wooden meat skewer, put a little of the permanganate lotion in a small dish and soak the wad of cotton in it, then rub the caudal cavity with it, removing as much of the false membrane as possible. Try not to make them bleed. Repeat the treatment two or three times a day. It will probably take two or three weeks to accomplish a cure, and during all that time there is danger of spreading the disease, so do take my advice and kill the sick birds. Clean and thoroughly disinfect the poultry house, feed and water dishes.

R. C. C.—The kind of brooder to get depends very much on the number of chicks you propose raising. As you plan to raise them in a house, it will be necessary to have artificial heat, so your choice must necessarily lie between a lamp brooder, a steam-heated house, or a coal heater. If you are only going to raise a few, the lamp brooder would answer, but for anything over a hundred, I would advise the coal heater, which can be placed in any good-sized chicken house, or even a room in a dwelling house. If you will refer to COMFORT of last December and January, you will find a full description of such a brooder, the advantages of all odor, and the best method of caring for the chicks for the first twenty-four hours after they are hatched.

J. M. G.—For several seasons I have regulated the temperature and moisture in the incubators as given in the article to which you refer, and have found such regulation quite successful. When only one or two incubators are to be run during the season, they should be placed in the cellar or in a room with north windows instead of south, which is usually more apt to be uniform in temperature day and night, because the southern windows absorb much more heat from the sun during the day and lose this at night. It is also the temperature which should surround the eggs when they are turned and cooled day after day. If the room is too cool, the eggs will become too suddenly cooled and chilled, and if the room is too warm the eggs will not have a chance to become cooled sufficiently in the time allowed to remain out of the incubator. The ventilation of the room is one of the most essential features which should be looked into before the machine is started. There must be a constant supply of fresh air in the incubator room, because the eggs in developing need a constant supply of fresh air. The gases given off during incubation must be removed and supplanted by fresh air. Every incubator has some arrangement whereby fresh air is admitted to the machine at all times. Also every machine requires the airing or cooling of eggs at regular periods during the hatch. The purpose of this is to bring the eggs into contact with the fresh air. Never allow an incubator room to become stagnant or filled with stale or disagreeable odors. The system of ventilation should be so managed that no drafts of wind blow across the room and strike the machine in operation. There are several serious effects of drafts. In the first place, drafts interfere with the even burning of the lamp, causing the flame to flicker and even to smoke. This not only results in the variation of the temperature of the incubator, but fills the lamp and compartment with soot, taking away from its efficiency. There is also a serious risk of fire resulting from a flame that is kept flickering. Particular attention should be given to this point when there is a prevalence of strong winds out-of-doors. Avoid opening windows that are directly opposite in the room, particularly if the incubator is in a line between them. It is easy to get fresh air into a room without creating drafts.

50 Eggs a Day



"More Eggs" Tonic is a Godsend," writes Mrs. Myrtle Lee, of Boston, Ky. She adds, "I was only getting 12 eggs a day and now I get 50." Give your hens a few cents' worth of "More Eggs", the wonderful egg producer, and you will be amazed and delighted with results.

Hens Lay While Moulting

During moulting your hens will need "More Eggs" to get them over the moult quickly and easily, to revitalize their organs and put them in fine laying condition. Just read the letters below telling how users actually got eggs during moulting! You, too, can make your hens moult fast, get eggs sooner and more eggs all fall and winter. This scientific tonic has been tried, tested and proven by over 400,000 chicken raisers. Try Reefer's "More Eggs" on my iron clad money-back guarantee of satisfaction.

\$1.00 Package FREE

If you wish to try this great profit maker, simply write a postcard or letter to E. J. Reefer, the poultry expert, C 304, Reefer Bldg., Kansas City, Mo., and ask for his special free package \$1.00 offer. Don't send any money. Mr. Reefer will send you two \$1.00 packages of "More Eggs." You pay the postman upon delivery only \$1.00, the price of just one package, the other package being free. The Million Dollar Merchants Bank of Kansas City, Mo., guarantees if you are not absolutely satisfied, your dollar will be returned at any time, within 30 days—on request. No risk to you. Write today for this special free offer.

Read These Letters Showing Wonderful Results of "More Eggs"

First Time Hens Laid During Moulting

I have used your "More Eggs" Tonic since last fall and can surely say it has amply paid me. I have had chickens for 7 years and this is the first time they have ever laid through their moulting season. MRS. C. LUGINBUHL, Norwood, Ohio.

Loafers Before, Layers Now

My hens have laid through moulting this year. It is the first time since I had chickens. They have always been loafers until I used "More Eggs", now they are good layers. MRS. H. J. SCHULZE, Pittsburgh, Kans.

Gets Eggs All Year

Have several friends that wish to use your "More Eggs" Tonic after seeing that I have been so successful in getting eggs all through the year and moulting season. MRS. J. MEDARIS, Dale, Texas.

24 Eggs a Day During Moulting

Your "More Eggs" Tonic certainly puts hens in good condition for laying. I had 175 hens that were moulting and I began feeding them your Tonic and got nearly 2 doz. eggs a day. S. J. FRANKENBERGER, Logan, Penn.

Send No Money

Don't send any money; just fill in and mail coupon. You will be sent, at once, two \$1.00 packages of "MORE EGGS." Pay the postman upon delivery only \$1.00, the extra package being FREE. Don't wait—take advantage of this free offer TODAY! Reap the BIG profits "MORE EGGS" will make for you. Have plenty of eggs to sell when the price is highest. Send TODAY—NOW!

\$1 Package FREE

E. J. REEFER, Poultry Expert, C 304, Reefer Bldg., Kansas City, Mo.

Dear Mr. Reefer:—I accept your offer. Send me the two \$1.00 packages of Reefer's "More Eggs" for which I agree to pay the postman \$1.00 when he brings me the two packages. You agree to refund me \$1.00 at any time within 30 days, if both of these packages do not prove satisfactory in every way.

Name

Address



The Business-Man Farmer

NO, not the business man who makes his money out of some other business and spends it on a farm—not he at all—but the real farmer who handles his farming exactly as any business man handles his business. This is the business-man farmer, and in the future no other kind will succeed or stay long on the land.

Why the Farmer Must Be a Business Man

The farmer is no longer a "settler" or a "squatter" on the land. Free government land is a thing of the past. The man who owns land from now on must buy it. To buy land he must have capital or credit or both. These two things rank him in the same class with other business men. No one can start in any kind of business without either capital or credit. If a man has capital to invest in farming he must get interest. If he uses his credit he must pay interest. In either event interest is a charge against farming that must be met. Then he has taxes, insurance, depreciation on fences, buildings, tools and machinery, stock losses, and what not, all charges against his business. In all these respects his condition is identical with that of all other business men. This is the kind of business-man farmer with which this article deals—and in a few years there will be no other kind. From now on let the farmer regard himself as a business man.

What a Business Man Must Have

No business can run without a plant. The farmer's plant is his farm. But any plant must be equipped with adequate machinery if it is to pay. Let the farmer not deceive himself. He cannot run a successful plant without the necessary machinery. Then there is the raw material, which in the farmer's case is seed, fertilizers, spray materials and the like. But most important of all is the working capital. Many a plant has failed because of insufficient "working capital" or credit upon which to do business. It is a significant fact that the lack of capital has been a most frequent cause of failure in farmers' co-operative enterprises. Why? Because farmers, more than any other class, fail to appreciate the value of "working capital." Far too many farmers are under-capitalized in this respect.

Every successful business must have a plant, good machinery, sufficient raw material and necessary working capital. All these the farmer must have in the right proportions, neither too little nor too much of any of the four if his business is to succeed.

The Farm Plant

The farm plant consists of land and buildings. Often the farmer has far too much land in proportion to buildings. No one but the farmer himself can determine just what buildings are needed. Often, however, the farmer knows that he needs a house or a barn or a silo or a toolshed but doesn't have the money and is afraid of going into debt. No good business man fears debt—in fact, eighty per cent of the business of the country is conducted on credit. Why should the farmer avoid using his credit to promote his business? If he knows he needs a silo and is sure that it will make him money, why not borrow the capital just as any other business man would and build it? No business can long succeed with a poorly equipped plant—neither can the farming business.

Farm Machinery Necessary

Never was the use of farm machinery more necessary to success than now. With labor hard to get, the farmer should make liberal use of machinery. This does not mean that it is wise to buy machinery which he cannot use to advantage—a threshing machine for instance, when one can be easily hired—or a grain binder on a dairy farm, where practically no small grain is raised. But any machine that will help to get the work done on time, that can be used for several weeks in the year, that saves labor or improves the quality of work done, is necessary to successful farming, and any farmer who stocks his farm with good machinery and then fails to provide as a part of his plant a good shed for housing this machinery, is not entitled to be called a business man. Necessary machines can and should if necessary, be bought on credit.

Keep a Stock of Raw Materials

No business can long operate without raw materials. Too many farmers just work from "hand to mouth" on raw materials. The business farmer lays in a supply of seed and feed and fertilizers and twine when they can be bought to advantage. Few farmers raise all the feed they use, or could use to advantage.

If the farm is producing all the feed it can, that is no good reason why more feed may not be fed with profit. It must always be remembered that purchased feed enriches the soil while sold feed robs it of its fertility. The farmer who buys feed and then uses a manure spreader to distribute this fertility over the land is building up the soil of his farm. But the time to buy feed is when the price is "right." Suppose the farmer doesn't happen to have the money just then. Let him borrow it; any good business man would do the same thing in order to lay in a supply of raw material at advantageous prices.

Why Working Capital?

All kinds of business need working capital. With a good supply of raw material on hand, good tools and machinery and a satisfactory plant, there is still a chance to use capital to advantage. Perhaps more pigs are needed to use up an extra good crop of corn; or a pure-bred bull to improve the herd; or an extra horse on the gang plow. These may be had when needed if working capital is employed either in cash or credit. The farmer who buys and sells takes a speculative chance, it is true, but he soon learns how to make good investments. It is an old saying that "It takes money to make money." Like many "old saws," this is not exactly true. It could better be said that it takes judgment to make money, and that judgment will dictate whether to use credit or not if money is not available. The farmer, more than any other class of business men, needs to learn the use of "credit." He is too much afraid of debt—a sort of traditional fear of long standing among farmers. It takes courage and credit to make money on the farm as well as anywhere else.

Mr. Farmer and Company

Wise is the farmer who has taken his whole family into business with him.

A wife, sons and daughters will prove mighty valuable assets when they are vitally interested in the work of the farm, and when they are responsible for their particular part of it.

Take the wife into the company. No man can expect his wife to put her whole heart into his work unless he allows her to have a voice in the planning of the work—the investments that are made—and a "say-so" as how the income from the farm is to be spent.

Many a wife has as good judgment and is as keen as to profitable farm management as her husband. Two, planning together—discussing problems in which they are both so interested, cannot help but be of great assistance to each other. 'Tis a foolish farmer who makes up his mind that he can "go it alone"—decide everything himself and buy this or that without even mentioning it to his wife or family.

Of course, there are some men who think the wife will help any way—well, she will from a sense of duty—but how much better to make her a real partner—one who has equally as much say about the farm's business as he himself. And why shouldn't she be a real business partner? She works as hard, puts in as many hours as her husband and is just as responsible for the farm's prosperity as he is.

If the wife knows she is an active member of the firm, husband need not think he can keep better informed on any farm question than she. She will be just as keen a reader of farm papers, agricultural bulletins, and just as anxious to be right up to date in modern farm methods.

Let no farmer think a woman cannot farm. Why, I have a personal acquaintance with and know of many women who are leaders as farmers in their respective states.

Some of these women are widows whose husbands made dismal failures, and these women, when they have taken over the business of the farm, have succeeded not only well but rank right beside the very best of farmers.

One particular woman I have in mind is so very successful and is at the head of such an up-to-date prosperous plant, that she was retained by one of the leading agricultural colleges of the country as one of its extension lecturers.

And so on I could keep citing instance after instance where women have won out where men have failed, so there is no need to fear that the wife cannot be trusted to be taken into active partnership and be one of the leaders of the firm.

GIVE THE BOYS A CHANCE.—Happy is the farmer who can paint on his farm buildings the name of the farm, and under it: "Mr. Farmer and Sons." breeders of pure-bred cattle or hogs or whatever line of farming he may be specializing in.

He can be mighty proud of the "Son" part for back of that one simple word is a mighty good story that he who rides by can easily read into it. Here is a man who has dealt fair by his boys, has been wise enough to interest them, and has made their farm experience so pleasant that they are glad to stay on the farm and go into business with their father.

Such a father is not one who gives a puny calf or a runt of a pig to the son and when the boy has worked hard and saved its life, cared for and fed it, raised it to good market size, the father calmly pockets the money and thinks it a little harmless joke about "Johnny owning the pig." Too many farmers like this! Oh, yes, they expect Johnny to work, run errands, do chores and be generally useful, and all for his board and clothes and because he is his boy and "don't earn his salt, any way."

Suppose he doesn't "do enough to pay for his salt,"—he never will for the father who tells him so or makes him believe he is no good. A wise father makes his son think the farm couldn't get along without him and he is his father's "right-hand man." A boy who is made to think he is really helping will soon be helping, and when a boy knows he is of some importance on the farm, and a part of it, the father need not worry about his leaving as soon as he grows up and can get the chance.

Boys love animals—a pig or lamb or a calf for his very own—to sell and have the money when it has grown, is a great experience for a boy. If he is old enough, and it is possible, he will take great interest in a special crop which he alone is responsible for. If he has a personal interest in the farm, he may grow to like it, and then father will be sure of his help when he is old enough to be of real assistance.

THE GIRLS, TOO, SHOULD BELONG TO THE FIRM.—Not long ago I was talking with a sixteen-year-old farm boy. He is a boy who has worked a lot from quite a little fellow and was telling how "now we (please notice the 'we') have all our debts paid up but \$350.00, and it won't take long for father and me to clean that up." This boy is not going to leave the farm; not he; he is busily planning on how he will take the short course at the Agricultural College the coming winter. And why? Because he has always been made to feel that his father and mother could not get along without him. When he was a wee fellow, he would sturdily carry in, stick by stick, the wood for the range, because "mother could not bake unless 'sonny' helped her." And so with the girls. What holds true for the boy on the farm is equally true for the girl, and though father and mother cannot hope always to keep the daughter, yet they may have the great satisfaction of sending a capable, worth-while woman out to grace another home;—a woman who can look back on her girlhood and know, as far as possible, she was given an equal chance with her brother.

So the wise farmer is the farmer whose business is done by a firm of which Wife, Son and Daughter are all leading members.

Need of Pure Bred Sires

What are the readers of COMFORT doing in the improvement of their farm animals? All over the country, since war conditions are lessening as a major subject of thought, worry and expense, attention is again being directed to the improvement of horses, cattle, sheep, swine and poultry. Men are forming clubs and associations in many states. Children are being encouraged to form calf and pig and lamb clubs, and the young animals grow into adult beasts for marketing and the young people develop into the "grown-ups" who are to run our farms. We have been taught to train up children in the way they should go and that in later life they will not depart from their early training. All these things are good, and we want to know that our readers are taking full part in the good work.

In a big county of Wisconsin, cattle breeders actually are offering to exchange a pure-bred young bull for the scrub bull of any neighbor.

The scrub is sold for what he will bring and so eliminated from further damage to the breeding industry of the district and state. The breeder of the pure-bred makes his profit in the better success of his neighbor, his neighborhood, the community and the state. He also reaps an incidental profit, in that the neighbor who is given the chance to demonstrate for himself the advantage of a pure-bred sire in improving his dairy or beef cattle, is in the market ever after, as need occurs, for the purchase of other and perhaps better pure-bred bulls. So it is with the use of pure-bred sires in the raising of horses, sheep and swine. Once started, the sensible man never goes back to the use of a grade or scrub sire. He finds that the profits from his better graded-up stock far exceed those formerly obtained from his scrubs, which ate as much or more and never paid for their board.

It is absolutely necessary now to use only pure-bred sires of good individuality and known to be from sires and dams of profitable producing strains. There is no advantage whatever in merely using a sire that is pedigreed, but not of producing stock. Pure blood and profitability in performance in the dairy or on the block must go together if success is to be assured.

The scrub sire can only beget worthless scrubs and such animals are not worth feeding. They do not return worth-while profits for the care and feed they receive. The owner of a scrub sire also finds himself nowadays in a class that wise people are looking at askance, and rightly so. To be "in the swim" and given credit for brains and good sense, they should abandon the old, hazardous and wasteful methods of breeding and feeding and at once join in the work of improvement.

The grade sire was sired by a pure-bred, but, unlike his sire, he is unable to grade-up his progeny. He cannot transmit with certainty the good qualities of his sire. One cannot be sure what he will do as a breeder and cannot afford to run the chance that he will only transmit the characteristics of the scrub side of his pedigree, which is much the stronger factor in his makeup.

The scrub-pure-bred sire is pedigreed and may look fairly well, but, there being no actual merit for performance in his dam or sires, he lacks ability to transmit good, profitable qualities to his offspring. He is a counterfeit and should be avoided, as is the scrub and grade sire.

The bred-for-performance, pure, pedigreed sire is the only sure means of improvement. Used year after year in a dairy herd, and always seeking to use a better and better sire of the same breed and kind, the cows will gradually but surely improve in milk production and butter fat production, as well as symmetry and uniformity in color and the breed characteristics of the breed of the sires used. The same is true as regards beef-bred cattle, and swine and sheep produced, as gradually improving grades, from consecutive, consistent use of pure-bred sires.

COMFORT readers, why wait another year before starting on the road to success and profit by the use of pure-bred sires? Make the step in the right direction now and yours will be the profit soon, and profit and pleasure in farming will be assured to those who are to come after and keep on the good work of feeding the nation at home and having to spare much for the feeding of folk abroad. We shall be delighted to give advice on any phase of this subject, so do not hesitate to ask questions.

The Kicking Heifer

The rough or oftentimes impatient or bad-tempered milker often wonders why he has so much trouble from the heifers kicking at milking time. His "trouble" is not to be wondered at. He should understand that the teats of the heifer that has just had her first calf are exquisitely tender, so that she cannot bear harsh handling. The pain from rough milking is excruciating. Often the heifer shakes, shivers, and even urinates from fear as the milker is about to commence operations, and kicking is the next indication of the suffering endured. Were it possible, the heifer should be "broken in" to milk by a woman, whose hands are softer than those of the hard-working man, and who naturally is more gentle, sympathetic and sensible than the average hired hand or stockman. Before starting to milk, the udder should be gently massaged, and it is also well to apply vaseline or sweet oil to the hands. More can be accomplished by kindness and gentleness than by roughness or punishment. In some cases the heifer will stand more quiet at milking time if allowed to eat some relished food, or if her calf is put near her. If kicking starts, it may be prevented in some instances by tying a rope or strap around the body, just in front of the udder, but the rope should be well padded to protect the milk veins. If this does not suffice, a wide strap may be buckled around the hind legs just above the hocks, or hobbles may be placed upon the hind pasterns and straps run from them to a bellyband, or collar placed upon the neck. Prevention is better than cure, however, and it comes from gentle handling of the teats when the heifer is being broken in to milk.

Poisoning by Larkspur

Those of our readers who live in the "sage brush country," where poisonous weeds often kill range cattle and sheep, and where loco weed also seriously affects horses as well as other animals, will be interested to learn that experimentation by scientists of the Department of Agriculture has proved that the larkspurs do not poison sheep, although they are very poisonous to cattle. This will be news to many, for it has been the common impression that sheep as well as cattle were poisoned by this beautiful flowering weed. It also has been proved that it does not injure horses upon the open range, but poisons them if taken in large quantities.

Practically all of the readers of COMFORT are well acquainted with the larkspurs of the gardens, and so will readily recognize the wild plants. The latter, however, are blue and violet blue in color, and in one instance white. There are no pink wild larkspurs like those of the garden. Aconite, also a deadly poison, has deep blue flowers somewhat like those of the larkspur and running into shades of violet and purple. Aconite has short, bulblike roots, while those of the tall larkspur are long and woody. Aconite stems are pithy and the leaves have very short stems; tall larkspur has hollow stems and the leaves have long stems.

Larkspur is deadly early in the season before blossoming, if the animal eats 30 pounds or more of the weed. It is not poisonous after the flowers have matured, unless the animal happens to eat large quantities of the seeds, which rarely happens. The weed may be eradicated by spading, in which operation six to eight inches of the root should be removed and the cattle prevented from eating the dried plant.

Cattle poisoned by larkspur suddenly drop to the ground and kick convulsively. The symptoms aggravate if the animal is hurried to its feet. Constipation usually is present; some animals bloat; food often gets into the windpipe and lungs and causes death. Bloating takes place almost immediately after death in all cases.

In the way of treatment, bloated cattle should be "tapped" at once. Potassium permanganate solution, much advertised as a remedy, has been found useless. The Department veterinarians advise that weak animals should be given a hypodermic injection of six drams of whiskey, and in all cases good results followed the subcutaneous injection of a mixture of physostigmine salicylate, 1 grain; pilocarpin hydrochloride, 2 grains, and strychnine sulphate, ½ grain. This is one dose for an animal of 500 to 600 pounds. Double the dose is given to a 1000 pound or over cow or steer. The medicine is dissolved in 4 drams (½ ounce) of freshly boiled water, or

1 ounce for the double dose. An all-metal hypodermic syringe should be used, the needle to be inserted in the shoulder.

Through the columns of this department subscribers may have free advice from the eminent specialists and experts of our Agricultural Staff on questions relating to farming, live stock and dairying.

Address Modern Farmer, COMFORT, Augusta, Maine. Sign your true name and give your address. Name will not be published.

Questions and Answers

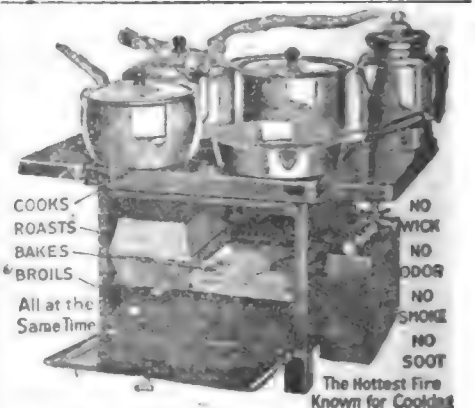
SWEET BASIL.—I notice that in a recent issue you advise to plant sweet basil (or bazi) in the herb garden. I had some once and liked its flavor very much. The last seed I had was old and did not come up, and since then I have never been able to get any. Will you kindly tell me where I can obtain the seed?

Mrs. G. D. B., Clarksville, Ark.
A.—Consult seed catalogues and write seedmen if you do not find this seed advertised in their catalogues. It is usually spelled "basil."

CRUISING TOBACCO.—Have grown some tobacco this year and would like to know how to cure the leaves for smoking.
A.—It is pretty hard for the grower to cure "killed" so as to make it fit for smoking. Better sell your leaves and buy "store" tobacco.

SOFT BUTTER.—My cow does not make firm, solid butter. She seems to be in healthy condition. She just runs on pasture and has no dry feed. The cream is separated and kept in the well. What is the cause of the butter being soft?

Mrs. H. K., Noble, Ill.
A.—This is not the cow's fault. You probably do not keep your butter or cream cool enough. Churning too warm cream or over-churning or keeping butter at too high a temperature is the usual cause of soft or "salty" butter.



Little Wonder Oil Stoves

Do as much with one gallon of oil as any other oil stove will with ten. Instead of 80% of the heat going to waste around the sides of the kettles, all of it is utilized in our fuel-saver top.

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\$44 Buys the New Butterfly Jr. No. 24

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and on a plan whereby they can keep their own cost and more by what they save. Postal orders, Cash, or check. Buy from the manufacturer and save money.

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Sure Relief

BELL-ANS FOR INDIGESTION 25 CENTS

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Death only a matter of short time. Don't wait until pains and aches become incurable diseases. Avoid painful consequences by taking

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Size	Tires Tubes	Size	Tires Tubes
20x3	\$ 6.45	22x4	\$12.25
20x3 1/2	7.25	22x4 1/2	12.50
22x3 1/2	8.75	24x4	12.50
22x4	9.45	24x4 1/2	12.50
24x3 1/2	9.50	26x4 1/2	12.50
24x4	11.25	28x4 1/2	14.50
24x4 1/2	11.50	30x4 1/2	16.50

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TIRES, LAMPS, HORNS, pedals, single wheels and repair parts for all makes of bicycles at their usual prices. SEND NO MONEY but write today for the big new Catalog.

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Automobile and Gas Engine Helps

Questions relating to gasoline engines and automobiles, by our subscribers, addressed to COMFORT Auto Dept., Augusta, Maine, will be answered by our expert, free, in the columns of this department. Full name and address is required, but initials only will be printed. That we may intelligently diagnose your trouble please state the year in which your car was made.

Fire

AN insurance policy will protect a person against financial loss from fire but anyone who will not take steps to prevent damage does not practice the dictates of prudence. Due to the supply of gasoline carried by cars using the internal combustion motor, there is danger of fire exploding the fuel and causing considerable damage. However, not every so-called "automobile fire" is caused from ignited gasoline, and there is no reason for shoveling into a car a few tons of sand or emptying several fire extinguishers when all that is needed is the exercising of plain common sense. The writer can recall an owner who had pur-



Gasoline will burn freely when exposed to air. The vulcanizer shown in the accompanying illustration affords an example of the point to be driven home, viz., gasoline will not explode but will burn freely when exposed to the air.

chased his first car and after running it for a time was advised to pour kerosene in the cylinders and allow it to stand over night so as to loosen the carbon. Upon starting the motor, clouds of thick smoke were emitted from the muffler. The owner was certain that his car had caught fire and there is no stating what damage he might have done had not his next-door neighbor hurriedly explained that the smoke was due to the kerosene in the cylinders and that when it was burned out, the motor would run without smoking.

This instance may bring a smile to the face of the reader, but more foolish stunts are being pulled off every day by owners and drivers who have had years of experience.

A particular owner smelled smoke, and upon raising the hood found that the smoke was coming from the generator. He immediately threw a quantity of water on the instrument, when the proper procedure would have been to disconnect one of the wires leading from the rear of the generator. By so doing, he would have broken the electrical circuit and allowed the instrument to cool off.

A point to bear in mind is that the overheating of an electrical instrument is due to an irregularity in the system, and the proper thing to do until the trouble is located and corrected is to break or open the electrical circuit at that point.

If a cable is overheated and melting the insulation, the circuit can readily be opened by disconnecting either cable leading to the storage battery.

A gasoline fire is more often the result of a back fire through the carburetor than from any other cause. Almost every owner understands this condition. It is the result of fire in the cylinder when the inlet valve is opened and causing the vapor in the inlet manifold to be ignited.

First, let it be emphatically stated that water is the poorest agent you can select to fight a gasoline fire. Gasoline is lighter than water and it will therefore float on the surface and increase the area of the fire. To handle a fire caused by a pop-back through the carburetor, the best bet is to sit in the car, open the throttle wide and turn the motor over with the electric starter. It may be possible to extinguish the fire by drawing the flames through the motor. However, if the fire continues and there is no one handy to lend a hand, raise the hood and shut off the vacuum tank. This will cut off the supply of fuel and the fire will die out when it has consumed the gasoline in the carburetor. But if it is impossible to control the flames and the heat will generate gas which cannot escape, and if the heat becomes great enough, there will be an explosion inside the tank. This will open up the seams of the tank and it will be well to put a little distance between yourself and the car when the explosion takes place. On the other hand, if you can keep the flames away from the tank and the gasoline supply is shut off, there is little if any danger.

Gasoline will not explode but its vapor will. Gasoline will burn with but little smoke and spreads readily. A chemical extinguisher is best for fighting a gasoline fire. An oil fire is not difficult to fight. It is slow burning and spreading. Bear in mind that as long as the fire keeps away from the tanks containing gasoline there is little danger in fighting it. However, when the flames commence to envelop the tanks, if the flames cannot be subdued quickly, the chances are that an explosion will occur, and you do not want to be in the near vicinity.

Useful Pointers

Battery Tests

When the ignition current fails, the lights refuse to burn and in fact all the electrical appliances seem dead, the indications are that the storage battery has suddenly gone wrong. If the cables leading into the battery are tight, a simple test is to bridge the battery terminals with the pliers. Dig the handles of the pliers into the lead terminals and if there is no flashing of sparks, you are safe in assuming that a dead battery is the cause for your trouble. A defective plate will instantly kill a battery.

Testing the Gas Mixture

A simple test which will aid the new owner in determining whether he is using a correct gasoline-air mixture is to drive the car in the back yard on a dark night and open the muffler cut-out. Open the throttle until the motor turns over at a fair rate of speed and then notice the color of the flame that will be shooting from the cut-out. If the flame is blue or colorless, the mixture is about right. If the flame is yellow, there is too much air while a red flame would indicate that there is too much gasoline in the mixture.

Wiring Hint

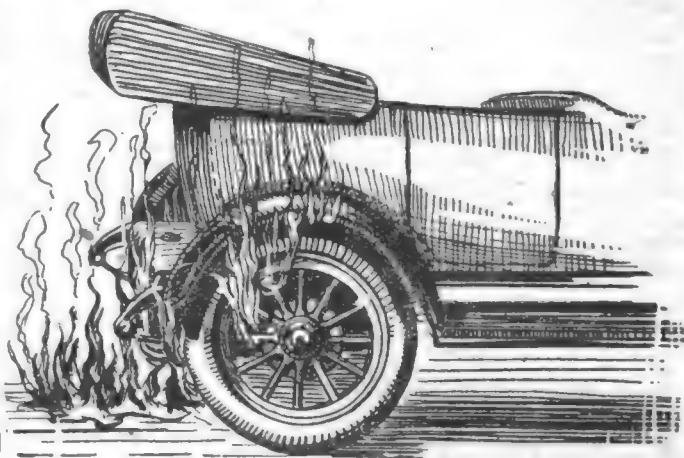
Some folks are unable to do a good wiring job because they fail to apply the wire to terminals in the correct manner. The bare wire should be twisted around the terminal post in a clockwise direction. It requires but little logic to understand that the screw-thread is right handed and when tightened down on the wire will have a tendency to draw it tighter around the terminal post. On the other hand, if the wire is attached in the other direction the tendency is to untwist it and force it away from the post.

Substitute for Match

Should you turn your pockets inside out and fail to find a match to light your pipe or cigar, open one of the priming cocks in the head of the cylinder, race the motor and a flame will shoot up so that you will be able to get a light.

Electrical Shocks

Until the electrical current produced by the storage battery is stepped up to a higher potential, it will produce no shock should the operator bridge the terminals. It is voltage (pressure) which causes the muscles to contract. The average battery used for automobile purposes is of low voltage and high amperage. It will range from six to eight volts and approximately 100 amperes.



This illustration shows the flames enveloping the gasoline tank. The gasoline in the tank is not exposed to the air and, therefore, when sufficient heat has been generated, there will be an explosion. If a fire such as shown cannot be extinguished quickly, it is not safe for the operator to continue fighting it.

Substitute for Rivet

Should a rivet break out, never allow that portion of the car to remain in a weakened condition because you do not have the facilities for replacing the rivet. A bolt, the same size as the rivet, will afford a very satisfactory substitute.

Answer to Inquiry

Although the writer is not posted on the make of electrical apparatus mentioned in your letter, yet it is safe to assume, from the description given, that your difficulty is due to excessive vibration. It may be just possible that the cutout, in so mounted that it is affected by vibration in such a manner as to keep the contact points apart. It will be well to shift the location of the units, especially the cutout as it will possibly overcome the resulting evils of the vibration. On the other hand, if the generator commutator is not perfectly smooth, it would be possible to throw the brush out of contact.

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30x3	\$6.00	\$1.75	32x4	\$4.75	\$2.00
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31x3 1/2	7.25	2.10	34x4	6.25	2.85
32x3 1/2	7.50	2.25	34x4 1/2	6.50	3.00
31x4	8.50	2.50	36x4 1/2	11.50	3.15

Send \$2 deposit for each tire and \$1 for each tube ordered, balance C. O. D. Tires shipped subject to your examination. State whether S. S., C. L. (Q. D.) plain or N. S. is desired. All same price.

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FREE Puncture Proof Tube 6,000 Miles Guaranteed

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Price Includes Tire and Tube

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ORDER NOW AND RECEIVE FREE a Guaranteed Standard Make Inner Tube. Our tires are reconstructed by our exclusive process. We fully guarantee them for 6,000 miles. The fact that 90 per cent of our customers re-order proves that EVERWEAR DOUBLE TREAD TIRES are satisfactory. Immediate shipment guaranteed. Price includes Tubes and Tires.

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28x3	\$ 9.95	32x4	\$11.35
30x3	7.25	32x4 1/2	12.50
30x3 1/2	8.35	34x4	13.00
32x3 1/2	8.95	34x4 1/2	13.25
31x4	10.20	36x4 1/2	13.75
32x4	10.55	36x5	14.25
32x4 1/2	11.00	37x5	14.90

FREE Reliner With Each Tire
Send \$2.00 deposit for each tire ordered, balance C. O. D. subject to examination. 5 per cent special discount if full amount is sent with order. State whether S. S., C. L. plain tread, or non-skid—all same price.

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Guaranteed for 5000 Miles

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Tubes	Guaranteed	Fresh Stock
Size	Tires	Tubes
30x3	\$5.50	\$1.00
30x3 1/2	6.50	1.75
31x3 1/2	6.75	1.85
32x3 1/2	7.00	2.00
31x4	8.00	2.25
32x4	8.25	2.40
32x4 1/2	8.50	2.50
34x4	9.50	2.75
34x4 1/2	10.00	3.00
35x4 1/2	11.00	3.15
36x4 1/2	11.50	3.40
36x5	12.50	3.50
37x5	12.75	3.65
37x5 1/2	12.75	3.75

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STANDARD TIRES LESS THAN 1/2 Price

SEND NO MONEY

Don't miss this chance to cut your tire cost in two and get a standard make Spark Plug FREE. We ship at once on approval standard Goodyear, Goodrich, Firestone, Mason and other adjusted tires in excellent condition and your Money Back if you don't like them. They can readily be guaranteed for 5000 miles. So more are we who will like these tires that we request no deposit in advance. These are not sewed together tires known as the double-tread and reconstructed tires.

SEE THESE LOW PRICES

Size	Tires	Size	Tires
30x3	\$5.45	32x4	\$12.25
30x3 1/2	6.45	32x4 1/2	12.50
31x3 1/2	6.75	34x4	12.50
32x3 1/2	7.00	34x4 1/2	12.50
31x4	8.00	36x4 1/2	13.25
32x4	8.25	36x5	14.00
32x4 1/2	8.50	37x5	14.90
34x4	9.50	37x5 1/2	15.90

Remember a standard make Spark Plug Free with order. When cash is sent with order 5 per cent discount allowed. Examine—judge for yourself. If not satisfied return goods at our expense. Specify S. S., clincher, non-skid, plain, and size Spark Plug wanted.

CLEVELAND TIRE AND RUBBER CO.
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Akron Quality Tires

Reduce Tire Cost 65%

5000-Mile Guarantee

Scientifically reconstructed and reinforced with three extra plies of rubberized fabric. Our factory in the heart of the rubber industry gives us the greatest selection, the best stock and skilled workmen for the manufacture of reconstructed tires. All tires tested before shipping and written 5000-mile guarantee enclosed. We can ship immediately at these prices:

Size	Tire	Tube	Size	Tire	Tube
30x3	\$5.00	\$2.00	34x4	\$9.75	\$2.60
30x3 1/2	7.00	2.10	34x4 1/2	11.25	2.80
32x3 1/2	8.00	2.20	35x4 1/2	11.50	2.90
31x4	9.00	2.40	36x4 1/2	12.00	3.00
32x4	9.25	2.45	36x5	12.75	3.20
32x4 1/2	9.50	2.50	37x5	13.25	3.30

*S. S. only.

Reliner Free With Every Tire

State whether straight side or clincher ordered. Send \$2 deposit for each tire ordered and \$1 for tube; balance C. O. D. subject to examination. If not satisfied return goods at our expense. Specify S. S., clincher, non-skid, plain, and size Spark Plug wanted.

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Genuine inner armor for auto tires. Easily applied without tools. Agents wanted. Write for literature.

America Accessories Co., Dept. 131, Cincinnati, Ohio

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In writing this department always sign your true name and give your address; if not, your letter will receive no attention. Name will not be published.

WILL some of the Home Canning Club girls do a little favor for me? Thanks ever so much. This is what I'd like to have you do—can some of these lovely summer days and send them to me (collect) so we can have them to open up next January and February when we are up to our necks in snowdrifts and shivering around in fur coats. Isn't that a clever idea? Of course if you can't do it we'll have to make the most of every day as it comes but we should do that anyway, regardless of the season. But I'm not making the most of my time, am I? Sermonizing thus when I should be reading the heap of letters before me. I'll shut my eyes and draw one.

MICKIE OF MISSISSIPPI.—If I had curly hair and dreamy eyes with long eyelashes, good teeth and dimples, do you think I'd be unhappy because I had a large mouth? I should say not—I'd smile so much that my teeth and dimples would attract every bit of attention away from my large mouth. Besides, large mouths indicate more character than tiny mouths. It isn't so much how your mouth looks as the things you say with it that counts. I've seen perfectly beautiful mouths that looked ugly to me just because they were saying disagreeable, sarcastic things that hurt someone else. And speaking of such things, here's a tip for you and other girls who want men to admire them. A man doesn't admire a catty woman so be careful what you say about other people, particularly other girls. If you want to make a hit with the boys and have them think you a regular girl. No matter what you know about another girl, from her complexion to her morals, keep still, unless you can say something good, and if you can't say something good don't say anything at all. Of course it is better to do this from purely altruistic reasons, but better a selfish reason than to say little, mean, spiteful things.

IN DOUBT, Colorado.—It would take more of a psychologist than I am to tell why you can't talk of and plan for the future with your fiancé whom you say you are lonely without and know he is what makes life worth while. Are you sure you don't mind giving up the comforts you have been accustomed to at home? My dear, love and a comfortable little home is a combination that is worth more than luxuries without love—but you might try giving him up for a little while until you are sure of yourself. Talk it over with him and explain how you feel and ask him to be patient with you until you know better how you feel toward him. But don't be too long finding out for there are plenty of girls ready to discuss the future with a worthwhile man.

M. and D. Sayre.—When girls of seventeen—high school girls at that—spend whom "whom" and their "thier," it is a waste of time, to tell me they are interested in their school books. In my days, when I was young, a boy felt honored if a nice girl would consent to marry him; he never made it a condition that he be allowed to kiss her and then as a reward condescend to marry her. As I have said before, how times have changed! And then to think you'd ask if you should allow them to kiss you if you should keep company with them again. Haven't you any pride? Why not place a little higher valuation upon yourself? Anyway, don't get married now.

BROWN EYES, Salt Lake, Ky.—It isn't wise to exchange photographs with anyone but close relatives—and I know a lot of relatives that are dreadfully close. A girl of fifteen shouldn't keep company with a man of twenty-five, or any other age. Do I think that men of that age mean what they say to girls? I certainly do—just as much at twenty-five as they do at any age. Why don't I put my picture in the paper? Well, of course I don't like to praise myself but if I did all the girls would be jealous—I'm so very, very beautiful, but don't tell them I told you so.

ELVIS, Texas.—It doesn't seem to be a case of "should you give him up" when he has given you up for another girl. You haven't much choice left in the matter and, anyway, he is much too old for you.

WOULD-BE NURSE, Missouri.—Your family physician can give you more information regarding hospitals and your fitness for training than I can. Have a talk with him.

S. B., Texas.—It is sad to be an "orphant stinapher" in love with a man whose people threaten to "disinherit" him if he marries you. It's sad, very sad, that's just what it is but when I think of a big "business college" letting loose such spelling as that, I am moved to tears, actual tears, and my laundry hasn't been returned from the laundry—anybody lend me a hanky? Thanks! You've got the right idea when you say that nature teaches you not to believe him when he says he will "die" for you, though I presume you mean "die." Men have died and worms have eaten them, but not for love. I've forgotten who wrote those gruesome lines but you've got to admit that he knew what he was talking about. If he means "die," do you suppose he'd mind doing some faded out waists and dresses for me?

OUR O' LUCK, Oregon.—Why "long for a sister" when there are hundreds and hundreds of orphan "sisters" in the world, in various homes and institutions, who are longing for a brother and a home? Have your parents adopt one if they are able to give her a good home, education and love. In the meantime you may regard me as a big sister, if you wish to, and I'll hold the place for a little sister. Thanks for all the nice things you said about me.

J. B., Oregon.—An older sister has a moral right to object to the marriage of her younger sister who will "soon be sixteen," but when the younger sister is old enough to be married she shouldn't object unless she could give good reasons for her objections. (2) The age of your friend has a lot to do with the way her question would be answered. "Children, obey your parents," is a safe rule to follow. If there's no truth in the accusations against her fiancé, he should be able to square himself with her parents and if there is they are right in telling him to "clear out."

A SOLDIER'S WIFE, North Carolina.—There should be an exchange in any of the large cities in your state where you could dispose of your fancy work. Try an advertisement in your local paper.

OLIVE, Ind.—Of course you did right in giving back his ring and instead of feeling heartbroken you should congratulate yourself on your lucky escape. If you had been married to him you would have cause to feel heartbroken.

JESSIE, Minneapolis, Minn.—Instead of striking the person who annoyed you while at the movies, it would have been less conspicuous to have changed your seat or quietly notified the usher who would have put him out. Athletics, if done in the right way and not carried to excess, are beneficial instead of injurious, as your mother says, and they aren't commonly regarded as unadvisable.

WINIFRED S. Dak.—If you love a young man and know that he loves you and still he won't marry you because he has such an "artistic temperament and love of the beautiful" that his wife must be beautiful, then you should be thankful that you aren't beautiful according to his standard. If he is capable of appreciating only outward perfections instead of beauty of mind and soul, then your love would be wasted upon him. Save it for the man who loves you for yourself and who will find you beautiful even though the years and responsibilities of a home and family haven't added to your good looks. As the mother of his children, you should be the most beautiful person in the world to him.

Have a good time for the rest of the summer for next month we must go back to school or work. By, by, COUSIN MARION.

The Beast of Blossom Valley

By Alice L. Whitson

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"THIS is a hell of a life for a fellow in my circumstances to be living," John Brunnett exclaimed as he tramped restlessly up and down the untidy living-room of his elegant country home. "No wonder folks call me a beast!" he continued, as though he had a sympathetic audience, "to be living in all this filth, when I've got more money than I know what to do with, and still, I went on in a softer tone of voice as he sank into a comfortable, dust-laden chair in front of a cheery crackling fire, "my money isn't strong enough to keep a servant in the house."

A nauseating sensation seemed to envelope his very soul as he glanced around the big, old-fashioned room—the same room which during his mother's lifetime had been his haven of rest, as well as the lounging-place for a host of his friends who invariably dropped in for a quiet Sunday with him. These were good old days to John Brunnett—in fact, life had been one long drawn-out bit of happiness and contentment for the owner of Blossom Valley until the death of his mother two years previously.

Then it was that John began to understand what it really meant to have a woman in the house—especially a woman who loved him and who loved to do things for his comfort without being paid for it. But since the death of his mother he had been living by the "pay-as-you-enter" system, and in no single instance had he paid the same servant for two months' service hand-running.

Sometimes he admitted to himself that they had grounds for complaint when they argued that the place was lonely; he had found it that way himself lately, especially since his friends had ceased to drop in for Sundays any more. Of course, there was a reason for that. The whole place resembled an over-grown graveyard, and living in such an atmosphere had not sweetened his disposition—he had grown into a grouchy; he had long since learned it was unwise to invite his friends to eat any more, for on several occasions he had been forced to feed them on his own cooking—and now he was cookless again. How, oh, how, he wondered, had his mother kept the same servants year after year? He wished with all his heart that he had paid more attention to inside affairs; running the big farm was a small item, in John's eyes, compared to running a house.

If an extra man was needed in case of emergency, he could fall in line and do it himself; nothing gave him more joy than the touch of freshly ploughed ground beneath his feet. He had always loved the great outdoors, and since the death of his mother he had spent much time in the open. "But what man can make a success of farming and housekeeping both?" he raved, remembering suddenly that the inner man was clamoring for food.

Just at this instant Judy, the buxom wife of Andy, the general roustabout on the place, made her appearance in the doorway, bearing in her hands a covered tray.

"I loved your might be hungry-like," Marse John," Judy said in true southern style, "and I bring you a bite fer to eat."

The hungry man graciously accepted the food, and as Judy's flaky biscuits disappeared, it suddenly occurred to him that Judy herself might be an avenue of escape.

"Judy," he said presently, "I don't see why you couldn't move into the servants' quarters in the back yard, and look after my house and cooking."

Judy ran her fingers through the kinky black mop on her head.

"Seuse me, Marse John, for de 'spression," she answered soberly, "but men folks ain't fittin' fer to boss a house. Now, ef—ef—youd jes' marry, Marse John, I spec' your old woman and me could set dis place in order in no time. It jes' naturally takes a woman fer to make a home."

"Thanks for the advice, Judy," the man returned, "but I don't happen to be one of the marrying kind. Could you suggest anything else?"

"Yes, sir," Judy responded instantly. "You might hire a housekeeper—a nice white lady, who'd 'preciate living in a big house like dis here."

"But how'd I ever locate one like that, Judy?"

"Advertise fer her, Marse John, advertise—dats what I does when I wants anything. Didn't you find me and Andy through de papers?"

"I certainly did," John admitted, "and I'll think about your suggestion, Judy," he declared solemnly as he swallowed the last bite of the appetizing meal that black Judy had brought in.

After Judy's departure John Brunnett filled his pipe and took down a good book—a good pipe and a good book usually set John in a good humor—but even his old favorites failed to soothe him at present. Judy's suggestion of hiring a housekeeper kept coming into his mind. Maybe Judy was right—a man didn't know how to run a house successfully—it wasn't intended that he should, but it wasn't unlawful for him to own a home and hire somebody to run it; he had the home and the money to pay for having it run, and suddenly he resolved to try out Judy's scheme—he'd find a woman for the place.

Instantly he reached for the newspaper, and turned to the advertising columns. Cooks—cooks and housekeepers seemed to be greatly in demand, but the numerous advertisements were from people like himself, not from people offering their services.

Carefully he studied the various advertisements, and before he went to bed that night he had turned in an ad. of his own over long distance, that he felt sure would at least be read, and, oh, how he hoped, be answered. If he could only get a chance to hire a woman on his terms he could rest assured of one thing—he'd have a servant for twelve months at least—and as he drifted off to sleep, the thought of the untidy condition of the whole house haunted him; he wondered drowsily if it wouldn't take about that long to get it in a livable shape again, provided he could get anybody to undertake the job.

The clock in Leeds' big brokerage office loudly clamored the hour of ten A. M. as Tiny Thaxton laid aside her rain-soaked coat and made her way toward a desk near the window.

"Glad to see you, Miss Thaxton," the Ross said more pleasantly than a boss generally speaks.

But Tiny fully understood the reason for his gladness came from the mere fact that she of all the office girls was the only one who had braved the wintry weather to reach her desk; but business was business with Tiny—she believed in giving good service when she sold her time—and her time she considered both valuable to herself and her employer, but try as she would, with the ever increasing prices it was almost impossible to make her salary reach from week to week. This fact alone had caused her to think seriously of changing her position. Therefore, from force of habit, while the male inhabitants of the office were at lunch, she picked up the morning paper to glance over the "Help Wanted" columns; she had known of a few cases where a stenographer had profited by reading the "Want" advertisements—some very reputable firms had resorted to the ad. columns for efficient help.

Scarcely, however, had she opened the paper

at the desired page until she found herself staring at a double-spaced, black-lettered ad:

"WANTED—A competent housekeeper for a country home—salary no object to right party, who will sign contract for twelve months' service. Apply ready for work at Blossom Valley Lodge, Franklin road."

"There's your chance for a change, Tiny Thaxton," Conscience whispered. "Go out and investigate the proposition."

Tiny noticed with a sickening sensation around her heart that the paper in her hand shook perceptibly with nervousness. Her doctor had advised her to get out of the office more than once of late, but there seemed so few things left for a woman to do who was trained for office work—Ever since Leeds Brothers had opened the brokerage office she had been with them—something like fifteen years! Yes, she reminded herself, it had been exactly fifteen years; she had come to Leeds on her twentieth birthday, and now she was thirty-five—she was sure she looked every day of it, too, though at times her eyes still twinkled with mirth and her hair had lost none of its gold—what she needed was exercise and fresh air—the doctor had told her so. "Surely," she murmured under her breath, "I'd find both at Blossom Valley—the name itself suggests fresh air and flowers."

"But your friends," Conscience reminded her, "what would they think of you occupying the place of a servant in the house?"

Suddenly it dawned upon her that her friends were very few—and her people—she had no people—she was the last Thaxton of a long line that reached back to the beginning of America—there was nothing to lose, but a great chance for self-gain, and so far as holding down the job was concerned, it never occurred to her that she'd fail in that. Fact was, she knew she wouldn't—she was a born home-maker; she loved everything pertaining to a house, from a dust-rag to a lounge-chair.

Timidly the girl glanced towards the clock; it lacked ten minutes to one. At one she would be free to spend the afternoon as she pleased. Saturday afternoon was always a holiday from the office, though in her case it was usually wash day. She remembered the soiled clothes waiting for her in the little room on Mrs. Wilkins' third floor front; she was wearing her last fresh blouse—cleanliness was one of Tiny's strong points—perhaps she'd better go back and perform her usual Saturday afternoon duty; she loved to be fresh for the office, and after all—it wasn't such a bad place to live, though it was a grind—a continual grind that was beginning to tell on her—and again, she noticed with horror how the paper shook in her trembling hands.

At one-fifteen she was on the street again, the idea of applying for the position as housekeeper fresh in her mind. She was glad the rain had ceased, but the wind that had taken its place was quite as uncomfortable.

At the first corner she learned the current was off—nothing new about that—currentless days had become a sort of fact—and walking home had become a habit; she often wished, and never as much as now, that she could live nearer her work. That, however, was an impossibility on her present salary.

At the next crossing she found traffic blocked with standing cars. From idle curiosity she began looking at the various streets they represented, and a queer little feeling crept into her heart when she realized that heading them all was a great lumbering-looking car marked in plain, bold letters, Franklin Interurban, immediately suggesting to her that were she of the mind to go, this particular car would take her to Blossom Valley.

"I'm going to do it," Tiny declared to herself suddenly.

Tiny Thaxton was given to hasty decisions, and a moment later she was climbing on. Had the car not started almost instantly, it is a safe bet that she would have hopped off—but the car did start, and thus it happened that presently she found herself looking out of the window on wide, misty meadows seared and brown with last year's grasses. The naked trees that bordered either side of the way seemed to nod a friendly greeting to her as she passed along.

"The trip might prove less than nothing," she mused as she gave herself up to the beauty of nature, so far as a change of position was concerned, but already she felt better for a sight of the country—and in her heart she knew she'd be refreshed for the office by the pilgrimage.

Finally the conductor called out "Blossom Valley Lodge." The car came to a stop and Tiny got off.

"You don't happen to know where Blossom Valley Lodge is, do you?" she inquired of a man in an oil-cloth slicker and high, clumsy boots, whom she found in the little makeshift station. "First house to the right," he replied gruffly.

"Any relation to the owner?"

"No, but I have a reason for calling."

"You can't miss the way, but you may find the road sloppy."

Tiny waited for no further conversation, but immediately started down the broad, winding road, made sweet by the morning rain. Rounding a turn, suddenly she caught sight of a wonderful looking old house nestling far back from the road among a cluster of friendly oaks.

"Surely this heavenly paradise can't be the place I'm looking for!" she said as she stopped at the big gate.

But only for a moment did she feel uncertain about the matter, for lifting her eyes to the massive rock archway over her head, she saw plainly carved in the great stones half hidden in a mass of dead, tangled rose-vines, the words: "Blossom Valley Lodge."

Without a moment's hesitation she lifted the iron latch from its socket and passed inside. In a state of wonderment and joy she made her way briskly up the long, pebbly drive and timidly raised the old-fashioned brass knocker. She noticed while she waited that the knocker was sorely in need of polish, and her fingers instantly yearned for a wool rag.

Presently the door swung open, and a man—a big, broad-shouldered man, clad in khaki trousers and a brown wool shirt, stood before her. One glance convinced her he was a man of affairs and wholly in harmony with the place.

"I—I—came in answer to your advertisement," she stammered softly.

Instantly the man's hand was clutching her shoulder, and she felt herself bodily drawn into the room.

"Come up to the fire," John Brunnett said gruffly, eying her all the while suspiciously. "We'll talk things over."

As he helped her out of her coat he noticed how tiny and frail she looked, and a mad desire to cuddle her up in his arms took possession of him—he was startled at his own foolishness—he almost wished he had taken Judy's advice and advertised for a wife instead of a housekeeper. Finally remembering himself, he drew forth a chair and bade her be seated.

"Has anybody else applied for the position you have open, Mr. —?"

"Brunnett," John supplied in a voice wholly unknown to himself.

"Mr. Brunnett," Tiny repeated pleasantly—she had a wonderful way of saying Brunnett—it had never sounded so well in his ears before.

"No," the man answered, "not exactly; I've had several telephone communications, but you're

the first one that was brave enough to face this beastly weather."

"Perhaps I want the job worse than any one else."

John shot an inquisitive glance in the direction of the speaker, suddenly resolving to put her through a test.

"You—you're quite sure you're able to perform the necessary duties of a household?" he asked, forcing himself to speak with authority.

"Quite sure?"

"Can you cook?"

"I'll take a chance on proving that I can."

"Know anything about chickens and cows?"

Tiny looked the speaker square in the eye. "I didn't know you wanted a farm hand."

"Well, I'll be—be—" the man's voice trailed off into a mere whisper, but Tiny knew under his breath was hidden a very impolite "damn."

"Of course," he resumed politely, "I—I—really didn't mean feeding the chickens nor milking the cows," Brunnett said, a sudden fear gripping his heart less he lose sight of the applicant, "but I meant bringing in the eggs and churning and moulding the butter—if necessary."

Tiny smiled. "Oh, yes," she answered quickly. "I could do that—and—just suppose," she continued softly, "that I say I am quite capable of running a house successfully if left undisturbed, what would you consider my services worth?"

John Brunnett hesitated. He wasn't very well acquainted with the female sex at best and this brand of woman was an altogether new specimen to him.

"Speaking from personal experience," he said, forgetting his affected gruffness, "I'd say such an addition to my home would be invaluable, but as a start I'd agree to give you a room on the second floor,—his eyes lingered for a moment on the immaculate white blouse the girl was wearing—"with connecting-bath," he added slowly, one afternoon off every week, and Wednesday and Sunday evenings, and—and—oh, hell! I don't know anything about hiring folks, but if you'll put my house in order and run it you can set your own price."

Tiny choked down the laugh that arose in her throat.

"I'm leaving a sixty-dollar job," she said softly. "Then we'll make it seventy-five," the man interrupted, "and you can have the automobile on Wednesday afternoon."

Tiny could conceal her mirth no longer, and her merry laugh went resounding through the old room like the tinkle of a silver bell.

"I accept your terms, Mr. Brunnett," she said, sweetly, "and am ready to sign the contract to become effective Monday morning."

"My God! woman," the man exclaimed, remembering his resolve of gruffness, "have a heart—begin work right now—I'm famished, absolutely famished for food right this minute."

Tiny looked down at her thin, soaked shoes—his eyes followed hers—she knew her stockings were damp—so did he—but Tiny was human—she knew he was hungry.

"Suppose we compromise," she said pleasantly. "I'll fix your supper and then catch the train to the city, and if you like, I'll return at my earliest convenience Sunday morning."

Without further argument Brunnett drew forth the agreement, and after carefully reading it over she signed and handed it back to him.

"Now for the kitchen," she said pleasantly. "This way," the man answered as he passed from the big living-room into a dimly lighted hall.

"It's in an awful mess," he said apologetically as he ushered her in, "but servants are responsible; the last one left day before yesterday without cleaning up and—and—of course, I've been adding dirty dishes to it ever since."

"I would surmise as much," Tiny responded, critically surveying the stacks of dirty dishes and stove utensils that met her gaze at every turn. "But they can be cleaned," she went on as she investigated the well-stocked pantry and mentally made out a tempting menu that could be prepared quickly.

"I think I can manage now," she continued as she lighted the gas. "How many have you in family?"

"How many have I—in family?" the man repeated slowly.

"That's what I asked."

"Well—" she paused for a moment as though undecided what to say—"suppose I tell you I'm all that is left of the Brunnetts?"

"Then I would say you ought to be ashamed of yourself for letting the old name die."

For an instant the man felt inclined to laugh, but on second thought he decided differently.

"You'll find me more trouble than any whole household you ever served before," he replied sharply.

"I can imagine as much," Tiny answered gravely, "but—I—I thought I was hiring myself to a family."

"You are," Brunnett declared, "and I'm all of it, and there's no backing out—you've already signed the contract, and—and," he continued in a cross tone, "I'd have you know I'm hard to please. Why, I'm known for miles around," he went on hoarsely, "as the Beast of Blossom Valley, and nothing short of good service will satisfy me; you've signed the contract," he repeated, "now prove your ability as a good cook by preparing me something to eat."

Before Tiny could speak he had disappeared through the doorway and pulled the door to behind him.

For an instant she felt as though the four walls were closing in about her; never had she had such an adventure—never even in the stormiest sort of scenes in the office had anybody spoken so crossly to her—she felt like running away; fear for a moment gripped her heart when the thought of what her friends would say when they learned that she was housekeeper for an unmarried man—a man who called himself a beast, at that. It suddenly dawned upon her that she was taking considerable risks in accepting this new position. Perhaps, after all, she had better break the contract immediately and go back to the office; nobody would ever know that she had applied for such a place.

Swiftly she glanced around the room. A confusion of things greeted her—dirty pans of all sorts and sizes were stacked in the sink—Tiny's love of adventure combined with her inward knowledge of being perfectly able to take care of herself, pleaded for her to take a chance.

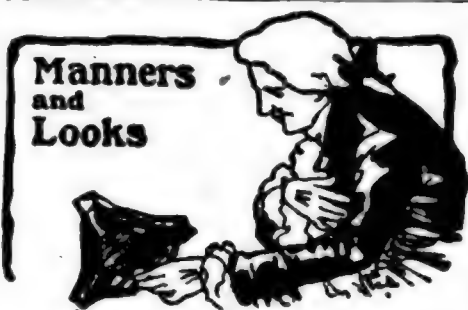
"Seems to me this man needs a housekeeper," she murmured softly, "as much as a business firm needs a stenographer—and Lord only knows how much I need a breath of fresh air!"

She lifted the soiled curtains and peeped out. Far to the west lay a chain of hills whose ragged borders were outlined in the golden glow of a winter sunset—the kind that only comes after the storm clouds of a dreary day have passed on.

That one glimpse of glory settled the question of staying on; in the woman's mind, turning back to the littered-up room, she began preparing a good supper, and in spite of the disorderly surroundings—in spite of the Beast whom she was to serve, she felt inclined to sing.

With the few remaining clean dishes she set the table in the dining-room and called the man who had branded himself a beast in her eyes, to supper.

TO BE CONCLUDED IN SEPTEMBER.



"Virtue itself offends when coupled with forbidding manners."—Bishop Middleton.

Through the columns of this department free information pertaining to Etiquette, Personal Appearance and kindred subjects will be given in answer to questions by our subscribers, but not more than two questions the same month by any one subscriber. Address Etiquette Editor, COMFORT, Augusta, Maine, and give your own full name and address. Name will not be published.

M. K., Honey Dew, W. Va.—If you wrote a falsehood to this boy which turned him against you, it is right that you should ask his pardon for your wrong action. Whether he will forgive you or not we cannot say. This will depend upon his present fondness for you, and upon the seriousness of the falsehood you told him. We hope you have had a lesson. "Nothing wears so well as the truth."

SKINNY V., Logan, O.—When a boy is introduced to you, it is sufficient for you to offer your hand with a bow, a smile and a "How do you do." (2) There are various kinds of public dances. Some are certainly of the kind no respectable and self-respecting girl should attend. We believe you should accept your father's judgment in the matter. There is but one way to judge such a dance: by those who attend it. You should know whether you think it best to choose your friends from those who frequent such dances or from those who stay away.

O. M. J., Holdenville, Okla.—As a girl of thirteen who can say cheerfully that she has had "several fellows," we can only reply that we believe it would be best that you had several fathers or mothers who would give you several spankings. And if this were done, there would be no more "shows" and "holding of hands."

B. T., Emory, Texas.—A seventeen-year-old girl who thinks someone can advise her more wisely than her parents is in an unfortunate situation. If your father and mother consider that you should not yet receive attention from young men, you should obey them implicitly. You must certainly know that they have your welfare at heart—and have more wisdom than your seventeen years can have given you.

E. J. G., Park City, Mont.—You may say to the girl: "May I have the pleasure of this dance?" or, "Won't you dance this with me, please?"

ROSEBUD, Tenn.—You do not give your age, so we cannot tell if it is your youth which enables you to love two charming young men at the same time. We are sure you will find this a difficult and unsatisfactory state of affairs, and we advise you to try and have your fickle heart make a wise choice by settling upon one of the two. Certainly "blue eyes, golden hair and classy clothes" sounds like the strongest of your two love combinations.

I. R., Benjamin, Texas.—In entering a church, the lady follows the usher down the aisle and the gentleman comes after.

S. B., Mt. Roselle, Ala.—A girl of fifteen is far too young to think seriously of being engaged. And when she follows such a course secretly, in opposition to her parents' wishes, she is acting most wrongfully. Her disobedience and deceit are preparing unhappiness for her in the future.

FARMER LAD, Bertrand, Neb.—The saying, "faint heart never won fair lady," has behind it the wisdom of centuries of experience. There is no reason why you should hesitate to offer attentions to this girl. Your letter does not show the lack of education concerning which you express fears. We are sure that if you can talk to this girl as sensibly and earnestly as you wrote to this department, you will find your conversation and attentions welcome—if the girl is of a sort capable of common sense and discrimination.

G. S., Harmon, La.—Do not worry about any set form of words to use when a young man is introduced to you. Offer your hand with a smile, a slight bow and a simple "How do you do." (2) While you are a few pounds above the average for your height, you could not be considered much overweight.

B. B., York, N. D.—We do not think that a girl of sixteen should attend dances with a young man of twenty-one. Wait a while for this—and also to become engaged. (2) Kisses are privileges of affection which you may grant only to your fiancé—when you are old enough to have one.

J. C., Deatsville, Ala.—It is so easy at sixteen to fall in love with boys and so hard to have any affection for schoolbooks—at least for some sort of girls, and not the wisest kind. We can only advise you to keep your eyes on your books for the next year or two—and then you will not have to complain of "love at first sight." At sixteen such love is apt to be near-sighted.

ANXIOUS, Blair, Okla.—We cannot attempt to advise you in your difficulty because we do not know what the reasons are which have caused your parents to ask you to give up this young man. They may be the best sort of objections which it would be wise for you to respect. If you wish to obey the wishes of your parents and forget your love affair, it would be well for you to plan a visit to some locality where you may not meet this young man daily and be tempted to the secret meetings which you say now take place. However, you are of age and have the right to judge carefully what you feel may affect your life-happiness.

C. O., Laurel Springs, N. C.—You are wise in knowing that at sixteen you should not worry about boys or about the fear of "dying an old maid." Although you are unable to attend school, there are many things which you may teach yourself at home through the reading of the right sort of books.

BROKEN-HEARTED GIL, Dexter, Ky.—If you wish to make a man want you for his wife, you must take pains to make yourself worth winning. Keep yourself simple and attractive in manner and dress; care for your skin and hair; keep your conversation free from criticism of others, and be gentle and tolerant in your daily relationships. And remember that every man would prefer that his wife should spell correctly—which means you must take some time for your books that you may now be spending on boys. (2) Yes; a girl may kiss her fiancé "good night" when leaving him.

R. N., Granbury, Texas.—As long as you are attending school, you should avoid anything more than relations of simple friendliness between yourself and this young man who is your teacher. We believe you are too apt to take pleasant courtesies of his for interest of a more serious nature. School is no place for love affairs but for something quite different.—You should know this, and if your teacher forgets it—he should be reminded of it by someone whose opinion he will heed.

MARJORIE, Billings, Okla.—A young girl should rise if being seated when introduced to an older woman. A girl or older woman need not rise when a man is presented unless she should so choose. In the case of an elderly man, or a guest of honor or some man particularly distinguished, a lady would not remain seated during the introduction.

One Cow Equals Five

A New Jersey boy was influenced to buy a high-grade cow for \$155. The cow on freshening gave 24 quarts of milk and kept it up for a long period. The father owned five cows, the average cows for the neighborhood. They were fresh in the spring. Their product did not equal the product of the cow owned by the son—five times the labor and five times the feed, in comparison with one good cow.—U. S. Dept. of Agriculture.

Comfort Sisters' Corner

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 22.)

ing others for by so doing we are doing a service for him and may our motto always be, "The Master's Service First."

Will you sit over and let me have a seat near Knot Head? You need not be afraid of me for I have no lecture for you but just want to pat you on the back. I think, as many others will think, that you spoke the truth. Now there are women all over this country of ours that his words do not hit but of the ones he does hit he is only voicing other men's opinions. If some girls and older women do not have so much "tall and brass" they would not go out on the street and in public places dressed (or undressed) in the fashion they do today. Do you know when I see some of them on the street it really makes me ashamed that I am a woman. I heard someone say the other day of a young man, "A decent girl won't go out with him." If I were a young man today and should call on a girl that, as Uncle Charlie says, "was painted like an Indian and wore only enough clothes to make a wristlet for a hummingbird," I would certainly tell her I would excuse her till she finished dressing. When they appear on the street the men would do the right thing if they would laugh and jeer at them. Some of you may think me too outspoken but I should like to hear this subject discussed by our brothers as well as the sisters and if others don't voice my opinion you won't hear from me again, but I shall always think I was right anyway.

When I see the pictures of so many dear babies I just feel that I would like to take them in my arms and have a rest with them. There is nothing in the world so sweet as a baby and why have people who prefer dogs to some little orphan child or one of their own, is more than I can understand. Christ said, "Suffer little children to come unto me and forbid them not for of such is the Kingdom of Heaven." HOOSIER BRUNETTE.

Hoosier Brunette.—Knot Head will need your friendly backing when he reads all the things the sisters have said to and at him for he has, in the language of the small boy of today, "sure got his."—Ed.

BOULDER, 1028 Pine St., COLO.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON: As a result of a fall I will be unable to write for some time and beg my COMFORT correspondents to excuse my seeming neglect in answering their cheerful and interesting letters. I hope to do so some time.

To those wishing to learn more about Colorado than told in my letter in June, 1919, COMFORT, please address Frederic J. Haskins, Denver Times, Free Information Bureau, Washington, D. C. He will answer all questions. Enclose stamp for reply.

Sincerely, MRS. E. H. STEED.

ALBERTVILLE, ALA.

DEAR COMFORT SISTERS: Perhaps you'll be interested in my school. I am teaching about four miles from the railroad station. I have 97 pupils enrolled and for a while had a daily average of 85. There are eight grades, and maybe you are wondering how I managed that many. If I hadn't correlated the work I never could have done it. The 4th and 5th grades recite together, as do the 6th and 7th, and the 2nd and 3rd. I would let the 3rd grade do part of the work and the 2nd and 4th part and so on. I have very little time to supervise study. Our arithmetic, language and drawing are graded and the latter used to help decorate the room for that month. Then it is taken down and we begin anew.

I live about three miles from the schoolhouse and drive a large red mule. I hear someone say, "Does the mule ever run away?" He does, but I don't mind. I have to cross two bridges and a big and it seems that I had something new every day. We have begun our study of birds and almost every day we have something to tell about the birds we see on our way to school. There are so many wonderful things among nature that it makes me glad I live among the rocks and hills. Some pleasant day I'll take my pupils and hie away to a bluff where we will gather all kinds of wild flowers for

"I know a place where the sun is like gold, And the cherry blossoms burst with the snow, And down underneath is the loveliest nook Where the four-leaf clovers grow."

"One leaf is for love and one is for hope, And one is for faith, you know, And God put another in for luck; If you look you'll find where they grow."

"But you must have faith and you must have hope, You must love and be strong, and so If you watch and wait you'll find the place Where the four-leaf clovers grow."

MRS. ADA KIRBY.

ODONTON, MD.

Hello Everybody: Any room for sore throated individuals? Honestly, Mrs. Wilkinson, I'm lonesome enough to bite holes in my pillow—but then, I always was destructive to furniture. Our COMFORT arrived this week and I have read the letters, oh, so many times! I do hope this gets in print because I want to hear from some of you people.

We're having an honest-to-goodness Maryland sand storm today, the kind that makes your arms and legs feel like a windmill in a tornado. I bet Pearl Vesey knows all about them.

Just a word or two to describe this "burg." Odonton starts with a hotel and ends with a grand flourish—at the post office. It's on the outskirts of the big Maryland cantonment, Camp Meade. It is situated with equal convenience to Washington, D. C., Baltimore and Annapolis.

Don't ask me what I look like? Well, I'm about five feet, eight inches tall, eighteen years old and—nuff said! Nuff said!

I'd like to say a lot of things before I take another pill—don't tell Mamma, but I hide some of them—but my conscience won't let me! Hope to hear from some of you in the near future. Any Camp Fire Girls over there in the Corner?

With love and best wishes to all,

Very sincerely, SYLVIA MARIE GARY.

Plenty of room for you, Sylvia mine, but not an inch of room for any sore throat germs. If you'll promise not to cough or sneeze or, or—breathe, you may come in. We'd all like to hear from more Camp Fire Girls.—Ed.

PENNSYLVANIA HILL.

I wish "E" of Jacksonville, Florida, would write me. I am placed in somewhat the same position but am not worrying about the man question. I believe but few of them are worth worrying about. Mind I said "few." I am a mother so you see I have something to love and something to live for and I would give up my happiness for my babies if need be. I have relatives near you and you might know them. I am not old nor yet young and not pretty or attractive so will not describe myself.

Say sisters, some one is rapping. Well, here comes Bachelor Bill, just as I had pictured him—a big, fat lawyer. I was going to write you a personal letter but was afraid you would think it was another proposal. I always thought Billy a very pretty name but you and Kaiser Bill have changed my mind. Now don't get excited, I'm not classing you with the Kaiser but you see you have the same name. Bill, I've just been reading Crumbs of COMFORT. Do you ever read them? In case you don't I'll repeat one for you: "Be simple, be unaffected, be honest in your speaking and acting and never use a long word where a short one will do. You see, when your letters appear I have to read them with a dictionary by my side to get the meaning. Please send the key along next time and save my time. Here is Crumb No. 2: 'The only time Heaven is deaf is when man's heart is dumb.' No. 3: 'High office is like a tall monument; only two kinds of creatures are apt to touch the summit, insects and eagles.' No. 4: 'If every man could read the hearts of his neighbors, more would wish to come down from a high position than rise to it.'"

Now Bill—as you seem to be soaring around in the air I'd like you to find out while you're up there if there is a woman in the moon as well as a man or is he like yourself, so selfish there isn't room for a mate, and does he really live on green cheese? Oh, you "trainer." Train us how to keep our husbands as kind and thoughtful and generous as they were in sweet-heart days; also cure them of "Alcoholic Blues." Don't come back with a lecture for me for breaking up an American home for it wasn't a fall-headed American home then but it is now, there's no more Germany

Why Women Are Gaining Prominence In the Business And Political Life of Today

They Are the Ones With Red Blood, Strength and Endurance While Others Who Let Their Blood Starve for Want of Iron Remain Weak Delicate and Run-Down—Physician Explains

HOW NUXATED IRON HELPS GIVE WOMEN RENEWED HEALTH, VIM AND VITALITY

By Enriching The Blood And Creating Thousands of New Red Blood Cells—It Often Increases The Strength In Two Weeks' Time

Not long ago the first woman member was elected to the House of Commons in England. We have our own woman member of Congress. Another woman has been made a judge. The other day a large Chicago firm opened an important branch in New York and sent a woman to take charge. A notable gathering of capitalists recently gave to a woman the entire management of a large business organization. Everywhere women are coming to the front. No longer is theirs a limited field. And for all this there is one reason. Women are looking after their health and the very fact of building greater physical power is acting as an aid to the development of increased mentality. It is the strong, healthy, steady nerved women with pure red blood—rich in iron—who are carving names for themselves in the business and political life of today. They are gaining prizes that would not have been dreamed of a quarter of a century ago when the quiet pursuits of womankind demanded far less strength, energy and endurance than now.

Yet there are still thousands of women who allow themselves to remain weak, nervous, and run-down simply because they do not know how to renew their failing strength. Unless such women find a way to get plenty of outdoor exercise and follow a different manner of living or take some other steps which will put more iron into their blood, they are bound to look pale, haggard and worn and show signs of age at a time when they should still be young in feeling and attractive in appearance. In such cases the administration of simple Nuxated Iron will often increase the strength and endurance of weak, nervous, run-down women in two weeks' time and make them look years younger.

Dr. Kenneth K. MacAlpine, a prominent New York Surgeon, member of the New York State Medical Society and for 16 years Adjunct Professor of the New York Post Graduate Medical School and Hospital, says: "You can tell the women whose blood is rich in strength-giving iron, they are the beautiful, healthy, rosy-cheeked ones, radiant with life, vim and energy—envied and sought after everywhere they go. Yet despite all that has been said and written by physicians about the alarming iron deficiency in the blood of the average American woman of today, there are still thousands who need something to increase

their red-blooded corpuscles and build up their strength and endurance and are either careless of their condition or do not know what to take. In my opinion there is nothing better than organic iron—Nuxated Iron—to help make healthy, full-blooded, beautiful women. By enriching the blood and increasing its oxygen-carrying power Nuxated Iron will often transform the flabby flesh, toneless tissues, and pallid cheeks of nervous run-down women into a glow of health and make them look years younger within a surprisingly short time."

If you are not strong or well you owe it to yourself to make the following test: See how long you can work or how far you can walk without becoming tired. Next take two five-grain tablets of ordinary Nuxated Iron three times per day after meals for two weeks. Then test your strength again and see how much you have gained.

Manufacturers' Note: Nuxated Iron, which is prescribed and recommended above by physicians, is not a secret remedy, but one which is well known to druggists everywhere. Unlike the older inorganic iron products, it is easily assimilated and does not injure the teeth, make them black, nor upset the stomach. The manufacturers guarantee successful and entirely satisfactory results to every purchaser or they will refund your money. It is dispensed by all good druggists.

for me. In the marriage vow it says you must obey your husbands so when mine ordered me to go I went. The divorce was his part of it and after King John Barleycorn left he repented, but it was too late. Happiness for me and my babies who are not "red-faced, bald-headed buds of humanity," but little beams of sunshine from Heaven. I don't walk the night floor either and form for them and habit. It's the parents who are wrong in cases like that, not the babies. Part of my business is caring for these "buds of humanity" and their mothers and I find in my travels that even a hard-hearted man is prone to be called Father. It makes him feel far better to his old self. I've just been in a home where there were six humanity buds and Rockefeller couldn't buy one of the six out of the heart of the father. Just think Bill what a sweet little bud you once were.

Here's wishing you all prosperity and happiness.

A MERRY WIDOW.

Merry Widow.—If misery loves company then ignorance does as well and it is comforting to know I'm not the only Ignoramus in the Sisters' Corner. When I read Bill's letters I say to myself, "Dear, dear, I wonder what that word means. I'll have to look it up."—Ed.

ROBINSDALE, R. R. 2, MINN.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND SISTERS: I have been a COMFORT reader ever since I was able to read as my mother had it in the old home for years. I wish it came once a week instead of once a month. I live in a small place, five miles from Minneapolis. We have over three acres of land, consisting of twelve lots, which my husband and I keep up ourselves. In the winter and spring months he works till planting time. We keep over two hundred chickens. We have ten apple trees, two cherry and two plum trees and have put one lot in strawberries as I think it will pay. Last year one man made \$45.00 every week while berries lasted, on a patch no larger than 10x14 feet.

Train service is not as convenient as it might be; nevertheless a person can get into Minneapolis by ten in the forenoon and have a good day's shopping done by the time the train leaves at four-twenty. Minnesota is noted for its beautiful lakes. All last summer we drove our Overland car to every lake near home. The Minneapolis Falls, mentioned by Longfellow in Hiawatha, are beautiful. Steps are so built that the visitors are enabled to go down to the bottom for a better view. Lake Calhoun and Lake of the Isles are very pretty while Lake Como is the most picturesque.

I am five feet, six inches tall and never weighed more than 113 pounds. Have dark brown hair, brown eyes and a fair complexion. Two years ago I lost my foot at the ankle so am wearing an artificial foot but do all my housework, washing, ironing and care for my two children as well as tend to my garden. My children are seven and five years of age. Marie goes to the district school out here and likes it very much. Edna Jane stays home with me. It will be lonesome for me when she goes to school.

If there is any sister who knows the song, "A Convict's Christmas Night," I wish she would send the words to me. I should like the music, too. The chorus begins, "He sees a long fire's cheerful glow."

If it isn't asking too much, will someone send me samples of crocheting for pillow slips and children's underclothes? I will return favor any way I can.

MRS. LAWRENCE DE NEILL.

OKOLONA, MISS.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND COMFORT READERS: I love dear old COMFORT and always read it from cover to cover and I think even the small "crumbs" are fine.

How many of our COMFORT readers have to move this year? We are getting ready for the awful task. I say "we" for I've the dearest baby girl and a mighty good husband, Clem. Baby's name is Annie May and she was one year old the third day of May. I don't live far from home folks and can see them often. My mother and father-in-law died before I was married. I have the best of neighbors and they have been very good to me.

We live six miles from the little town of Okolona, not far from a good high school and there is also a good church near.

Lovingly, MRS. W. C. WILLIAMS.

HOWARD, N. Y.

DEAR COMFORT SISTERS:

Here on the paths of every day—Here on the common human way Is all the stuff the gods would take To build a Heaven to mould and make New Edens. Ours the stuff sublime To build Eternity in time!

I think Mrs. Ray Drain must have read that. How hard she has worked! But I think she enjoys the fruits of her labors.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 28.)

ROUGH ON RATS

Rough on Rats

Eliminates rats and mice from houses, barns, outbuildings, etc. Economical and sure.

Better than cats and traps. Mix it with any bait that rats and mice eat. Andrug and general use. Write for Booklet—"Eradicating Rats and Mice."

E. S. WELLS, Chemist
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Missing Relatives and Friends

For the convenience of its subscribers, COMFORT responds to the "Missing Relatives and Friends" column.

To the readers of COMFORT is extended the privilege of inserting three-line notices in this column if they will secure only one new yearly subscription to COMFORT at 50c. If you wish to find a missing relative or friend you can insert a three-line notice containing not over 22 words in this column by securing only one new subscription at 50c. If a longer notice is required send one 50c subscription for each additional seven words.

Mrs. Katie Garner, Springfield, R. R. 1, Box 40, Miss., would like information of her uncle, George W. Harris, last heard from in Texas. Mr. Harris was a Baptist missionary. Any news of him will be greatly appreciated by Mrs. Garner and her mother, Fannie Harris Boyd.

Mrs. Mattie Hopper, daughter of Matilda Susan (Beckham) Lynn and Andrew Lynn, would like to hear from her father's and mother's relatives. Mr. and Mrs. Lynn are both deceased and Mrs. Hopper is very anxious to learn something of the whereabouts of their people.

I. Souley, South Bend, 308 E. Indiana Ave., Ind., would like information of brother, Carson Bickel, age 25, who left home in Indiana five years ago. Last heard of in Camp Lewis, Washington, October, 1918.

Mrs. H. F. Decker, Dunwoody, R. R. 1, Box 83, Ga., will appreciate the address of Mrs. Jessie Thomas, last heard of in Richmond, Va.

Mrs. Annie Lee Wright, Moreland, Ga., wants to hear from Mrs. Connie Williams, wife of M. L. Dingler, last heard of at Hightower, Ala.

Miss C. E. Westmoreland, of Louis, S. C., would like information of her mother, Mrs. Kate Westmoreland, last heard of in Raleigh, N. C.

Will any ex-service man who served in Co. E. 58th Infantry, A. F. F., who knew Sergt. Ross C. Davis, killed in action in France, kindly write to his mother, Mrs. Clara Davis Harrison, R. R. 1, Mich.

Mrs. H. B. Johnson, Warsaw, Ill., would like to hear from relatives of Lizette Stewart of the Juvenile Orphans' Home in New York City in 1865.

Eder and Alice Logee would like information of relatives. Parents died in Kansas about 1885. Kindly write any information to Mrs. E. M. Logee, San Pedro, 784 W. 18th St., Calif.

Will any COMFORT reader knowing the whereabouts of A. Alfred Wheeler, born in Hastings, Sussex Co., England, kindly write his sister, Mrs. Alice Jenks, Lubec, Maine.

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Worsted Serge Pants

Actual \$7.50 Value

WE PREPAY EXPRESS Less than half price! Perfect fit and tailoring; satisfaction guaranteed or Money Back. Send at once for sample. You need these blanks to insure perfect fit. Remember, only \$3.50 for pants, express prepaid. We make all clothes to your individual measurements.

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FREE Beautiful, interesting BROOK about the money-making proposition. Greatest collection ever of woolen samples, 152 latest, most exclusive style fashioning, etc., in Theda Bara, Annette Kellerman, etc., in unexpurgated scenes and daring poses, beautiful colors. Some pictures, Men! Postal brings everything FREE. Write today—Sure.

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is to the ears what glasses are to the eyes. Invisible, comfortable, weightless and harmless. Anyone can adjust it. Over one hundred thousand sold. Write for booklet and testimonials.

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Send 10 cents coin or stamps for 70-page book on Stammering and Stuttering, "Its Cause and Cure." It tells how I cured myself after stammering for 30 years.

Benjamin M. Bogus, 1619, Rome Building, Indianapolis

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Agents wanted to sell glasses. Send for catalog.

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CARDS, D. M. SMYTHE Co., Newark, Mo.

130 New Transfer Patterns FREE

All The Latest Stylish Designs For Milady's Dress, Lingerie And Accessories, Children's Garments, Household Linen And Fancy Work, Also Hoops, Stiletto, Embroidery Cotton And Instruction Book.

COMFORT needworkers will welcome this splendid new transfer outfit consisting of five large sheets of patterns, five skeins embroidery cotton, different colors: hoops, bone stiletto and book on embroidery stitches. This grand pattern assortment, which easily surpasses anything we ever offered before, includes more than one hundred thirty new stylish motifs for all kinds of wearing apparel, table linen, towels, handkerchiefs and many beautiful articles of fancy work for home decoration. They may be used singly and in innumerable combinations. There are designs for corset covers, petticoats, collars, borders and sprays for dresses, lingerie, etc., borders for braids, towels, etc., anchors, repeat scallops in five different sizes, two sizes of fancy scallops, fleur-de-lis, French knots, child's dress, Dutch figures, scarf end for Bulgarian work, rose design for pillow corners for table covers, centerpieces, lunch cloths, handkerchiefs, etc., etc., 17-inch butterfly centerpiece, dollies, one complete 1/2-inch Old English alphabet, one complete 1/2-inch initial block alphabet, one complete 1/2-inch initial script alphabet, and various other designs—over one hundred thirty in all.

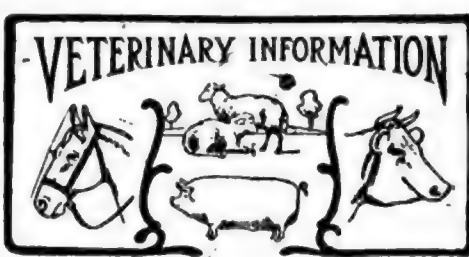
The patterns may be instantly transferred to any material by simply rubbing with bowl of a spoon or by pressing with a hot iron. They can be used at least six times with satisfactory results.

Remember—in addition to all these patterns, we also include free of charge five skeins good embroidery cotton in different colors, hoops, bone stiletto and a book illustrating and describing all the principal embroidery stitches, making embroidery so simple that a child can do it.

We will make you a present of this big transfer outfit if you will accept the following:

Special Offer. For a club of two one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 50 cents each, we will send you this complete transfer outfit, exactly as described, free by mail postpaid. Premium No. 9378.

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.



VETERINARY INFORMATION

Subscribers are invited to write to this department asking for any information desired relative to the treatment of animal troubles. Questions will be answered in these columns free by an eminent veterinarian. Describe the trouble fully, sign full name and give your address; direct all correspondence to the Veterinary Department, COMFORT, Augusta, Maine. No attention will be given any inquiry which lacks the sender's full name and address, but we will print only initials if so requested.

Treating Sore Teats

WHEN a cow comes up from pasture with one of her teats badly torn do not at once apply axle grease, or other ointment. Put her in a stallion, then get some hot water from the house and in it put all the boric acid it will dissolve. Now cleanse the teat and cut away every particle of ragged skin or tissue and remove all foreign bodies. Next immerse the teat for five minutes in the hot boric acid solution and afterward dry gently. When this has been done, paint the wound with tincture of iodine, dust it with boric acid, apply this layer of absorbent cotton and keep that in place with strips of surgeons' tape. Twice daily, for three or four days it will then be necessary to draw the milk from that quarter by means of a milking tube. To prevent infecting the teat, boil the tube for twenty minutes each time before use. If the wound is quite large, better bandage the teat spirally with surgeons' tape, over the cotton. The teat tube then will have to be used a few times and then milking may be done gently by hand with the tape in place. Remove the tape in a week, then apply benzoated oxide of zinc ointment, if healing is not complete. Taking stitches in the teat sometimes is necessary. When it has been carefully done, iodoform should be dusted on the wound and iodoform-collodion applied as a varnish. Badly treated wounds of this sort often end in a troublesome fake opening or fistula of the milk duct and that necessitates an operation.

When a teat is seen to be sore, immerse it night and morning for five minutes or so in the hot boric acid solution; then dry gently and apply a mixture of equal quantities of carbolyzed vaseline and benzoated oxide of zinc ointment in which has been thoroughly mixed a dram of subnitrate of bismuth. In obstinate cases, prefer strong iodine ointment applied twice daily. Other very useful applications are: One part tannic acid to seven parts glycerine, or one part balsam of Peru and three parts alcohol.

SELF-SUCKING COW.—I have a young cow that suckles herself. She has had the habit one year. What is the cause and what can I do to prevent it?

Miss B. B.
A.—Put an old horse collar on the cow and she will probably be unable to suck herself. If this does not suffice, attach sharpened pickets to the collar so that they will prod the skin when the cow turns her head around. The cause simply is calf-appetite for milk which has not been forgotten.

ECZEMA.—I have a rabbit and about a week ago her ears became filled with scabs and, at the bottom of the ear it is very hard. The hair commenced to come off where she laid her ears on her back and the flesh became scabby. What is the trouble and what can I do?

J. F.
A.—This probably is eczema, but parasitic mange is a possibility. Cleanse the parts perfectly and then rub in sulphur ointment at intervals of three days.

LEAKING OF MILK.—I have a cow seven years old. Her milk flows freely before milking time. Please tell me the cause and give me a remedy, if any.

Mrs. J. M. S.
A.—Milk three times daily. If that does not suffice, immerse the teats in strong alum solution night and morning, and if that does not avail, apply melted wax or paraffin to the tips of the teats. Flexible collodion is applied in the worst cases. Stop its use when the tips of the teats become irritated.

TUMORS.—I have two hogs in fine condition that have large lumps on their back. It doesn't seem to hurt them when pressed on. Please tell me what is the matter and give remedy.

Mrs. E. B.
A.—The lumps may be fatty or fibroid tumors but we cannot determine that without making an examination. An operation scarcely would be profitable and the hogs should be slaughtered for meat, when in fit condition. If it is possible, have a trained veterinarian present at killing time to decide if there is any serious disease present which would unfit the meat for use.

OBSTRUCTED TEAT.—I have a good Jersey cow that has recently had a second calf. One of her front teats is larger than the rest and seems to be full of wind, the milk running into it very slowly. She flinches a little when first starting to milk. I can only milk a few spoonfuls at first and then it is dry. I do that several times before I finish milking her.

Mrs. D. C.
A.—We should advise you to "dry off" the milk secretion in that quarter as a growth high up in the teat no doubt has caused the condition described. The only treatment for that would be to have the growth removed by cutting through the walls of the teat when the cow is dry. Such an operation is formidable and only to be attempted by a trained veterinarian. We scarcely think it would pay you to have it done. When the growth is at the tip of the teat, its surgical removal is a comparatively simple matter.

TUMORS; SORE TEATS.—I have a horse that jerks or thumps when he gets too warm from plowing. What would be good for him? (2) I have a cow that has a sore as large as a twenty-five cent piece on the end of each teat. I think they have been frozen. Please give remedy.

N. M. D.
A.—Clip the coat if it is long and rough. Do not work the horse in the hot part of the day. Put a white sheet on his body and shade his head if he has to work in the sun. Do not feed any bulky roughage at noon. Allow a little cool drinking water often when he is at work and do not work him just after a meal. (2) Twice daily for five minutes immerse the sore teats in hot water containing all the boric acid it will dissolve. Then wipe dry and apply a mixture of equal quantities of carbolyzed vaseline and benzoated oxide of zinc ointment, adding one dram of subnitrate of bismuth to the ounce. If that does not suffice, apply strong iodine ointment twice daily.

NERVOUSNESS.—I have a sow, one year old, which farrowed five weeks ago. She was all right before but shakes as though she were frozen. Her appetite appears to be all right. Please tell me the cause and what to do.

Mrs. L. F. T.
A.—We suspect that the sow is afflicted with chorea (St. Vitus'), which might be brought on by farrowing. It is incurable, but she may improve if you wean the pigs and let her graze green crops and also allow milk and access to middlings, shelled corn and tankage from a self-feeder.

TUBERCULOSIS.—I have a cow seven years old. She seems to rattle in her lungs and her eyes are bad. When she coughs, there is a discharge from her nose. When she drinks, she puts her mouth to the water, she sips up a little and then lets it run down her mouth. What is wrong and what is best to do? E. R.

A.—We assume that a cow is affected in the way described and if so we should consider it a plain case of tuberculosis which is incurable and contagious and renders the milk dangerous for persons or animals. If you think the animal worth the expense you might have a veterinarian apply the tuberculin test to determine the matter. We cannot prescribe treatment that would help.

INDIGESTION.—I have a heavy work horse nine years old that I bought last spring. He was worked hard all winter, and was well fed. He is thin and will eat all you give him and beg for more. I think his kid-

neys are weak as he urinates often and rests on one hip when standing.

C. F. R.
A.—Have his teeth put in order by a veterinarian and clip the coat if it is long and coarse. Then feed whole or crushed oats and one-ninth part of wheat bran by weight, allowing one pound of the mixture for each hundred pounds of body weight as a day's ration in three feeds. Allow a similar amount of hay, but only feed a pound or so of it at noon if the horse has to work hard and do not work him immediately after a meal. Allow free access to rock salt. If urination then occurs too often, mix in the feed twice daily 30 grains of iodide of potash for five consecutive days a week.

QUIDDING OF HORSE.—I have a horse eleven years old that chews his hay but doesn't swallow it. He doesn't care for oats but likes corn. He is always biting himself on his right side. He very seldom lies down.

W. A. P.
A.—The horse is afflicted with chronic indigestion, and the cause is inability properly to masticate feed. That also accounts for the "quidding" of hay. A diseased, split or long molar tooth is the probable cause, or all of the molars (grinders) may be needing attention. Have a veterinarian put the teeth in order and all of the symptoms described should soon disappear.

BONE SPAVIN.—I have a mare, eight years old, that weighs about 1,000 pounds. She has a hard lump on the inside of her right hind leg on the lower part of hock joint, about the size of an English walnut. After standing and when she first starts, she is lame, or if she is made to turn around quickly. Can you tell me what it is and give a remedy?

C. L. S.
A.—You have described a bone spavin and the sort of lameness is usually caused. It would be best to have the spavin and entire hock joint fired and blistered by a trained veterinarian and then tie the mare up short for a six weeks' rest. This should not, however, be done in very hot weather. If you cannot have the case treated by an expert, some good possibly may be done by clipping the hair from the hock and spavin, tying the mare up short and applying a blister two or three times at intervals of three or four weeks until lameness subsides.

BLOOD IN MILK.—I have two cows which bleed from their hind teats when milked. Both are in a healthy condition. What causes it and what will prevent it?

Mrs. J. B.
A.—Growths in the teats probably become irritated and bleed at milking time. The only remedy is to have the growths removed by operation. If that cannot be done, the affected cow should be allowed to nurse calves, or the milk secretion should be dried off and the cow fitted for slaughter.

Comfort Sisters' Corner

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 27.)

Milly, I wish we lived near each other and that I could help you. Don't you think you can keep your promise to God and still have friends? Just be a friend and see if you don't have lots of them; forget yourself just once and laugh and talk. You are mistaken when you say no one wants your friendship. You wonder how you appear and wishing to leave a good impression you are self-conscious. Why do you not tell your sister that she does not use you right. Maybe she does not realize she is hurting your feelings. Let her know you like a good time and go to entertainments as often as you like. I wish you lots of happiness.

B. of Goshen, California. I don't agree with you. Some women cannot and others should not have children. Do you think a woman who nearly gives her life to bring a child into the world and suffers for months after should bring four children into the world? Do you think a person should have more children than she can care for and keep clean and give an education? I want my children to be neat, happy and educated, and I know I cannot attend to any more than I have now. I want them to learn to work but I don't want them to leave school at the age of twelve and go to work as I had to do when I was that age. I have been through the mill and life for a young girl alone is hard. I have often wondered how I kept pure and good; there are so many stumbling blocks placed in a girl's path, not by boys of their own age but by men who are old enough to know better.

Love to all. JUST A WHITE ROSE.

RIVER EDGE, N. J.
DEAR COMFORT FRIENDS:
I didn't think that my letter in a recent issue of COMFORT would bring such a response from all over the country. So far I have received over 250 letters which interested me greatly, but I am grieved to say that it will be utterly impossible to answer all. However, I will try my best to reach some of you, but will ask of you who do not receive an answer from me to accept my best thanks. Since writing my last letter I was married, which leaves very little time to spare. Again thanking all, and with the best wishes, I remain,
MARION BAUER TABOR.

CLARE SUMMIT, PA.
DEAR SISTER WILKINSON:
There are many problems discussed in the Sisters' Corner and I wish you would bring up the subject of woman's overalls. Personally I am in favor of them. I don't know what I would do without them. The freedom from skirts hanging around one is a blessing, whether in the garden or in the house. A most farm woman has chosen to do they will find it fine to have on a garment where perfect freedom of movement is possible. They button at the ankle and on the hips, bib front with straps in the back. Mine are medium blue in color. They are cheaper than house dresses and look much neater. You will see many women in dresses that have a few inches of the petticoats hanging below the dress. Just put the kitchen mirror on the floor and see your feet as others see them. Our store calls these garments "farmerettes." I've been told that Chicago mail-order houses have them with the hungalow apron top.

Best wishes. Mrs. J. B. KINGMAN, R. R. 3, KANS.

DEAR READERS AND BABIES:
Being the mother of a family, I am going to make a plea for the babies. I hope I know what I am talking about. So many babies are bottle fed nowadays though when I was a baby it wasn't common. Some of mine were raised that way. And let me say right here that I haven't anything to sell or give away. We raised two children on cow's milk and different baby feeds and just when we'd think we had found something that agreed with it, baby would be taken sick. Now I think after raising one that way and seeing several others, that goat's milk comes the nearest to breast milk of anything. At birth my baby weighed only three and one half pounds. We had tried to get

a goat for our boy but could not find one, but a short time before baby was born we succeeded in getting one and I gave the milk to baby and it agreed with her. At fifteen months she weighed sixteen pounds and everyone says she is the picture of health. She has rosy cheeks and has never been sick. I mixed one half boiled water with the milk. Be careful not to overfeed. Evaporated goat's milk can be used but that, of course, takes more water. Our youngest boy drinks the milk and he is only two and one half pounds heavier than baby.

One has to arrange to have two goats so as to have a year's supply of milk. I have had Angora goats, but the native goats could be used though they do not give as much milk as the milk breeds. I also use the milk for cooking. We have several goats now and one pure bred buck. We use the milk and raise the kids on cow's milk. Goats do not easily take the diseases of cattle and are never tubercular. Even if one buys a native goat, with clean feed and plenty of it, they give more milk than one would expect for their body weight. I strongly urge clean feed for goats; unless starved to it, they won't eat dirty feed and the care of a goat reacts on the baby. The meat of goats is good for food. Don't let and false ideas about them keep you from using their milk for your baby. If anyone wishes more information I shall be glad to answer all I can if those writing enclose a stamp.

Thanks for the good listeners, and good by until we meet next time.

Mrs. D. GILCHRIST, LURAY, VA.

DEAR Mrs. WILKINSON:
I am sending you this little poem hoping you will print it in COMFORT. It may help brighten some weary sister's days or shed a little sunshine into some darkened life. How true it is, but how often we neglect it, if we would only give someone in distress a cheery smile or comforting word. It would work wonders. How careless we are in that respect, when it would gladden their hearts and ours too.

God bless you Mrs. Wilkinson for the good you are doing and the universal love you have brought about among the many readers of COMFORT and may you continue for a long long time yet.

Sincerely yours, **MISS SADIE E. W. PRENTZ.**

Sing' by the Way

"Sing in the morning's glory,
Sing in the noontide heat,
Sing in the shaded gloaming,
When day and darkness meet!
Sing when the heart is saddest;
Sing in its glad delight;
Sing, for the Lord has promised
Songs in the darkest night!"

"Sing when the soul is burdened
With thoughts of coming pain;
Some other heart in sorrow
May catch the sweet refrain!
Sing as the days pass onward,
'Till life becomes divine;
And then the angel chorus
Will be your song and mine!"

UNITED STATES.

DEAR Mrs. WILKINSON AND SISTERS:
I enjoy your letters so much and you give such good advice that I am going to you with my troubles. When my little two-year-old girl wants anything she cries as loud as she can. We explain why she cannot have it and she cries all the louder. We have whipped her, ignored her, tried to attract her attention elsewhere but it doesn't do any good. If we are away from home and my husband leaves us she wants to stay in my lap all the time and as I have an eight-months-old baby it makes it rather hard for me. If any one comes and he goes out of the house she acts the same way—and he says I'm selfish because I want him to stay and help me with them. I never go anywhere without one of them.

My mother is totally blind and very weak. She lives with her children as father is dead. My husband wants me to go West with him to live. Should I go or stay close to mother and help care for her? He says we will be able to do more for her if we go there but I

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 33.)

Stamped Doilies

Handsome Design—Easy To Work

FOUR 7-inch Doilies stamped on fine linen finished cotton cloth. The design is unusually attractive, yet simple and easy to work. The flowers and leaves should be done in solid embroidery; the remainder of the design in eyelets, and the scalloped borders in buttonhole stitch. We will make any woman a present of these four handsome Doilies upon the terms of the following:

GIVEN TO YOU.

For one one-year subscription (not your own) to COMFORT at 50 cents we will send you these four Doilies free by parcel post prepaid. Premium No. 9371.

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

PISO'S

for Coughs & Colds

SIX ROOM HOUSE

I WILL BUY THE LOT FREE

This means just what it says, I don't want your money. This is a true offer and I positively mean what I say. I give the house FREE, and if you don't own a lot, I will arrange for the lot for you. This is your chance to free yourself from the landlord's clutches. Rush me your name and address quick for a big picture and full description and plans of the home. You risk nothing.

PAY ME NOTHING

Remember, I do not want any of your money. The house is FREE.

Address C. E. MOORE, Pres., Home Builders Club, Dept. 600, Batavia, Ill.

FREE

A 46-PIECE FULL SIZE HANDSOME DINNER SET

NO MONEY NEEDED. WE PAY FREIGHT.

SELL ONLY 11 BOXES OF SOAP, each box containing 7 cakes fine Toilet Soap and with every box, give as premiums to each purchaser all of the following articles, a Pound of Baking Powder, Bottle Perfume, Box Talcum Powder, 8 Teaspoons, Pair of Shears and Package of Needles and this artistically decorated Dinner Set is Yours. Many other equally attractive offers and hundreds of useful premiums (Cash Commission for your time).

Special Extra Present of a High Grade Granite 10 qt. Dish Pan, 3 qt. Sauce Pan and 3 qt. Pudding Pan FREE of all cost or work of any kind, if you write at once. You advance no money. We trust you. You have nothing to risk. Write today for our Big FREE Agents Outfit. Don't delay.

THE PERRY G. MASON CO. Est. 1897, 695 W. Pearl St. CINCINNATI, O.

Oval Tray Cloth
Stamped On Fine Material

THIS handsome new design will please our women readers. It is 10x16 inches in size and comes stamped on fine linen-finished cotton cloth, all ready for embroidering. It may be worked in light shades if desired, but looks more attractive when done all in white. The basket may be worked in solid embroidery or satin stitch, while the customary buttonhole stitch is used for the scalloped border. We will give you this attractive Tray Cloth if you will accept the following offer:

Given To You! For one one-year subscription (not your own) to COMFORT at 50 cents we will send you this Tray Cloth free by parcel post prepaid. Premium No. 8351. Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

A Handsome Tray Cloth



20 x 26

Inches

Premium No. 8492

For Two

Subscriptions

We call the above one of the handsomest designs in a tray-cloth we have yet seen to say nothing of its large size, which is 20 x 26 inches and yet in spite of its size it does not require an unusual amount of work to finish it. The stitches themselves are simple as they may be worked either in solid or eyelet embroidery with button-hole edge. It looks the neatest when worked all in white, although one or more colors may be used if desired. This extra large, attractive tray-cloth comes stamped on pure white "Butcher cloth" which in reality is very fine linen finished cotton—a material which has the appearance of pure linen and will if anything give longer service. We will make you a present of this tray-cloth upon the terms of the following special

Club Offer. For two one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 50 cents each, we will send you this handsome Tray Cloth free by parcel post prepaid. Premium No. 8492. Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Complete Crochet Outfit Given

Cordonnet Silko Crochet Cotton

Three Protected Crochet Needles

Cordonnet Silko Tatting Cotton

THIS offer is for the woman and girl who loves her crocheting and insists upon having the best of everything to work with. In this outfit we give you any desired quantity of Dexter Cordonnet "Silko" for crocheting and tatting cotton, and three of the highest grade crochet needles. There is no better crochet and tatting cotton than Dexter "Silko"—a fact already known to thousands of our women readers. It is made of the best Sea Island cotton with a twist that makes it lie flat, is highly mercerized and actually improves with washing. It is smooth to the fingers and will not kink. With Dexter "Silko," crocheting is more easily done—and the finished pieces are far more beautiful and useful than if made with cheaper grade cotton. Dexter "Silko" for crocheting comes in all the popular colors—white, ecru, pink, rose pink, light blue, deep blue, king blue, sapphire and sea green, and in sizes 3, 10, 30, 50 and 70. The tatting cotton comes in the same colors and of the size always used for this work.

The three steel crochet needles are the finest made, 5 inches long, nickel plated, perfectly formed and balanced, with flattened finger held, and a nickel cap that slips on over the end, protecting it when not in use. This cap also prevents the sharp point from doing any damage when carried in the pocket, handbag or work basket. We give you three different sizes of needles—8, 10 and 12.

We believe that our crochet workers will appreciate the offer, as it means a considerable saving to be able to secure such an outfit as this without expense. We will send you this complete outfit, also additional quantities of the crochet and tatting cotton free upon the terms of the following special offers.

Offer No. 8563. For three one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 50 cents each, we will send you the three crochet needles, one ball of Dexter "Silko" for crocheting cotton and three balls of Dexter "Silko" tatting cotton free by parcel post prepaid. Please be sure to give color and size wanted. Premium No. 8563.

Offer No. 8251. We will furnish you with extra large, extra balls of the ecru cotton at the rate of two balls for one one-year subscription (not your own) to COMFORT at 50 cents, sent by parcel post prepaid. Please be sure to mention color and size wanted. Premium No. 8251.

Offer No. 8261. We will furnish you with extra large, extra balls of the ecru cotton at the rate of two balls for one one-year subscription (not your own) at 50 cents, sent by parcel post prepaid. Please be sure to mention color and size wanted. Premium No. 8261.

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.



Through the columns of this department subscribers may have free advice from our eminent legal adviser on all questions of law except divorce matters.

Address Home Lawyer, COMFORT, Augusta, Maine. Sign your true name and give your address. Name will not be published.

B. W., Oklahoma.—Upon your statements, we are of the opinion that the man who gave your husband the note you mention can be compelled to pay same in the proper action brought to enforce the payment of the same, provided he has property sufficient, not exempt by law from levy under execution.

M. R., Kentucky.—We think your rights, under the insurance policy on your husband's life, would depend upon the terms of the policy and the manner in which the same was issued. We think you should have the same examined by some competent expert.

L. E. F., California.—If, as you state, the man who died in Ohio left his wife only a life estate in his property, we do not think she could legally dispose of, by will or otherwise, any greater interest in the property than she herself received. We think it would have been necessary for her to have held more than a life estate in the property in order to have legally disposed of the same by will. We think an executor of an estate can be compelled to account after a reasonable time has been allowed, for the administration of an estate.

L. J. M., Arkansas.—We think that the children of first cousins are second cousins to each other. We do not think that marriages between second cousins are prohibited in your state.

A. B. C., Montana.—Under the laws of your state, we are of the opinion that the consent of the parents is necessary, in most instances, to the adoption of their children by some other person. We think a merchant has a legal right to charge interest upon his accounts after same have remained unpaid a period of time, provided he notifies his customers of his intention to do so.

E. H. D., Indiana.—Under the laws of your state, we are of the opinion that it is possible to acquire good title to real estate through a tax sale, and we think you should have an examination made of the title you mention in order to determine whether you have good title to the property you mention. We do not think the owner of a dower right in this property could convey good title to the fee of this property.

Mrs. J. O., Iowa.—Under the laws of your state, we are of the opinion that the parents of an adult daughter are under no obligations to support her and her children, and they can legally refuse to provide a home for her if they so desire; we think she is, however, entitled to such property in the home as belongs to her individually.

Mrs. W. T. R., Arkansas.—Under the laws of your state, we are of the opinion that upon the death of a married man, leaving no will and leaving a surviving widow and children, his widow would receive homestead rights for life in the homestead, unless she is the owner of a homestead in her own right, and dower of a one-third interest for life in his other real estate, and one-third of his personal property absolutely.

Mrs. L. D., South Carolina.—We think you should make your complaint against the mail carrier you mention to the Post-Office Department at Washington, D. C.

J. M. G., Oklahoma.—Under the laws of your state, we are of the opinion that the consent of the parents or guardian is necessary for the marriage of females under 18 years of age.

S. D., Tennessee.—Under the laws of your state, we are of the opinion that upon the death of an unmarried woman, leaving no will, and leaving no descendant or parent, her estate would be divided among her brothers and sisters in equal shares, the children of any deceased brother or sister taking their parent's share; we do not think the husband of a sister who predeceased the decedent would have any interest in her estate, except that he might in turn inherit from the estate of one of his children who had received a share of the aunt's estate.

R. W., Illinois.—Under the laws of Missouri, we are of the opinion that a married man cannot, by will, bar his widow from dower in his real estate, unless some provision in place of dower, in such will, is accepted by the widow.

Mrs. J. H. H., Ohio.—Under the laws of your state, we are of the opinion that the statute of limitations runs against any promise for the payment of money, in writing, within fifteen years, and against actions based upon a contract or agreement to pay, net in writing, within six years; that a judgment is a lien upon real estate for five years after the issuing of the last execution to enforce its payment, but may be revived and another execution issued thereon, but action to revive dormant judgment must be brought within twenty-one years after it becomes dormant. We do not think a judgment can be enforced against any greater interest in real estate than the judgment debtor had in such real estate and if the judgment debtor had but a life estate in the real estate the judgment would not be a lien upon the property after the death of such judgment debtor.

Mrs. W. H. C., Texas.—Under the laws of your state, we are of the opinion that, in cases where the parents are separated, the courts have power to ward the custody of the children to either of the parents, taking into consideration the best interest and welfare of such children.

W. F. W., Kansas.—Under the laws of your state, we are of the opinion that your employer, after making an agreement with you as to your rate of wages, cannot substantiate a claim at some later time that he had reduced the amount of your pay without speaking to you about it and getting your consent.

Mrs. H. B. S., West Virginia.—Under the laws of your state, we are of the opinion that upon the death of a married man, leaving no will, and leaving a surviving widow and children, his widow would be entitled to receive dower of a one-third interest for life in his real estate, and one-third of the surplus of the personal property, after payment of debts and expenses, absolutely, and we do not think the husband can, by will, bar his widow from this share in his estate; we think the property presented by the husband to his wife becomes her property and subject to her rights therein; we do not think he can later dispose of the property presented his wife, without her consent.

Mrs. B. B. G., Nebraska.—Upon your statements we are of the opinion that the woman you mention should have prosecuted the doctor you mention for his misconduct at the time he was guilty of the offense you mention.

A. T., Illinois.—Under the laws of Kansas, we are of the opinion that upon the death of a married man, leaving no will, and leaving a surviving widow and one child as his only heirs at law and next of kin, his whole estate would go in equal shares to such wife and child; his brothers and sisters would not be heirs at law and next of kin in case he left a widow and child as such widow and child are nearer relatives.

Mrs. C. E. R., Michigan.—We are of the opinion that a testator must possess testamentary capacity and be of sound mind in order to make a valid will, and that a will executed by a person lacking these essentials would, upon the establishment of such facts by the proper evidence, be set aside, and that his estate would then be distributed under the terms of any former last will and testament he might have unrevoked in case same was not subject to the same objection, or if he left no valid will his estate would be disposed of as provided by the intestacy laws of his state.

Mrs. W. Georgia.—Under the laws of your state, we are of the opinion that upon the death of a husband, without a will and without a surviving child or descendant, the widow is sole heir to his estate.

Mother Love Is Supreme

By Isabel Gordon Curtis

Copyright, 1920, by W. H. Gannett, Pub., Inc.

Test—The world, regardless of race, or color, or condition, admires a real thing. Mere superficiality has never brought true success and never will.

—Booker T. Washington.

A WORLD-FAMOUS singer appeared one night in a Kansas town before a house crowded to the door with people who had paid from two to five dollars to hear her warble eight or nine songs. Few of the men or women in her audience had seen her before but her very name was a magnet and they gave up their money eagerly. A hush fell upon the audience when the prima donna came upon the stage. She was everything her pictures had promised; statuesque, beautiful as some flawless picture and gowned as Kansas had never dreamed of gowning. When she sang, each note was as divinely beautiful as her face. The applause was long and loud, still her audience went home cold, unmoved, also somewhat perplexed as to whether they had received their money's worth. Every musical critic in town conceded next morning that such a voice had never been heard in Kansas before, yet folks who had listened to the celebrity went about with a cold chill hanging over them for twenty-four hours which quinine and whisky did not touch.

A few weeks later came Schumann-Helneck. Playgoers in town looked thoughtfully at their two and five-dollar bills but few of them stayed at home for in that prairie town music is a passion. When the trifling numbers which usher in a star's appearance were finished, a hush fell upon the house. From the wings came five small toddlers, children of leading citizens in town, almost hidden behind armfuls of roses. At the other side of the stage the prima donna made her appearance, beaming as only Schumann-Helneck can in sheer happiness over being alive, prosperous and possessing a voice to which the world listens with breathless delight. She started nobly to make the graceful obeisance demanded of a prima donna, then she caught sight of the children. She paused for a moment, dropped her fan on the piano, and ran across the stage to where they stood huddled together, too frightened to make their offering of flowers. She lifted the blossoms from their arms, laid them on the floor, then knelt to put her arms about the children, hugging and kissing each one with big hearty smacks which could be heard in the gallery. She seemed loath to let them go, and with tears glistening in her eyes, watched them sidle, hurriedly through the wings. The audience understood, nearly everyone in the house had heard of the little Helnecks, although no one was certain whether there were nine or twenty-nine of them. Mother love shone in every dimple of the wholesome German face and warmed her heart so that Schumann-Helneck sang as if she had been inspired, not only the regulation group on her program but twenty-one songs which swept the gamut of human emotion from "Samson and Delilah" to "Kathleen Mavourneen." Between each number she was greeted by such storms of applause as had never before shaken the old opera house. As people thronged from the lobby, even forewarned enemies beamed at each other.

"What was it?" asked a woman of her husband while they walked home in the moonlight, "that made us all feel as we did tonight? The other prima donna was far more beautiful than the German woman and her voice was as wonderful."

"Yes," acquiesced the man, "only Schumann-Helneck taught us a lesson tonight which every woman ought to lay to heart. She is absolutely natural, and the human being who dares be that gets a clinch on hearts no matter where she stands, beside our fireplace or on the other side of the footlights."

Poems Requested

The following poems have been requested by readers of COMFORT and sent for publication.

The Convict Ship

By Thomas Kibble Hervey

Morn on the water! and, purple and bright,
Burns on the billows the flaming of light;
O'er the glad waves like a child of the sun,
See, the tall vessel goes gallantly on;
Full to the breeze she unobscures her sail,
And her pennon streams onward, like hope in a gale;
The winds come round her, in murmur and song,
And the surges rejoice as they bear her along;

See! she looks up to the golden-edged clouds,
And the sailor sings gaily aloft in the shrouds,
Onward she glides, amid ripple and spray,
O'er the waters, and far away!
Bright as the visions of youth, ere they part,
Passing away, like a dream of the heart!
Who, as the beautiful pageant sweeps by,
Music around her, and sunshine on high,
Pauses to think, amid glitter and glow,
Oh! there be hearts that are breaking below!

Night on the waves! and the moon is on high,
Hung like a gem on the brow of the sky,
Treading its depths in the power of her might,
And turning the clouds, as they pass her, to light.
Look to the waters asleep on their breast;
Seems not the ship like an island of rest?
Bright and alone on the shadowy main,
Like a heart-cherished home on some desolate plain.

Who, as she smiles in the silvery light,
Spreading her wings on the bosom of night,
Alone on the deep, as the moon in the sky,
A phantom of beauty, could dream, with a sigh,
That so lovely a thing is the mansion of sin,
And that souls that are smitten lie bursting within?

Who, as she watches her silently gliding,
Remembers that wave after wave is dividing
Bosoms that sorrow and guilt could not sever,
Hearts which are parted and broken forever?
Or dreams that he watches—afloat on the wave,
The death-bed of hope, or the young spirit's grave?

Solve Puzzle—Win Auto!

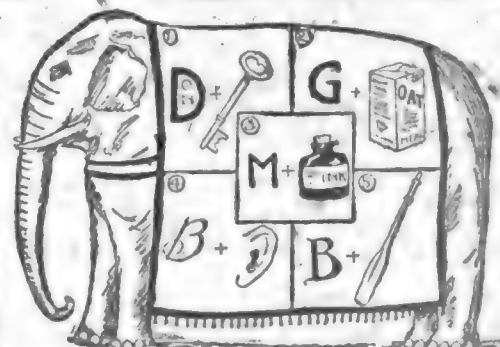
Your Answer Can Win Free Overland or \$1000

This puzzle represents the names of five well known animals. Number five shows the letter "M" and an "O" representing Bear. If you can solve all five animal names shown in the puzzle you can win a brand new Overland Touring Car or \$1000 in cash FREE.

Only 150 "Points" Will Win Overland or \$1000.

You will receive 20 "Points" for each animal name that you solve correctly, or 100 "Points" if you solve all five animal names. You can gain 25 more "Points" by "Qualifying" your answer, that is by proving that you have shown a copy of our paper THE WEEKLY RURAL AMERICAN to only five people. Samples free as soon as we receive your puzzle answer. The final 25 "Points" are to be awarded by three independent judges on neatness, handwriting, style and spelling of your answer. The answer gaining 150 "Points" which is the maximum will win the Overland or \$1000.00, the second highest will win \$200.00 photograph, etc. There will be 25 prizes in all.

PUZZLE EDITOR, Weekly Rural American, 162 News Bldg., Minneapolis, Minn.



You Can Win—No Cost—No Obligation
You will not be asked to subscribe to The Weekly Rural American nor spend one penny of your money in order to win. We have given away over 100 automobiles and many photographs, watches, diamond rings, etc. Be the next lucky auto winner. Write your solution on one side of paper, name and address in upper right hand corner. Write nothing else on the sheet. You can win, but you must send in your answer at once.

Genuine Aspirin

Name "Bayer" means genuine
Say "Bayer"—Insist!



Say "Bayer" when buying Aspirin. Then you are sure of getting true "Bayer Tablets of Aspirin"—genuine Aspirin proved safe by millions and prescribed by physicians for over twenty years. Accept only an unbroken "Bayer package" which contains proper directions to relieve Headache, Toothache, Earache, Neuralgia, Rheumatism, Colds and Pain. Handy tin boxes of 12 tablets cost few cents. Druggists also sell larger "Bayer packages." Aspirin is trade mark of Bayer Manufacture Monoaceticacidester of Salicylicacid.

'Tis thus with our life, while it passes along,
Like a vessel at sea, amidst sunshine and song;
Gaily we glide, in the gaze of the world,
With streamers aloft, and with canvas unfurled,
All gladness and glory to wandering eyes,
Yet, chartered by sorrow, and freighted with sighs.

Fading and false is the aspect it wears,
The smiles we put on, just to cover our tears,
And the withering thoughts which the world cannot know,
Like heartbroken exiles, lie burning below;
While the vessel drives on to that desolate shore
Where the dreams of our childhood are vanished and o'er.

Sent in by C. A. M., Nebraska.

The Gypsy Trail

The white moth to the closing vine,
The bee to the op'ning clover,
And the gypsy blood to the gypsy blood,
Ever the wide world over;
Ever the wild world over, less,
Ever the trail held true,
Over the world and under the world,
And back at last to you.

Out of the luck of the gypsy camp,
Out of the grin and the gray,
Morning waits at the end of the world,
Gypsy, come away!
Back to the road again, again,
Out of a clean sea track,
Follow the cross of the gypsy trail,
Over the world and back!

Follow the Romany patteran,
West to the sinking sun,
Till the junkies lift,
Through the homeless drift,
And the east and the west are one,
Follow the Romany patteran,
East where the silence broods,
By a purple wave on an opal beach

In the hush of the Mabim woods,
The wild hawk to the wind-swept sky,
The deer to the wholesome wood,
And the heart of a man to the heart of a maid,
As it was in the days of old,
Light of my tent be fleet,
Morning waits at the end of the world
And the world is all at our feet.

Once in a While

Once in a while the sun shines out,
And the arching skies are a perfect blue;
Once in a while, mid clouds of doubt,
Hope's brightest stars come peeping through.
Our paths lead down by the meadows fair,
Where the sweetest blossoms nod and smile,
And we lay aside our cross of care,
Once in a while.

Once in a while within our own
We clasp the hand of a steadfast friend;
Once in a while we hear a tone
Of love, with the heart's own voice to blend;
And the dearest of all our dreams come true,
And on life's way is a golden mile,
Each thirsting flower is kissed with dew,
Once in a while.

Once in a while in the desert sand
We find a spot of the fairest green;
Once in a while from where we stand
The hills of Paradise are seen;
And a perfect joy in our hearts we hold,
A joy that the world cannot defile;
We trade earth's dross for the purest gold,
Once in a while.

—Nelson Waterman.



New Crochet And Sweater Books

HUNDREDS of new, lovely designs for the latest patterns in edges, beadings, insertions and laces, crocheted and knitted sweaters, all with complete directions and the finished work. Each book is 8 by 11 inches in size, printed on the finest paper, handsomely and durably bound. Following is a brief description of what each book contains:

Book No. 20 shows sixty-two beautiful edges and wide, for every conceivable use, also some handsome crocheted tumbler doilies and medallions. All are illustrated by large photographs, with full directions.

Book No. 21 contains fifty-seven pretty designs in edges and insertions, entirely different from those shown in Book No. 20, all fully illustrated, with full directions. Many of the illustrations show towel, handkerchief and napkin corners complete and there is also a complete alphabet, and an all-crochet plate doily that is simply lovely.

Book No. 22 presents fifty-two new designs in filet crochet, illustrated, with directions. In this book you will find handsome edges, corners and insertions that you never saw before, alphabets, finished towels, luncheon cloths and napkins, sheets and pillow-cases, dining-room sets, tidies, curtain edges and corners.

Book No. 23 contains seventeen alphabets in various styles and sizes for cross stitch and filet crochet, also wreaths, corners and medallions where the letters are used. Illustrations are all full-page size and very easy to follow.

Book No. 24 contains fifteen artistic yokes shown in large photographic illustrations, with complete instructions. Filet patterns, small medallion schemes, and in braid for round, square, pointed, corset-covers, camisole, night-gown and children's yokes.

Book No. 25 tells how to make knitted and crocheted ripple sweaters and jackets with and without sleeves. Thirteen different styles to choose from and every one a beauty. The stitches are shown in full-page photographs, with full instructions, while the finished articles are also shown by photographs on living models.

Book No. 26 shows thirteen lovely new yokes in filet and fancy crochet with complete instructions and photographic illustrations for one-half actual size. The patterns consist of clover, medallions, filet, knot-stitch, pin-wheel, poinsettia, scalloped filet, and there is also shown one of the new shapes in a filet collar.

Book No. 27 illustrates and tells how to make twelve elaborate medallion arrangements in camisoles and yokes. A feature of this book is the two-page photograph of a beautiful Brasserie or dress trimming. The motifs for yokes include a pretty squared daisy, snowflake, round knot-stitch, pin-wheel, leaf and cross, pineapple, poinsettia, star flower, sunflower, square knot-stitch and round daisy.

Book No. 28 shows how to make filet sweaters, illustrating fourteen handsome designs on living models. These are to be crocheted in dainty light colors for summer wear. Every motif is also pictured by diagram, thus making it very easy to follow the printed instructions.

Book No. 29 contains photographic illustrations and descriptions of tatted yokes and camisoles—fifteen lovely arrangements of medallions in different handsome patterns of pointed, rounded and camisole styles. The illustrations are over half actual size and the directions are full and complete.

Book No. 30 shows seventy-two patterns in edges and corners and insertions. Edges are in all widths from one half to two inches—and include such novelty designs as "Kiddie's Jumping Rope" and "Little Maids in a Row." Many lovely designs in corners are shown in Torchon, square medallions, knot-stitch and lace stitch. All are illustrated with half-size photographs with full directions.

Book No. 31 is a book of "spiders," showing this antique design in all its many variations in yokes, corners, edges and insertions. In all, there are twenty-eight different photographic illustrations with directions—six different spider yokes; sixteen different spiders and six ways of turning the corner with a spider.

Book No. 32 contains fourteen filet crochet sweaters, in light and heavy threads, every style shown by photographs on a living model, both front and back views. Every stitch is also plainly shown by photograph and the different motifs are pictured on diagrams with complete directions. Pond lily, wild rose, iris, spray and poinsettia are among the designs shown for long or short, sleeve or sleeveless, belted or unbelted and open front models in cream pink, light pink, blue, light blue, cherry, red, dark green and lavender. The handsomest sweater book ever published.

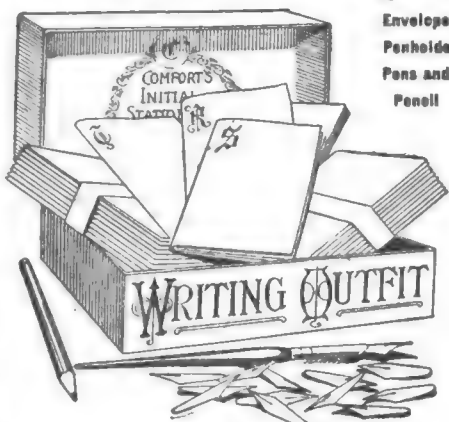
Free Offer No. 8594. For one one-year subscription (not your own) to COMFORT at 50 cents we will send you any three of the above books free and postpaid. Please be sure to give the number of each book wanted.

Free Offer No. 9702. For two one-year subscriptions at 50 cents each we will send you any seven books free and postpaid. Please give number of each book wanted.

Free Offer No. 8963. For three one-year subscriptions at 50 cents each we will send you all thirteen books free and postpaid.

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Box Of Initial Stationery



Envelopes,
Penholder,
Pens and
Pencil

Latest Style Monogram

IT is now the height of fashion and evidence of the very best taste to use stationery with your own monogram initial or "crest" on it. In this offer we give you two dozen sheets white linen stationery 10½x6½ inches in size, each sheet beautifully embossed in colors with any monogram initial you desire, two dozen envelopes, one dozen best quality steel pens, one good grade pencil and one penholder. Just think how nice it will be when writing to your friends to have your own letter crest monogram initial embossed in colors on this high-grade fine quality stationery. Remember you get one full quire of choice paper and twenty-four envelopes besides all the other articles in this complete writer's outfit. Don't hesitate to send for this premium today because you will surely be delighted with it.

Given To You! For two one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 50 cents each we will send you a box of this Initial Stationery and Complete Writing Outfit free by parcel post, prepaid. When ordering be sure to specify what monogram initial you want. Premium No. 9482.

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Stylish Bead Necklace



Jade,
Coral,
Amber,
Blue and Red
For
a
Club
Of Two

THE great popularity of these new style necklaces leads us to make this offer to our readers. In fact, there seems to be a veritable CRAZE for these beautiful, large, odd-shaped beads, which come in different colors to match the costume, and of generous length, so that they hang well down the front of the dress. They are not strung on string or wire but are fastened together with tiny, glittering, silver-colored rings, which form a pleasing contrast with the rich, subdued colors of the beads themselves. Some of these necklaces—which, by the way, retail as high as \$5.00—are enormous in size, others are quite small; we picked out a medium size, thinking it would please the greater number of our readers. It is 30 inches long, two of the beads are larger than the rest, as shown in the illustration, while at the very end and serving as a pendant, there hangs a large, handsome, oblong-shaped bead an inch and a quarter long. The smaller beads in this necklace are each five eighths of an inch long and there are forty-two beads in all.

We will send you one of these handsome and stylish necklaces—your choice of red, blue, amber, coral and jade—upon the terms of the following offer.

Given To You! For two one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 50 cents each we will send you this Necklace free by parcel post, prepaid. Please be sure to mention color wanted. Premium No. 9232.

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Whose Little Girl Wants

Look At ME? I Am The Cutest, Sweetest Baby Doll in Toyland and You Can Have Me FREE!

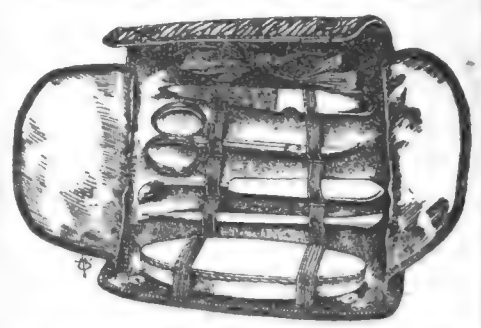


and assume all sorts of natural positions. Her beautiful brown hair hangs in luxuriant curls, her eyes are blue as the sky, she has on a pretty trimmed dress with sash, and taken altogether she is certainly the cutest and sweetest baby doll in all toyland. Fathers and Mothers—just look at this beautiful doll as she sits smiling with arms outstretched waiting for someone to pick her up, hug her, kiss her and take her out to play. Don't you think your little girl would just love to have her for her own? We will send her to you free, packed in a strong box so she cannot possibly get broken. If you will accept the terms of the following special.

Club Offer. For a club of three one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 50 cents each we will send you this handsome Doll, exactly as described free by Parcel Post prepaid. Premium No. 8973.

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

5-Piece Manicure Set In A Roll-Up Leather Case



Given For A Club Of Four

A PRACTICAL and beautiful set, containing everything necessary for the proper care of the nails. It consists of a 4-inch flexible polished steel nail file, a pair of 3¼-inch polished steel curved nail scissors, a 4¼-inch cuticle knife with ivory white handle, a 4-inch ivory white nail stick, and a 3¼-inch nail polisher or buffer with ivory white top. All these articles are neatly contained in a moire-lined, genuine black leather case, measuring 5½ inches wide and 6 inches from end to end when opened. The case rolls up as shown in illustration, and fastens with two snap clasps. In this form it resembles a miniature pocketbook, and is just as convenient to carry, as it measures only 5½x2 inches and only 1 inch in thickness.

Although we offer this manicure set for an unusually small club, please understand that each and every piece is strictly high-grade, and regulation size. We know that every woman and girl who accepts this offer and earns one of these splendid manicure sets will be more than delighted with it. It is free on the terms of the following

Club Offer. For four one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 50 cents each, we will send you this splendid five-piece manicure set in a roll-up leather case free by parcel post prepaid. Premium No. 8014.

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

GO FISHING



This Fishing Outfit complete, containing the following:
1 Fancy Bamboo Fishing Rod, 1 All Brass Click Reel, 2 Doz. Split Shot Sinkers, 5 Fishing Lines Assorted, 2 Trout and Bass Flies, 5 Snelled Hooks, 2 Doz. Assorted Fish Hooks, 1 Trolling Spoon Bait, 3 Trout and Bass Leaders, 1 Float or "Bobber," 1 Adjustable Sinker, 3 Swivels.

Everything in this outfit is of high quality, but each of the three dozen different articles are separately and collectively just what any man or boy wants to have handy for real fishing sport. Some part or all of this outfit will be required for any Lake, River, Sea, Stream, Brook or Pond Fishing, and it will be a delight to catch the different kinds of fish with this marvelous outfit.

CLUB OFFER. For a club of only six one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 50 cents each, we will send this 35-piece Fishing Outfit, packed in a nice box, by Parcel Post absolutely Free. Premium No. 7668.

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Camera Given

A SPLENDID Camera, either for yourself or to give as a present to someone. It is the pocket "Premo," made by the Eastman Kodak Company, and it takes beautiful pictures 1¼x1½ inches in size. Fitted with Meniscus lens and automatic shutter which allows you to take either snap-shots or time exposures. Uses the regulation roll film cartridge containing six exposures and this film may be put in the camera in broad daylight. Anybody can take good pictures with this camera. It is so simple to operate that even a child can use it.

CLUB OFFER. We will send you this Premo Camera with one six-exposure roll film cartridge and instruction book free and prepaid for four one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 50 cents each. Premium No. 7944.

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

We Give You The Bag-Top



—You Make The Bag!

THESE pretty home-made bags are all the go now. Their great popularity is due to the fact that as each woman makes her own bag it is sure to be distinctive—a little different from other women's bags. It is very easy to make and inexpensive.

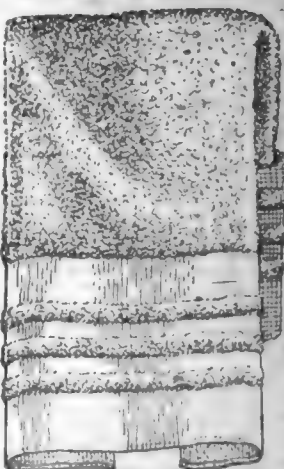
You probably have the material on hand right now—odds and ends of silk, velvet or moire, whatever you decide to use. The tassel on the bottom is not necessary but you can easily afford to buy one as they cost only a few cents. Or you can make it yourself.

The bag-top offered you here is seven inches wide, made of handsome oxidized metal with a very deeply embossed floral design. It is the "gate-top" style—that is, each side opens out in the middle so that it really has four sides as shown in the illustration. It is also perforated along the edge with small holes to take the stitches necessary for attaching the bag. The chain is fourteen inches long.

Our Free Offer. For two one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 50 cents each we will send you this handsome Bag-Top free by parcel post, prepaid. Premium No. 8692.

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Two Turkish Towels



Good Size
Soft And
Fleecy

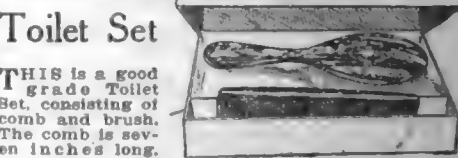
AFTER bathing there is nothing quite as fine as a good rub down with a Turkish towel. In fact it is the best towel for all purposes, whether for the bathroom, guestroom or everyday family use. They absorb the water much more readily than other towels and the soft fleece-like surface imparts to the body a delightful feeling of warmth and well-being. They are also fine for baby's toilet as they will not hurt the tender skin.

The towels offered here are 15 inches wide and 32 inches long which is a good convenient size for all-round family use, and are of good weight, well made and finished. We will make you a present of two of these towels upon the terms of the following offer.

Given To You! For three one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 50 cents each we will send you one pair (2) of these fine Turkish Towels free by parcel post, prepaid. Premium No. 8503.

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

2-Piece Toilet Set



THIS is a good grade Toilet Set, consisting of comb and brush. The comb is seven inches long, with coarse and fine teeth, and comes in the new popular "Malachite" green finish. The brush is nine inches long, two and a half inches wide, with firm white bristles, and is finished in the same beautiful "Malachite" green, with a silverine shield on the back. We have given away thousands of these sets and it never fails to please.

Given To You! For three one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 50 cents each we will send you this Comb and Brush Set free and prepaid. Premium No. 8483.

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.



Beautiful Silk Remnants

REMNANTS of real silk, in all shapes, sizes and colors. They are carefully trimmed and just what you need for making up quilts, tidies, pillow tops and all kinds of "crazy patchwork." We will send you a package containing more than one hundred of these beautiful silk pieces and 5 skeins embroidery cotton in different bright colors, also an instruction book with eight full-page illustrations showing how to ornament seams of crazy patchwork and other work where fancy stitches are used, also how to work the Outline and Kensington Stitch, Arrasene and Chenille Embroidery, ribbon work, plush or tufted stitch, also directions for Kensington painting. All this is yours free upon the terms of the following special offer.

Given To You! For one one-year subscription (not your own) to COMFORT at 50 cents we will send you one package of these Silk Remnants free by parcel post, prepaid. Premium No. 5561.

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.



Genuine Gold Filled APRIL AUGUST JANUARY

Gold Birthstone Rings

THE most popular ladies' rings worn today are these beautiful birthstone rings. Not only is it considered lucky to wear one of them but they are now and always will be exceedingly stylish. We are able to illustrate only three of the rings but there are twelve in all—different stones for each month of the year, and of course you should wear the stone that is symbolical of the month you were born. The following is a list of the twelve rings, names of the stones and the month to which they apply:

No. 8411, January, Garnet. No. 8421, February, Amethyst. No. 8431, March, Bloodstone. No. 8441, April, Diamond. No. 8451, May, Emerald. No. 8461, June, Agate. No. 8471, July, Ruby. No. 8481, August, Sardonyx. No. 8491, September, Sapphire. No. 8501, October, Opal. No. 8511, November, Topaz. No. 8521, December, Turquoise.

Each ring is guaranteed genuine gold filled, which looks exactly like solid gold and will wear for years. In fact we absolutely guarantee each ring for at least five years. The rings themselves are perfectly plain, the stones are solitaires and perfect imitations of the real gems. The setting of each ring is the ever popular "Tiffany" style. As a Christmas, Birthday or all-the-year-round gift for wife, mother, sweetheart or sister, nothing could be more appropriate and acceptable than one of these beautiful guaranteed rings set with the birthstone of the person to whom it is given. We will send you one of these rings free upon the terms of the following offer.

Given To You! For one one-year subscription (not your own) to COMFORT at 50 cents we will send you one of these beautiful gold-filled Rings by parcel post, prepaid. Please be sure to give size and number of ring wanted.

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Make This Pretty LINGERIE SET

We Will Give You The Transfer Patterns

WITH the aid of our new transfer patterns any woman may easily make this attractive set, consisting of night robe, corset cover and bodice cap. You can use your own choice of material: we would recommend satin, silk, lawn or wash silk. The handsome designs, which are so well shown in our illustration, may be worked in either all white, or light shades of blue or pink, or in both white and colors, as desired. The embroidery for all three pieces may consist of French knots, satin stitch or eyelets: we would suggest French knots as being the most effective. The scalloped edges are of course worked in buttonhole stitch.

Our Special Offer. For only one year subscription (not your own) to COMFORT at 50 cents, we will send you the three transfer patterns for this handsome Lingerie Set free by mail postpaid. Premium No. 8331. Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.



Both Stamped On Good Material
THEY are stamped on the best linen-finished cotton cloth all ready for embroidery. The simple yet elegant designs may be easily worked, using solid embroidery, French knots or eyelets for the basket, solid embroidery or satin stitch for the sprays and flowers and buttonhole stitch for the scalloped borders. Remember, we give you BOTH Center-piece and Doily in this offer.

Given To You! For one year subscription (not your own) to COMFORT at 50 cents, we will send you this 18-inch Centerpiece and 12-inch Doily free by parcel post prepaid. Premium No. 8361. Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.



Alarm Clock

Premium No. 7555

FOR A CLUB OF FIVE

HERE is an Alarm Clock that you can depend upon—a clock that will keep good time all the time and having a patent shut-off alarm which will never fail to ring when you want it to ring. It is not a cheap imported clock but is made right here in this country by the Western Clock Co., of Illinois, the same company which manufactures the famous "Big Ben" which is advertised and sold throughout the entire civilized world. This clock stands over 18 inches high, full nickel plated, and has a 4-inch dial with large Arabic numerals. It will run twenty-four hours on one winding. The movement is the best American made, including frictionless pivots, self-centered wheels and hard steel pallet escapement. It is a clock which we can heartily recommend, in fact, we would not offer it as a premium if we were not positive that it will give the best of satisfaction. You can have one of these guaranteed Alarm Clocks, and it will not cost you one cent, by accepting the following special

Club Offer. For a club of only five one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 50 cents each, we will send you this Alarm Clock exactly as described, free by parcel post, prepaid. Premium No. 7555. Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Gate Top Mesh Purse

THIS is the new "Gate Top" mesh purse with a ten-inch wrist chain, handsome, stylish, and perfectly safe for the carrying of money and other valuables. A slight pull with the forefinger of each hand instantly opens the purse, a gentle pressure with thumb and finger closes it. Our illustration shows the purse closed. When open the top is as large as the bottom, or in other words, two inches in diameter. When closed it leaves an opening only three-fourths of an inch wide over which the brightly polished German silver cover snaps down tightly so that the contents of the purse cannot possibly become lost. This dainty purse is now extremely fashionable so we have purchased a quantity for the benefit of those of our lady and girl readers who like to be up-to-date in these little accessories. You can have one of them free by taking advantage of the following

Club Offer. For three subscriptions to COMFORT at 50 cents each, we will send you this handsome and stylish Gate Top mesh purse free by Parcel Post prepaid. Premium No. 7833. Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.



Comfort's Information Bureau

Under this heading all questions on subjects not related to the special departments elsewhere in the paper will be answered, as far as may be. COMFORT readers are advised to read carefully the advertisements in this paper, as they will often find in them what they seek through their questions addressed to this Bureau. They will thus save time, labor and postage.

No attention will be given any inquiry which lacks the sender's full name and address, but we will print only initials if so requested.

L. F. Franklinton, La.—Mississippi contains but 39,933 acres of vacant public land. W. F. Cummins is Register of the one U. S. Land Office in the state, which is at Jackson.

Mrs. E. B. Spring Hill, Tenn.—Write to the Department of Agriculture, Washington, D. C., and ask for the bulletin the department publishes on the subject of cold pack canning.

H. J. Clovis, N. M.—The matter of being a "movie star" is not so easy as you think. Even to act a minor part in a film drama requires a certain amount of dramatic training and talent. There is also the need of having features which will "register" well. All large moving picture studios are constantly using "extras" in productions requiring scenes containing crowds, mobs, etc. A beginner might secure employment as one of these supernumeraries and in this way find out how well he or she was suited to the game. A North Dakota reader of COMFORT, who wrote to the Fox Film Company, received the following reply: "There is always a great crowd waiting at our employment window and I could not give you any encouragement now. But if you have some money, it is best for you to go to some studio and stay there. Then perhaps while the director is picking his cast, and you happen to be his type, you may get in as an extra. If you happen to prove satisfactory in your first appearance they may engage you again. But chances are poor." (2) As has often been said, the only way to have friends is to be one. This means to throw aside self-love and self-will and strive to aid others. If you will do this you will soon have friends in abundance.

H. W. Alderson, W. Va.—The inscription on your violin is meant to convey the belief that the instrument was made in Cremona, Italy, in the year 1634. We wish it might be true that you were the owner of a genuine Amati violin, but we feel very sure that your instrument is but one of the falsely branded "old violins," concerning which we have so often written in this department in answer to COMFORT readers who believe they possess instruments which are the work of the old master violin builders.

Arthur Stahl, Woodstock Valley, Conn.—We do not believe that any man or individual is in the market for live skunks. There are, however, so-called "skunk farms" where these famous and most undomestic animals are bred for the sake of their pelts.

Mrs. J. S. Congo, Ark.—The physics laboratory of any modern high school should be able to pass upon the variety and value of the piece of mineral you have found.

S. M. Peabody, Kan.—All manuscripts submitted for editorial examination should be typed double spaced on paper, preferably of usual typewriter size. The author's name and address should appear at the head of the manuscript which should be sent flat and not rolled. Sufficient postage must be enclosed to cover the return trip which is most likely to occur. There is no ruling which would prevent your submitting the work of your pen—in the form above stated—to any of the editors of the hundreds of periodicals with which you are probably familiar or can find in the reading rooms of any library.

Mrs. G. C. B. Lucy, New Mex.—Read answer to S. H. Peabody, Kan., which appears in this column.

S. H. Erie, Pa.—Turpentine is a natural resinous product of the pine tree, although it passes through a refining process before reaching the consumer. It has a distinct place in medical practice and is of value in colds and diseases of the respiratory tract. (2) Why some plants are poisonous and others are not is one of Nature's mysteries, of which there are many. Side by side may grow in your garden the red beet, the yellow turnip and the white parsnip, all differing in color and flavor, and in the same manner the poison oak and deadly nightshade may grow nearby the healing witch hazel.

A READER OF COMFORT, Callao, Mo.—New Mexico has 14,033,148 acres of surveyed public lands awaiting settlement. There are six U. S. land offices in the state. The largest of these would be at Santa Fe, where F. Delgado is Register. Arizona's unappropriated lands contain 7,142,586 acres. John L. Ervin is Register of the U. S. land office at Phoenix—the only one maintained in the state. Colorado has an open offering of 4,251,287 acres, and the state has no less than ten U. S. land offices. The most important of these would be at Denver, where Mrs. M. Dargin is Register, and Leadville, where the office is in charge of E. J. Hoeftnagels.

L. A. Irving, Ill.—You can produce larger roses by intensive fertilizing of the soil in which your bushes grow, and by the pruning of your bush to one or two main shoots containing but a few buds. (2) The Japanese gardeners have made a study of the production of the miniature tree so popular with them. These results are obtained by a continual pinching back and pruning of the branches.

J. M. E. Spring Hill, W. Va.—There are only 30,129 acres of vacant public land in Louisiana, and but one U. S. land office in the state. This is at Baton Rouge, where you should address E. D. Gian-nelloni, the Register of this office.

F. N. H. Ocala, Texas.—According to last reports, Evelyn Nesbit Thaw was following the career of an actress in moving picture productions. (2) You need not fear that any metal buried beneath the earth will attract lightning. (3) Mark Twain, Charles Dickens, and many other writers whose names are household words, received no university education and very little schooling. Both the wisdom taught by life and that contained between the covers of books is open to all of us who may choose to observe and study. Schools and colleges but establish modes for systematic learning of knowledge which most often has come into the world from those who knew no systems or college halls.

J. B. Taylor's Mills, Miss.—To sell the game you have invented to any advantage you should first have it patented. It would then be possible for you to submit samples of your cardboard invention to those who might be interested in putting such a game before the public—if it is as interesting a production as you claim it to be.

L. L. D. Louise, Texas.—We do not think you had best attempt the repairing of this violin at home, but should place it in the hands of some maker who can restore it to usefulness.

Sells All Wool Suit for \$25.00

A handsomely illustrated Fall and Winter Style Book showing all the latest New York and Chicago styles in men's suits and containing 500 beautiful cloth samples of the very finest, high-grade fabrics, is being distributed free by the Bell Tailors, Dept. 862, Chicago, Ill., the largest concern in the world selling made-to-measure tailored suits direct to wearer. The values offered for the coming season are simply amazing. For instance: they offer a very fine all wool high-grade suit, made to individual measure at only \$25.00. The measurement system used is so simple any member of your family can take your measure and the Bell Tailors guarantee to fit you perfectly or there is no charge. Send for their Style Book and price list today and save big money on your clothes.—Advertisement.

DO NOT SEND A PENNY

These Len-Mort work and outdoor shoes are such wonderful value that we gladly send them, no money down. You will find them so well-made and so stylish and such a big money saving bargain that you will surely keep them. So don't hesitate. Just fill out and mail the coupon. We will send a pair of your size. No need for you to pay higher prices when you can buy direct from us—and know what you are getting before you pay even a penny. Why pay out \$4.00 and \$7.00 for shoes not near so good? Act now. Mail the coupon today while this special offer holds good.

Great Shoe Offer

We can't tell you enough about these shoes here. This shoe is built to meet the demand of an outdoor city workers' shoe as well as for the modern farmer. Send and see for yourself what they are. Built on stylish lace Blucher last. The special tanning process makes the leather proof against the acid in milk, manure, soil, gasoline, etc. They outwear 3 ordinary pairs of shoes. Your choice of wide, medium or narrow. Very flexible, soft and easy on the feet. Made by a special process which leaves all the "life" in the leather and gives it wonderful wear-resisting quality. Double leather soles and heels. Dirt and waterproof tongs. Heavy chrome leather tops. Just slip them on and see if they are not the most comfortable, easiest, most wonderful shoes you ever wore. Pay \$3.98 for shoes on only \$1.00 arrival. If, after careful examination, you don't find them all you expect, send them back and we will return your money. No obligation on you. This is all our risk, not yours.



Leonard-Morton & Co.
Dept. 6756 Chicago

Send the Len-Mort Shoe No. AX18028 by mail. I will pay \$3.98 for shoes on arrival and examine them carefully. If I am not satisfied, will send them back and you will refund my money.

Send

Only the coupon—no money. That brings these splendid shoes to you. You are to be the judge of quality, style and value. Keep them only if satisfactory in every way. Be sure to give size and width. Mail the coupon now. Order by No. AX18028. Leonard-Morton & Co. Dept. 6756 Chicago

The Valley of Right

"Somewhere, in the dim distant future,
There's a mystical valley of light,
Where rippling rivers of sunshine
Flow silent and ceaseless and bright;
Where beautiful flowers bloom eternal,
Where day never sinks into night;
Where the sad, careworn and weary,
Shall rest in the Valley of Right."

"Far over the mountains of anguish,
And the deep sullen seas of care,
Far away from the sea and its weeping,
There's a beautiful valley—somewhere,
Far out in the fathomless future,
Beyond earth's dark, dismal night,
The soul shall come out of the shadows
In the beautiful Valley of Right."

"Somewhere, by a hand soft and loving,
The tears shall be wiped from our eyes,
And the shadows that gather around us
Will gently, surely arise;
And the hope of the soul, long imprisoned,
Shall be granted, eternal and bright,
For joy shall crown it immortal
In the beautiful Valley of Right."

"Somewhere our hopes shall be real,
Our day-dreams and heart-yearnings cease;
Somewhere, when we cross the cold river,
We shall enter the Valley of Peace;
Somewhere, the old eyes are now blinded
And the vision is far out of sight,
We shall see the wonderful valley
This faraway Valley of Right."

"Oh! many have searched the world over
To find this valley so sweet;
But its faraway evergreen shores
Never echo to earth-treading feet;
And all who hope for an entrance
To this beautiful home of delight
Must cross the stream at the straight-gate
And go through the Valley of Right."

"There the wrongs of life will be righted,
And friend will meet friend 'on the square,'
And in the pure sunlight of justice
We shall know and be known as we are;
And the mysteries of earth that so vexed us
Will there be made plain to our sight,
For God will be there—it is Heaven,
This beautiful Valley of Right."

—Cliff W. Abbott.

Sent in by J. M. George West, Texas.

The Country Boy's Advantages

By Armstrong Perry.

A "BOY WANTED" ad. in a daily paper in a large city sometimes brings to a store, factory or office a hundred or more applicants. A rural youth was once surprised by being picked out of a crowd of job seekers and brought into the presence of "the boss."

"You are from the country, are you not?"

The question embarrassed the country lad, because the joke-books had made him feel that being from the country is somehow a joke, if not a disgrace, in the eyes of the city man. However, he was "caught with the goods" and confessed that he was—in fact, that he came right off the farm.

"I thought so—that's why I want you," said the boss, and before the farmer boy had recovered from his surprise he found himself started in a job which eventually led to genuine success.

In the first year he found out why the employer wanted country boys. He found out by watching the employees who came and went in the establishment. The employer needed boys and men who could tell the truth whether it appeared to be to their advantage or not. He needed employees who were not "color blind," but could tell the difference between their own money and the firm's.

He needed workers who worked, whether they were watched or not, and who were not afraid to stay on the job an hour longer when the hour meant a lot to the house.

From long experience he had found that he could rely upon a country boy more safely than upon a city boy. Some city boys were honest and industrious and some country boys disappointed him, but the average of good employees was higher among those who had grown up in the country.

The employer explained it by saying that the country boy was used to getting up early because he had chores to do before school. He was satisfied to work later because he was used to doing some more chores after the main part of the day's work was done.

His pay seemed larger because he knew how to make a dollar go farther. The opportunities appeared larger because he compared them with what the jobs offered in country stores and village offices. And he was truthful and honest as a matter of habit.

And another thing, the country boy would go to night school and prepare himself for bigger positions, while the city boy was squandering time and money on the streets and in cheap theatres.

One thing the boss said he could not understand and that was why country boys left the country. He said the production of food was the biggest game in the world and the most profitable if a man mixed brains with his labor. Practically all of the successful men he knew, he said, were planning to go back to the country some time and live on farms. Why didn't they stay there and make their success there in the first place?

Any country boy could answer him. It is because of the loneliness of the country. The country boy reads of the great sights of the city, the great men there and the great opportunities there, until everything in the country seems small by comparison. He wants to see and do greater things: to be associated with the big men in their big enterprises.

And any country boy over twelve years of age can do that, beginning right now. He can join an organization with over half a million members, among them scores of men prominent in business, professions and in high official positions. He can work with them and make a name for himself without leaving home. When he does go to visit the city he can find brother members everywhere who will welcome him.

Write to the Chief Pioneer Scout, Boy Scouts of America, Room 856, 200 Fifth Avenue, New York City, and learn how.

10¢
OR
25¢

AK

FOR HEADACHE, NEURALGIA, INFLUENZA AND ALL PAIN

Ask For A-K Tabs

TABLETS

Save Your Body and Conserve Your Health

"I Would Not Part With It For \$10,000"

So writes an enthusiastic, grateful customer. "Worth more than a farm," says another. In like manner testify over 100,000 people who have worn it.

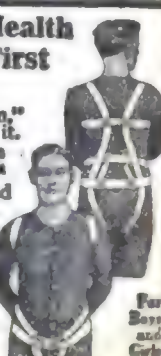
THE NATURAL BODY BRACE

Overcomes WEAKNESS and ORGANIC AILMENTS of MEN and WOMEN. Develops erect, graceful figure. Brings restful relief, comfort, ability to do things, health and strength.

Wear It 30 Days Free at Our Expense

Does away with the strain and pain of standing and walking; replaces and supports misplaced internal organs; reduces enlarged abdomen; straightens and strengthens the back; corrects stooping shoulders, develops lungs, chest and bust; relieves backache, curvatures, nervousness, ruptures; constipation, after effects of flu. Comfortable and easy to wear. Keep Yourself Fit. Write today for illustrated booklet, measurement blank, etc., and read our liberal proposition.

HOWARD C. BASH, President Natural Body Brace Co.
379 Rush Building, Salina, Kansas





Given To You Three Beautiful PEONIES

WHITE - PINK - RED

GORGEOUS, yearly-blooming Peonies—the rival of the finest roses in size, form and color. The three varieties offered you here require but little care and attention after once being planted; they thrive anywhere, even in the coldest climates, and produce more and more flowers every season. We will send you the roots, packed in damp moss, direct from the greenhouse. You can put them in the ground at once and next summer you will know the pleasure and satisfaction of having a beautiful garden of peonies in the most glorious shades of white, pink and red. The three different varieties sent you free on this offer include:

Couronne d'Or A white, semi-rose Peony that blooms in early summer, bearing immense, very full, imbricated, ball-shaped blossoms which are very solid and compactly built from edge to center. Their color is a snow-white, reflecting golden-yellow stamens that show through the petals when looking at the flower from the side. These stamens light up the whole flower with a glow that is simply indescribable—and which suggests its name, "Crown of Gold." Delicate carmine pencilings also appear on the edges of a few central petals. This variety is incomparably lovely and one of the best and choicest Peonies in culture.

Mademoiselle Desbuissons A pink semi-rose Peony that blooms in mid-season. Its flowers are very large, full and elegantly shaped, imbricated and flat with extra large petals of a tender, glossy pink color. The center is a delicate waxy white, the guards a handsome violet-rose color. Flower lovers pronounce this one of the most beautiful varieties.

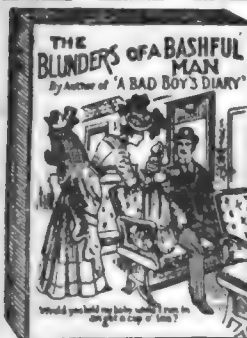
L'Eclatante A red Bomb type Peony that blooms well into the summer. Its blossoms are very double and full. The color is a deep, brilliant, velvety-crimson. This variety makes a stately and handsome plant, every flower standing up straight and erect, well above the foliage. It is considered as one of the finest red Peonies ever grown.

The roots of these plants are all extra strong and each one contains from two to five eyes. We guarantee that they will reach you in a healthy-growing condition, ready to be placed in the ground and that they will positively bloom next season. If for any reason they do not—or if they should otherwise prove unsatisfactory—we will replace them for you free of all cost.

As the best season for planting Peonies is right now, you should send in your order at once. We will send you these three above described varieties—one white, one pink and one red—free upon the terms of the following special:

CLUB OFFER! For three one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 50 cents each, we will send you the healthy, well-formed roots of the three beautiful varieties of Peonies described above, free by parcel post, prepaid. They will be mailed, carefully packed, direct from the greenhouse, and delivered to you in perfect condition, all ready for planting. Premium No. 8383. Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

You Will Laugh, You Will Yell, You Will Scream at



"The Blunders of A Bashful Man"

Premium No. 8221

You need this great book! You cannot do without it! For chasing away melancholia, dissipating gloom and banishing trouble you will find it better than all the doctors' "dope" in the world and it has the circus and vaudeville beaten a mile. This great story is the world's champion funny book and you must read it because it eradicates wrinkles, improves the complexion and by its laughter-compelling mirth and irresistible humor rejuvenates your whole body. In this screamingly funny story you follow with rapt attention and hilarious delight the mishaps, mortifications, confusions and agonizing mental and physical distresses of a self-conscious, hypersensitive, appallingly bashful young man who stumbles on through a succession of astounding accidents and ludicrous predicaments that will convulse you with hysterical laughter, causing you to hold both sides for fear of exploding from an excess of uproarious merriment. As a fun maker, rib tickler and laugh-provoker this great story "The Blunders of a Bashful Man" beats all records and you will miss the treat of your life if you don't get it and read it at once.

Given To You For one one-year subscription (not your own) to COMFORT at 50 cents each, we will send you a copy of "The Blunders of a Bashful Man" free and prepaid. Premium No. 8221. Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Pearl Necklace

FORTUNATE is the woman or girl who possesses a pearl necklace, as they are exceedingly stylish and growing more popular every day. The one shown is made of beautiful imitation pearls of uniform size, is sixteen inches long and fastens with a gold-filled "torpedo" snap. As these necklaces are not made in this country they are becoming scarce and prices are going up, so we consider ourselves extremely fortunate in having a supply purchased at a before-the-war price. However, we may not be able to secure more at any price, so please send in your order at once. You could not possibly select anything more stylish or attractive. This necklace can be worn with perfectly good taste with any dress at any time and on all occasions.

GIVEN! For two one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 50 cents each we will send you one of these Pearl Necklaces free by parcel post, prepaid. Premium No. 7352. Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

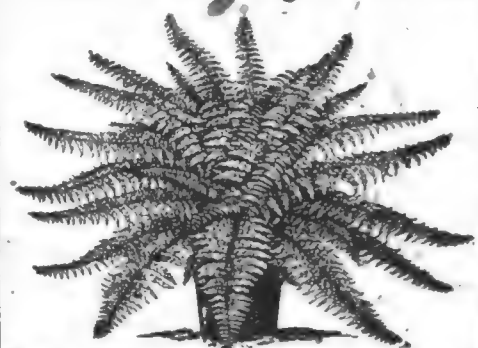
SELF-FILLING Fountain Pen

For A Club Of Three

HERE is a fountain pen that we can positively guarantee. Perhaps you have had some experience with fountain pens which never would write well and continually leaked ink all over your fingers. If so you will certainly appreciate this opportunity to secure a fountain pen that has none of these defects. Our illustration is of course greatly reduced in size. The pen offered you here is 6½ inches long, made entirely of hard rubber, finely finished, and the pen point is genuine 14-K gold. The feeding device is perfect, permitting a uniform flow of ink and it will not leak. Also please notice that this is a self-filling pen. You can fill this fountain pen in less than 10 seconds by pressing down the spring on the side, then placing the pen point in a bottle of ink, after which you release the spring and the pen is instantly filled with ink to its full capacity. If given proper care this pen should last anybody for years. If you will accept the following special offer we will send you one of these self-filling fountain pens with a positive guarantee that if it fails to prove satisfactory in any way you may return it to us and we will replace it with a new pen free of charge.

Club Offer. For a club of only three one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 50 cents each, we will send you this guaranteed self-filling fountain pen free by parcel post prepaid. Premium No. 8873. Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

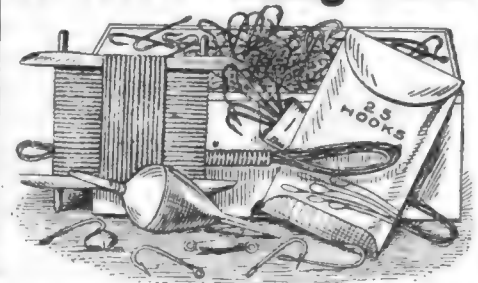
Four Lovely Ferns



THEY are the largest, handsomest varieties ever grown for house culture—the Asparagus Plumosus or "Lace" fern, the Roosevelt, the Boston or "Fountain" fern and the Whitman or "Ostrich Plume" fern. We guarantee these ferns to be strong, healthy and well rooted, and that they will reach you in perfect condition, ready to pot. If any of them fail to grow, we will cheerfully replace them free of charge. We are able to illustrate only one variety, "The Roosevelt," but remember you get all four ferns free on this offer.

Given To You! For one one-year subscription (not your own) to COMFORT at 50 cents we will send you the above described collection of four beautiful ferns free by parcel post, prepaid. Premium No. 8381. Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

38-Piece Fishing Outfit



BOYS—no need for you to wait until you have money to buy that fishing outfit you want—we will give you this dandy outfit absolutely free. It contains everything you see in the above illustration—in all 38 different pieces. There are—Two Dandy Fish Lines, one of them on a fine Wood Winder equipped with Hook and Sinkers all ready for business, and the other is a Special Braided Line. Then there are 25 Assorted Fish Hooks, of all sizes for all kinds of fishing, 6 High-Grade Snelled Hooks, 1 Adjustable Cork Floater or "Bobber," and 1 Ringed Sinkers—38 pieces in all. When you get this splendid outfit you will have all the fishing tackle you need with exception of fish pole to do all kinds of fishing with, as the lines, assorted hooks in different sizes, etc. are adapted for brook, river, lake or pond fishing. And remember that we guarantee everything in this outfit to be good quality. We will send you this splendid Fishing Outfit, if you will accept the following offer:

Given To You! For two one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 50 cents each we will send you this 38-Piece Fishing Outfit, packed in a good strong box, free by parcel post, prepaid. Premium No. 9422.



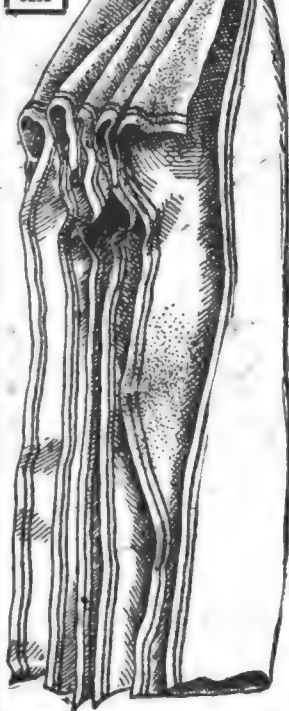
Handsome Stamped Pillow-Top With Back and Fringe

A DESIGN that will appeal to all lovers of a home. A comfortable, old-fashioned farmhouse, the well with the "old oaken bucket," and a cluster of handsome American Beauty roses. The stamping is done in natural colors on tan art crash, 17x21 inches, these colors acting as a guide to the embroiderer. Or, if desired, the whole design may be simply outlined in black. If embroidered, the roses should be worked in red and pink, using the outline stitch for all but the light part, which should be worked solid. The leaves are to be outlined in green, the stems in brown. Work the house, well and surroundings in outline in colors corresponding to those stamped. The words "Home Sweet Home" are to be done in black in solid embroidery and outline stitch. We will send you this handsome stamped pillow-top with back and fringe upon the terms of the following offer:

Given To You! For two one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 50 cents we will send you this Pillow Top with back and fringe free by parcel post, prepaid. Premium No. 9242. Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Pure White Bleached Towels

Prem. No. 8293



Yard Long With Fast Color Red Border

These complete ready-to-use towels each a yard long, are one of the most sensible and satisfactory and thus most popular of the premiums we offer. They are of excellent quality, crash each towel one yard long and ready to use. For kitchen, office, factory and shop use this is a durable, rough-and-ready towel; will wipe well, wear well and wash well. For dishes and hands this is the best; for many purposes about the house good crash towels find its use and the good house-keeper always has a supply. The men and boys will enjoy such towels as these. The pure white color and red line border make them very attractive. Satisfaction guaranteed.

Club Offer For three one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 50 cents each we will send you one pair (3) of these ready-made "Towels" free by parcel post prepaid. Premium No. 8293.

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Refined and Stylish



A Stone for Every Month

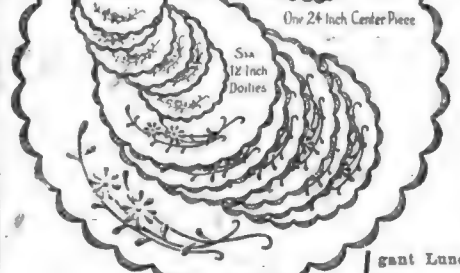
WHERE is the girl who does not want one of these handsome and stylish bracelets? Set with a perfectly colored imitation gem denoting the month of your birth—with two tiny flashing white solitaires nestling in the dainty design of gold—all of your friends will exclaim "My, what a beautiful bracelet!" the minute they see it. Filled with enough real gold to give it lasting wearing qualities, yet it feels light as a feather when worn. And you are assured of a perfect fit because it is self-adjusting. It will fit any size wrist. Here is a list of the twelve different birthstones and the month represented by each: No. 8353, January, Garnet; No. 8362, February, Amethyst; No. 8373, March, Bloodstone; No. 8383, April, Diamond; No. 8393, May, Emerald; No. 8403, June, Agate; No. 8413, July, Ruby; No. 8423, August, Sardonyx; No. 8433, September, Sapphire; No. 8443, October, Opal; No. 8453, November, Topaz; No. 8463, December, Turquoise.

You can earn one of these handsome gold-filled birthstone bracelets free by doing us a small favor as explained in the following offer. When you send for it be sure to mention number of birthstones wanted.

CLUB OFFER. For three one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 50 cents each, we will send you one of these bracelets free by parcel post prepaid. Be sure to give us the number of stone wanted. Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Make This Handsome 19-Piece Luncheon Set

We Will Give You The Patterns



ONE 24-inch Centerpiece, six 12-inch Doilies, six 6-inch Doilies and six 5-inch Doilies of the simple yet elegant design shown in our illustration. They can be made of the usual white material, such as linen, Butcher cloth, etc., worked in shades to match dishes used in serving, or of colored material to match decorations in the room, with the flowers embroidered in orange, with brown centers, green leaves and stems. Use buttonhole stitch for the borders, all-over embroidery or satin stitch for the flowers, outline stitch for the stems, and either satin or lazy daisy stitch for the leaves.

Special Offer. For only one one-year subscription (not your own) to COMFORT at 50 cents we will send you the transfer patterns for this elegant Luncheon Set free by mail postpaid. Premium No. 8381. Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

26-Piece Table Set

Yours Prepaid For
A Club Of Seven

WE have in the past made many offers of table-ware, but this is the first time we have been able to offer a complete set of 26 pieces in return for so small a club. And please don't think that because we are giving this set on liberal terms that it is plated on a brass base and consequently will change color and have that "brassy" look just as soon as the plating wears off. On the contrary, it has a white metal base; therefore each and every piece is the same color all the way through and will not show signs of wear, even after years of constant use. As shown in the above illustration, there are 26 pieces in this set—6 Knives, 6 Forks, 6 Teaspoons, 6 Tablespoons, Sugar Shell and Butter Knife. Each piece is full regulation size for family use, the handles are handsomely embossed and the blades of the knives and the bowls of the teaspoons and tablespoons are perfectly plain and bright polished. It is only because we



Warranted For Five Years

buy this set in large quantities direct from the factory that we are able to secure it at a price that enables us to offer it as a premium for so few subscriptions. It is by far the greatest value we have offered and we guarantee every Set sent out for a period of five years. We will send this 26-Piece Table Set exactly as illustrated and described to any address upon the terms of the following special Club Offer. For a club of seven one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 50 cents each, we will send you this 26-Piece Table Set free by parcel post, prepaid. Premium No. 7397. Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.



Shaggy Teddy Bear

EVERY little boy and girl wants a Teddy Bear and here is an opportunity for every father or mother who reads COMFORT to get one without expense. "Teddy" is a plump, shaggy fellow, 10 inches tall, made of brown plush, carefully stitched and finished, and his head and legs are jointed in such a manner that you can place him in almost any position. He will stand up, sit down, stand on his head, walk on all fours, in fact he gets himself into all kinds of positions, so comical and lifelike that it makes the children scream with delight just to look at him. Teddy is so well made that he cannot easily become broken, and with ordinary care should last for years. We will send you Teddy free if you will accept the following special offer:

Given To You! For two one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 50 cents each we will send you this Teddy Bear free and prepaid. Premium No. 9472. Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

SCRIM CURTAINS GIVEN!



THE price of cloth has advanced tremendously within the past few years, but that does not prevent us from offering these stylish Scrim Curtains for the ridiculous small club of six. We make no money profit on our premiums—that's the reason. They are full size, each side piece measuring 2½ feet in width and just long enough, so they will hang a little below the window sill. The top piece or "valance," as it is commonly called, is 1-6 feet wide and 2½ feet long. The insertion is a 3-inch band of Fillet lace. The color is White or Ecru—whichever you prefer. These Curtains are all the style now, so don't miss this wonderful opportunity to secure one or more of them absolutely free. And be sure to send in your order at once as our supply is limited.

Given To You. For a club of only six one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 50 cents each, we will send you these stylish Curtains free by parcel post prepaid. Be sure to mention color wanted. Premium No. 7756. Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.



Bluebird Scarf

42x15 Inches
In Size

A HANDSOME design stamped on the very best linen-finished cotton cloth that can be obtained. In fact, it looks as well and will wash and wear as well as real linen. It is 42x15 inches in size and may be worked in any desired colors. The birds and ribbon are to be outlined with French knots, the leaves done in satin stitch, the flowers in all-over embroidery or satin stitch, with French-knot centers and the scalloped border in buttonhole.

We are sure that this scarf will please every woman who is looking for something unusually stylish and attractive for her dresser, bureau or buffet. And remember that it is good material—you will be glad to put in time and work on it. This beautiful scarf is free to all who will accept the following:

Special Offer. For two one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 50 cents each, we will send you this fine scarf, stamped all ready for embroidery, free by parcel post prepaid. Premium No. 9432. Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Comfort Sisters' Corner

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 28.)

feel that I ought to be with her and make, or try to, her last days as pleasant as I can. Now he says it is selfish of me not to want to go, that I don't want to go because all of my people are here. Is it? I want to do the right thing but what is right? He is as good to me as can be. Everyone says he is the best man about helping his wife they ever saw. So you see it is hard for me to say no to him.

So far as money trouble is concerned, it's just like some of the others. He holds the pocketbook—but gives me money when I ask for it.

Please tell me what to do.

YOUR WORRIED SISTER.

MISSOURI.

DEAR COMFORT SISTERS: I live in the country and I want to attend high school next year but my parents cannot pay my way so I am writing to ask some of the sisters who have worked their way through school to write to me. Or if there are any who would let me work for them and go to high school I wish they'd write to me. The nearest high school is thirty-five miles distant and I am not acquainted there so thought I could find a place easier through the Sisters' Corner. I am asking Mrs. Wilkinson not to print my name or address as some of my friends would try to discourage me if they knew of this as they have done on previous occasions.

Hoping to hear from some one who is interested, T.

T.—The principal of the high school nearest you should be able to help you if you write to him and state your case clearly.—Ed.

KENTUCKY.

TAP! TAP! I hope I hear someone say "Come in." Anyway, I'll try once more, for the fourth time since I appeared as "Troubled Wife." Perhaps if I do not make this too long, dear Mrs. Wilkinson will not throw it away. In my other letters I tried to say a word to each one who answered my plea and explain to each how I felt and how her advice helped me, so that I made my letters too long but now I will say to each one that your advice helped me each in its way; some made me ashamed of myself while others seemed to show me a better way. Pearl Veery, especially, made me ashamed of my foolishness while another sister, whose name I can't remember, made me feel good by saying if I were foolish, no was she—Sister, I wanted to hug you. I took all the advice I got but used common sense and let bygones be bygones and made up my mind I would no longer beg him to love and pet me and while it was a hard row to hoe I finally got it hood. One sister asked me if I ever talked things over with my husband and explained how I felt? I did many times before I even wrote to COMFORT but the only answer was that I was silly or something like that so I made



The Family Doctor

The remedies and advice here given are intended only for simple cases; serious cases should be taken to your local doctor. Address The Family Doctor, COMFORT, Augusta, Maine. Sign your true name and give your address. Name will not be published.

Mrs. R. C. A., Hillsville, Va.—For the rheumatism, better take five-grain doses of sodium salicylate after meals. Also drink plenty of good spring water.

Mr. H. A. C., Muskogee, Okla.—Tapeworm is very difficult to remove. The one best remedy is male fern taken after a prolonged diet, and after the bowels have been thoroughly cleaned out. Of course, the male fern is a potent drug and must be taken only under the advice and care of your local physician.

Mrs. R. G. M., Alexandria, La.—We think your diagnosis of your condition is correct. You have worked too hard and had children too often. The only thing for you to do is to take a change or take a vacation. Besides, you might take Braham's mixture in tablespoonful doses after meals, well diluted, as a tonic.

Miss M. McL., Forest Glen, N. S.—It seems, from your symptoms, that a good tonic is what you need as well as a thorough physical examination. Try two-grain quinine pills after meals three times a day for a while.

Miss R. S., Hazelhurst, Miss.—Have half of the ingrowing nail removed surgically, also have the surrounding flesh removed at the same time. Of course, this must be done by a good surgeon.

Mrs. W. S. J., Needles, S. Dak.—Indigestion causes the gas after meals. The discharge from the bowels three times a day is all right, but you should regulate your diet so that you will get rid of the indigestion. Better take five-grain tablets of bicarbonate of soda after meals. This remedy will also remedy help your bladder trouble.

Mrs. B. S., Iverson, Minn.—For the excessive urination, try urotropine, in five-grain doses, after meals.

Mrs. N. L. D., Mason City, Ia.—Eczema of the eyelids is, in most cases, due to eye-strain, and the need of glasses is indicated. For the bladder trouble, have the bladder washed out by your family doctor. The best drug to use for the irritation is a teaspoonful of permanganate of potash in about a quart of water.

Mrs. A. W. R., Marlboro, N. H.—Cannot recommend the remedy you mention as safe or reliable. To reduce excess of flesh, you must exercise regularly, avoid sweets of all kinds, drink plenty of water, and, on alternate days, use for food and drink one quart of skimmed milk as follows: One fourth in the morning, one fourth at noon, one fourth at 4 o'clock and the rest at night. On other days, eat only such foods as do not make flesh. This, of course, includes bread and most cereals. Your irregularity also is due to poor circulation due to excessive flesh and resultant lack of exercise.

Mrs. L. L., Breys, Mo.—The pain in breast just before menstruation is physiological and needs no treatment.

Mrs. K. P., Denver, Colo.—As to the swelling in the limbs and up the back, you had better at once have the urine examined and in this way ascertain whether there is any kidney complication. Of course, you should eat foods that will resist your tendency to constipation. Bran, spinach, lettuce, etc., are indicated along this line. Besides, you must keep your bowels regular. You might try for this some cascara sagrada pills, and add to this with your meals a tablespoonful of American Oil.

Mrs. M. P. S., Grand Isle, La.—You had better have your blood examined for some blood disease. You may have a constitutional trouble that causes the feeling of a band around the chest.

Mrs. F. N., Pigeon, Mich.—Apply a fly blister to the liver for the yellow color of the skin. A boric acid lotion is good for the "tanning" mentioned. The fly blister should be applied by your family doctor and dressed by him.

"UNHAPPY"—You must give name and address as an answer can be given unless the above conditions are complied with.

Mr. B. F., Palestine, Ark.—Squeeze out the pus from the pimples and apply white precipitate to the parts. Strength of ointment should be about eight per cent. Of course, omit from your diet all sweets, including pastry.

Miss Z. H., Rising Star, Texas.—You can get lotio alba at any drug store.

Miss J. K., Lansing, Ill.—Many people have no appetite for breakfast. If your appetite is good the rest of the day, that is all that is required. For a bitter taste in the mouth, rinse the mouth out with Dobell's solution three or four times a day.

Mrs. A. B. B., San Antonio, Texas.—For a torpid liver, use compound cathartic pills, one or two at night. Then take a teaspoonful of phosphate of soda before meals. At the same time eat with your salads a good quantity of olive oil.

Mrs. E. M., Oak Hill, West Va.—Remove the "blackheads" with a comedo extractor, steam the face and apply lotio alba to the face. Of course, avoid candy and sweets of all kinds, and bathe often.

Mrs. C. J., Moxelle, Miss.—Your mother has varicose ulcers of the leg. Bandage the leg during the day time and take off the bandage at night. The woven elastic bandage is best to use. Also apply zinc ointment to the leg.

Mrs. L. A. W., Benevolence, Ga.—You must have some middle ear trouble which causes your deafness, and dizziness as well. Have the ears examined and any source of irritation removed.

Mrs. G. K. T., Chickasha, Okla.—Have the seed warts, so-called, removed by using the actual cautery. Any good doctor can do this for you and the result will be more than satisfactory in every way.

Mrs. D. N. A., Houston, Texas.—Apply to the large brown spots under the ears a 1-to-500 solution of corrosive sublimate. Of course, you must use this very carefully to avoid scarring.

Miss M. P., Selma, Cal.—The electric needle is, the only cure for superfluous hair. It is not dangerous or very painful, but the cure is permanent and it leaves no scar.

Mrs. A. C. H., Buffalo, Ky.—There is no cure for the results of infantile paralysis. Massage and an attempt to develop the paralyzed muscles is all that can be done.

my mind up a thousand times to quit caring or letting him know I cared and at last I stuck to my resolution and when he missed my baby ways and my notice and the little things he had grown used to, he tried to win them back but I have learned to manage him a little better and we are living contentedly and I have learned to do without that which he doesn't see fit to give. I don't complain so we never have a cross word any more. If he says something cross I laugh at him and do as I please in the end. He finds there really wasn't anything to be cross about. If things don't go right I try to keep still and not ask questions or annoy in any way till he has gotten over whatever displeased him.

Once more I will sign myself "Troubled Wife," but my troubles have floated away like the fog before the beautiful sun.

TROUBLED WIFE.

Best Way of Doing Things Around The Home

Use bacon rinds for flavoring soups and scalloped dishes. Molaten fruit stains before washing, with camphor, and they can easily be removed.

Put a cocoon in the oven and let it warm thoroughly before trying to crack it open.

To clean white enamel, rub it well with common baking soda and then wash with hot soap suds.

Roll raisins in a little melted butter before putting them into cake and they will not go to the bottom.

To clean black silk, wash it in water in which peeled potatoes have been boiled. This adds a fine gloss.

Roast beef to be used cold will be kept moist and tender if wrapped in a clean, damp cloth before putting away.

Adding a few slices of a candle to starch will make ironing easier and do away with sticking.—Mrs. S., Boston, Mass.

If soft custard curdles, set it in a pan of cold water and beat it well with an egg beater. This applies to salad dressing as well.

If jelly will not set or harden, put the tumbler into cold water to which has been added two table-spoons each salt and soda.

To have custard pie a nice even brown when baked, sprinkle a little sugar over the top just before putting it into oven.—Miss M. A., Dallas City, Ill.

I always use a teaspoon with handle. In filling fruit jars and find it can be done much faster than by dipping with spoon.—FARMER'S BUSY WIFE, Hays, Va.

TO KEEP OUT ANTS.—(Requested.) Dissolve one pound of alum in two quarts of water and let it stand two or three hours. Heat to boiling point and apply to shelves and all places frequented by ants.

Many crocheters do very loose work and it seems as though they are unable to remedy this defect. Let them try winding, say about a yard of thread around the end of first finger, leaving about two inches between the finger and crochet hook; then work in the usual way, unwinding it as crocheting proceeds. This holds the thread as tight as required and I have found it helpful.—Miss Ida Bates, Jackson, S. C.

Requests

"Poem," "Sister's Shopping Bag."

How to make marshmallow filling.

How to make hard soap from lye.

Song, "The Old House by the Lindens."

How to clean aluminum reservoir on stove.

Would like to receive quilt scraps. Will pay postage.

Mrs. FLORA ADAMS, Newton Falls, R. R. 2, Box 46, Ohio.

Will some reader please send in the words of the poem, "The Polish Boy."

CRUE FOR GALL STONES.—This was printed a few years ago and was a tone of some kind.

Would like to correspond with sisters living in Ottawa, Kansas.—NIMROCK MACC, Comanche, Box 121, Iowa.

Would like to correspond with sisters living in Colorado, as to climate.—Miss MENNA NIZUM, Fairmont, R. R. 6, W. Va.

Would like copy of COMFORT containing closing chapter of "Edna's Secret Marriage."—Mrs. F. L. Young, Eminence, Mo.

Will someone please send me the poem, "Little Joe," or, "Christmas Eve in the Poorhouse."—Mrs. C. D. GILBERT, Dayton, Wyo.

Please send me August, 1919, number of Today's. Will pay postage both ways.—Mrs. F. E. MAISELLOTT, Stockbridge, Box 34, Wisc.

Would like to receive quilt pieces of any sort. Will pay postage and return favor. Write first.—Mrs. GUY McFARLAND, Hewitt, Minn.

Mrs. Geo. Wetzel, Santa Rose, R. R. 1, Box 218, California, would like the September, October and November, 1919, numbers of COMFORT.

Will those who have them to spare please send me quilt pieces, 12x12 inches; either worsted or gingham.—Mrs. Y. G. BOLT, Westminster, S. C.

I would like to have the August and September, 1919, numbers of the Illustrated Companion. Will return papers and postage.—Mrs. JOHN B. HAWZLIK, S. Dak.

Will some kind reader please send me one copy each of Saturday Evening Post for Dec. 20, 1919, and January 24, 1920.—Mrs. H. G. YOUNG, Akron, 967 Ridgeway Drive, Ohio.

I would like very much to get the hymn, "Shall We Meet Beyond the River," and the one beginning, "Someone shall walk through the pearly gate. Shall you? Shall I?"—Miss ELAIN BOON, Litchfield, R. R. 4, Box 32, No. Dak.

Remedies

Poisons are of three kinds, corrosive, irritant and nerve.

Corrosive poisons produce instant burning effect on all parts touched by them so there is staining of lips, mouth and burning pain in mouth, throat and stomach; straining and vomiting; also perhaps suffocation and always shock.

Corrosive poisons.—Those which stain and for which an emetic is best not given. Strong acids: Sulphuric (oil of vitriol); hydrochloric (spirits of salt); nitric (aqua fortis). Strong alkalis: Caustic soda, potash and lime.

Treatment.—1: Neutralize poison. 2: Dilute poison and soothe corroded parts. 3: Stimulants.

1.—If acid, to neutralize give alkalis as plaster from ceiling, magnesite, baking soda or even soap. If alkalis, to neutralize give vinegar, lemon or orange juice.

2.—To dilute and soothe for both acids and alkalis give large quantities of oil, any vegetable or animal oil, such as olive, salad, sardine, linseed, castor or cod liver oil; also water, milk, flour and water or eggs beaten up.

3.—Stimulants: Strong tea and coffee, ammonia or alcohol.

Premo Camera

Premium
No. 7417

For a Club
of only
Seven



One Film Pack Containing 12 Films and Complete Instruction Book Also Included Free in This Great Offer

OF course you know what the "Premo" Camera is so we feel it is hardly necessary to tell you that it is a strictly high grade camera—one that you can depend upon to produce the most pleasing and satisfactory results. The "Premo" takes a picture 2½x2½ inches, is handsomely leather covered, fitted with a reliable quick action lens, automatic shutter adapted for either snap shots or time exposures and has two brilliant view finders—so that pictures may be taken either the long way or short way of the camera. The "Premo" also uses a film pack containing twelve films. This film pack can be put in the camera and taken out again in broad daylight, thus doing away with the necessity of going to a dark room every time you want to load it. We know that there must be thousands of COMFORT readers, old and young, who have been waiting for just this opportunity to secure a real good camera without paying a big price for it so we are prepared to give thousands of them away absolutely free as a premium. And remember, we send you not only the camera itself but also include one film pack containing twelve films and an instruction book, all packed together in a strong compact box and sent to you free by Parcel Post, prepaid, on the terms of the following special

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Short Stories	De Maupassant	Julius Caesar	Shakespeare
Dr. Jekyll & Mr. Hyde	Stevenson	Sonnets	Shakespeare
Child's Garden of Verse	Stevenson	Othello	Shakespeare
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Poems		The Raven and Other Poems	Poe
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Thousands of Beads Full Instructions Show You How You Cannot Possibly Fail



For a Club of Six

BEADWORK is all the rage again. And here is a wonderful yet simple Bead Loom with which any woman or girl can take up this fascinating work at home and easily make the handsomest purses, chains, necklaces, purses, bracelets, belts, collars and cuffs, dress trimmings, shirtwaist sets, slippers, watch cases, fob chains, card cases, pocketbooks, in fact there is no limit to the number and variety of exquisite colored bead work articles that can be woven on this Loom. Anybody can use the "Kanibas" Bead Loom—it is very easy to understand as everything is fully explained in the instruction book sent with the outfit.

Everything you need to work with is included free with the Loom, so you can begin making the articles at once. In the outfit you will receive one "Kanibas" Bead Loom, five packages of beads in assorted colors of black, white, blue, green, pink, etc., one dozen special bead needles (very long and slender with an unusually long eye), one large spool of specially prepared waxed bead thread, one gold swivel snap for ladies' or gent's bead watch chain, and a 44-page instruction book containing more than seventy-five photographs and designs of popular bead work, together with easy detailed instructions on just what color of beads to use and how to work them.

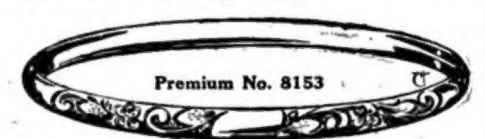
This book shows how to make different styles of bags, chains, necklaces, purses, belts, collars and cuffs, shirtwaist sets, slippers, watch cases, fob chains, card cases, pocketbooks, dress trimmings, any letter in the alphabet, any numeral, etc., etc.,—giving full directions for all designs. The popular secret order emblems can be worked with great effect in beads for fob chains, bracelets, card cases, etc., and this book illustrates designs for Masons, Odd Fellows, Knights of Pythias, Knights of Columbus, Elks, Royal Arcanum, also Christian Endeavor, Epworth League and others.

Any woman or girl will be delighted with this practical Loom outfit because she can make so many pretty things not only for her own use but to give away as presents and to sell. While the beads themselves cost but little, the finished work brings a high price so that there are big profits in the business, if one desires to sell the articles after they are made.

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Rolled Gold Bangle Bracelet

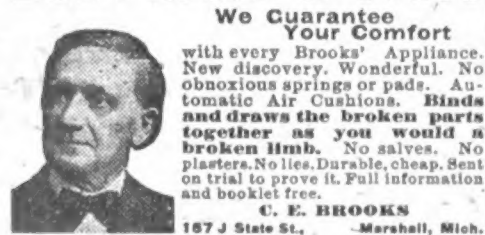


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THE Bangle Bracelet has come back. More of them are being worn this season than ever before. The handsome, bracelet shown above is real bangle style made of genuine rolled gold plate. It is beautifully engraved and is very light and dainty, measuring only 3-16 of an inch in width. We want to give every girl reader of COMFORT one of these Bracelets now that they are again the style and by buying a large quantity of them we are able to make an offer so liberal there is no reason why all cannot have one. We will make you a present of one of these stylish gold bangle bracelets if you will accept the following:

Club Offer. For three one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 50 cents each, we will send you this Bangle Bracelet free by parcel post, prepaid. Premium No. 8153. Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

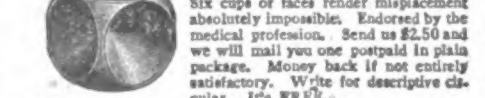
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With every Brooks' Appliance. New discovery. Wonderful. No obnoxious springs or pads. Automatic Air Cushions. Binds and draws the broken parts together as you would a broken limb. No salves. No plasters. No ties. Durable, cheap. Sent on trial to prove it. Full information and booklet free.

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Poems and Story Book, cloth bound, 60 cents each. Send 10c at once for descriptive circular. It's FREE.

UNCLE CHARLIE, Care COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Comfort's League of Cousins

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 12.)

CHROMO, COLO.

DEAR UNCLE CHARLIE: I thought I would write you as many other people are writing. I live on a big farm, and go to a country school. I am in the sixth grade. I went to Phoenix, Arizona, to school last winter. I had one steer but I shipped him and he weighed a little over eleven hundred and I got one hundred dollars for him. I have three dozen chickens and thirty-four hogs. Well, I don't think I will write any more just now. If Billy the Goat don't see this letter, please try to get it in the COMFORT. If he does get it I hope it won't let his stomach ache.

Your nephew, J. B. CROWLEY.

Glad to hear from you, Jim. So you went to Phoenix to school last winter. That must have been a long walk, Jim, and if you went to and fro each day you must have run Pop up a big bill for shoes. You live in a beautiful, inspiring spot, too inspiring to have anybody hoodoo it with such a name as Chromo. Why not give it some beautiful, soft-sounding, appropriate Indian name such as Saurkrautville? That would tickle Berger, Borah, Hearst and Johnson all to bits and it is so romantic. You are living in America, while I am living in a combination of Jerusalem, Rome and Cork—mostly Jerusalem—and let me tell you it is far from a holy city. What would I not give for a peep at the dear old United States. Don't any of you come to New York with the idea that you are visiting America or even touching American soil. Uncle Sam bit off more than he could chew when he took New York and its vicinity into his system. New York is too good a name for this dump. It should be called Hyphenville. All the various racial units have their newspapers and are always holding huge meetings and passing various ferocious resolutions that ought to get them the boot. Here is a leading Italian paper talking about "We Italians demand so and so." Then hundreds of meetings are held where gentlemen shriek: "We Irish will vote so and so," and, "We Jews will do something else." They don't even take the trouble to add the hyphen now. Uncle Sam and America are canned as far as this burg is concerned. It is something new to me to know that Jews, Irish, Poles, Italians, Germans, etc., can vote in the United States. I thought that was a privilege reserved solely for Americans. Our foreign boarders are getting entirely too sassy. If Uncle Sam does not put the whole bunch across his knee and throw them out, he will soon be thrown out himself. Jim, I can't understand about the shipping of that steer. There is no possible way that I know of to get a ship up to Chromo, Colo. There is no Panama Canal running in that direction. Of course you might take him to the edge of the Grand Canyon, push him overboard and let him swim, but he'd be an awful mess when he struck bottom. Doug Fairbanks with Mary's help might get away with a stunt of that kind but no common steer could. You say your steer weighed a little over eleven hundred. Was that pounds or tons? I know they have some whopping big steers in your sections, and I hope he weighed eleven hundred tons, for a few steers of that kind would soon bring down the price of meat. An enterprising New York newspaper has imported a large quantity of lamb from New Zealand and is selling it at cost. But the people won't buy anything but the legs and they believe that a lamb has only two legs located somewhere in the region of its tail. The shoulder-straps in front, which support its noble cranium, they won't touch at any price. Mr. Hillquit and the Bolsheviks might sit down and figure out, when they put that combination of ruin and madness over on us, and everything that you have is thrown into the melting pot for the benefit of loafers and bums, and the dividing-up process begins, just who is to get the prime cuts, the leg, and who will get the wings and the cheap stuff between the neck and the tail. Of course, the Red Guards will get the choice cuts while the rest of us will get cabbage soup and wind doughnuts. The next time you have an eleven-hundred-ton steer, I advise you to put him on a train and not a ship. As far as chickens are concerned, they are aviators and can fly to market. It takes aviation to solve the transportation problem.

ALBION, CALIF.

DEAR UNCLE CHARLIE: I am in great trouble and want you to help me out. I want to get a sofa pillow from every state in the Union and cannot get the names and addresses of large stores. Can you tell me how I can get them? I am your friend, BERNICE PRICE.

Bernice, you are certainly in terrible trouble. If I were in such a mountain of trouble as you are I think I should have to turn on the gas and do the Dutch act. I do not wish to pry into your private affairs, and it is interest and not curiosity that prompts me to ask what in thunderation you are going to do with some fifty pillows? Now if you wanted fifty bricks and were contemplating building a home, I'd be right with you, or if you wanted four or five pillows for a cozy corner, but in these days of extravagance a prime and thrift is a virtue, when the railroads are congested with cars and there are not enough engines to haul them, and when every article we use is so excessive, why, oh why, get a sudden attack of pillowitis? Remember you cannot go to the stores and select the pillow tops and you can't go running all over the U. S. chasing the poor geese and grabbing their downy overcoats, and if you left it to the managers of all the big stores from Florida to Alaska to select you a pillow, by the time you got them all assembled the color scheme would be so ferocious that you'd want, if you have any artistic sense, to jump out of the window. As so many young ladies pine (now mind I did not say *all*), the color scheme of your room would have to be red. Then just imagine if you had fifty red pillows all stacked in the corner and an officer of the Department of Justice was to walk in what would happen? He'd scream "Bolshevik" and you'd be on the way to Ellis Island, New York, by the next train. They'd have to have a special ship to hold the pillows, and when you got to Moscow, imagine the excitement there would be! Brother Trotsky would get out a special edition of the Bolshevik official Soviet paper, "Isvestia," and in big headlines would announce: "YOUNG AMERICAN BOLSHIEVIST BEARING FORTY-EIGHT PILLOWS REPRESENTING EVERY STATE IN THE UNION HAS JOINED THE RED FORCES. Tavarish! (Comrades), greet Bernice! Comrade Bernice will be allowed a quarter section of one pillow, while the balance will be divided among

the official autocratic heads of the Russian Soviet Government. We have a soft job, but American pillows will make it softer." Now if you had asked me to get you forty-eight handsome, marriageable boys, they could have sent on their photographs and you could have made your selection. The best pillow in the world is the shoulder of a worth-while, respectable young man. Maybe you have all of that variety of pillow you can do with. They make excellent parlor ornaments but they can seldom be lured into the kitchen at dish-washing time. Bernice, I fear I cannot help you corner the pillow industry. Civilization is tottering. These are days that call for judgment, denial and common sense. I don't want anyone to upset the national boat, not even with a pillow, for a pillow is an awful thing when it gets wet, and sure it's meself that knows it.

Comfort's League of Cousins

The League of Cousins was founded as a means of bringing the scattered members of COMFORT'S Immense circle of readers into one big, happy family. Its aim is to promote a feeling of kinship and relationship among all readers.

Membership is restricted to COMFORT subscribers and costs fifty-five cents, only five cents more than the regular subscription to COMFORT which is included. The fifty-five cents makes you a member of the League and gives you an attractive League button with the letters "C. L. O. C." a handsome certificate of membership with your name engraved thereon, and the privilege of having your name in the letter list, also a paid-in-advance subscription to COMFORT. You continue a League member as long as you keep your subscription to COMFORT. There are no annual dues, so after you have once joined all you have to do to keep in good standing is to keep your subscription to COMFORT paid up.

How to become a Member

Send fifty-five cents to COMFORT'S Subscription Department, Augusta, Maine, with your request to be admitted into COMFORT'S LEAGUE OF COUSINS, and you will at once receive the League button and your membership certificate and number; you will also receive COMFORT for one year if you are a new subscriber; but if you are already a subscriber your subscription will be renewed or extended one full year beyond date of expiration.

The League numbering over forty thousand members, undoubtedly is the greatest society of young people on earth. Address all letters to COMFORT, Augusta, Maine, and they will promptly reach the head of the department for which they are intended.

League Shut-in and Mercy Work for August

"Inasmuch as ye have done it unto the least of these ye have done it unto Me."

Written references from doctor and postmaster must positively accompany all appeals from shut-ins. Appeals unaccompanied by written references will be destroyed.

Ella Jane Smith, Spencer, Va. Fifteen years of age. Crippled as a result of infantile paralysis. Mother dead. Father can only use left arm. Send this little crippled girl some sympathy and cheer. Well recommended. Mrs. Hattie Durham, Price, R. R. 2, N. C. Husband an invalid, unable to work. Has five children to support. Would be grateful for second-hand clothing and any assistance you care to send. Charles Knece, Laurelville, R. R. 3, Box 62, Ohio. Helpless invalid for eight years. Needy and worthy. Aged father his only support. Send him some of the sympathy that buys bread. Dortha Grigg, Glen Allen, R. R. 1, Box 30, Ala. Invalid for many years. Lovely character. Do not forget her. Noah Felton, Sparta, R. R. 4, Tenn. Thirteen years of age. Helpless cripple from birth. Send him something to cheer his shut-in life. J. W. Bizzell, Newton Grove, N. C. Helpless from rheumatism 22 years. Lovely character. Open your hearts and give him a boost. Mrs. Sweetie Witt, Shuff, Va. Invalid. Suffers from heart trouble. Would appreciate second-hand clothing and any financial assistance you can send her. Well recommended. Mrs. Alice Stacey, Dalton, R. R. 3, Ga. Invalid. Fifty-seven years of age. Widow with one son who is helpless and unable to work. She would be grateful for a dime shower, also second-hand clothing. James Wortham, Letona, Ark. Invalid for many years. Send him some cheer.

The poor souls whose names are listed above are in too desperate need to care for anything but substantial financial assistance. Sympathy and cash make a splendid combination but sympathy without cash cuts no icicles. Do to others as you would have them do to you.

Lovingly yours,

Uncle Charlie

Uncle Charlie's Poems Will Make You Laugh, Scream and Yell!

That is exactly what they will do and they are the best and cheapest medicine for the blues in the world. Only one in two hundred of COMFORT'S readers have availed themselves of the opportunity to secure this exquisitely beautiful 160-page volume of screamingly funny verse, bound in cloth, free for a club of only three one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 50 cents each. This book contains splendid pictures of Uncle Charlie and a touching account of his life. It is full of funny recitations and is a present fit for a king, and no home is complete without it. If you won't get it for yourself, get it for the children and make them happy. Free for an hour's easy work. Start your clubbing today.

Uncle Charlie's Song Book Is a Knock Out! The One Best Hit!

A home without music is a home without joy. Uncle Charlie's Song Book contains twenty-eight of the dandiest songs ever written: songs for churches, parlors and concert platforms. Here you have a great big, beautiful music folio, containing such gems of mirth and melody as "My Beautiful Queen of Dreams," "The Old Village Choir," "The Dream That Never Came True," and "Broke Again." Five dollars' worth of music with full score for voice and piano, a splendidly gotten-up folio, with a handsomely decorated cover on which appear several pictures of Uncle Charlie; and all free for a club of only two one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 50 cents each. Both books free for a club of five. Work for them today!

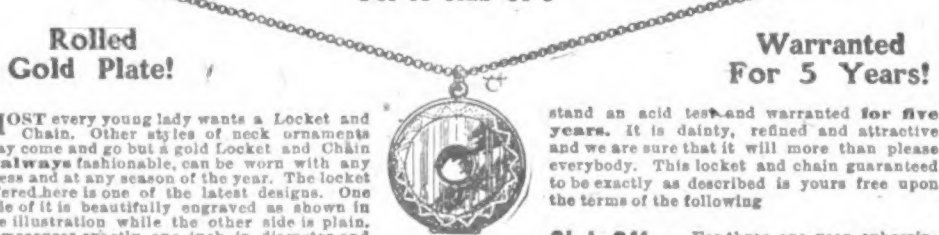
Dealer.—"That old woman brought more eggs to market today and I told her the ones she brought last week were bad."

Clerk.—"What did she say?"

Dealer.—"Said next Saturday she would bring her hens and I could speak to them about it personally."

LOCKET AND CHAIN

For A Club Of 3



stand an acid test and warranted for five years. It is dainty, refined and attractive and we are sure that it will more than please everybody. This locket and chain guaranteed to be exactly as described is yours free upon the terms of the following:

Club Offer. For three one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 50 cents each, we will send you this guaranteed rolled gold Locket and Chain free by Parcel Post prepaid. Premium No. 8843.

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Flashlight Given

THIS is the "Eveready" Daylo, 6 1/4 inches long, 1 1/4 inches in diameter, equipped with a powerful battery that will last for many weeks. It is always ready for use—a simple movement of the finger turns the light on or off as desired. In the night it shows the way around the house without fuss or bother—it lights up the darkest rooms, attics or basements. It can be used in the shed or barn, around hay, powder or gasoline without the slightest danger of fire. Outdoors, neither wind nor rain can put it out. When riding or walking after dark, it throws a brilliant light far in advance, showing up every object long before you reach it. This flashlight is so useful you should not think of getting along without one. Safe, convenient, always ready when you want it, it is the best insurance against fire and accident in the world.

CLUB OFFER. We will send you this Eveready Flashlight complete with battery, all ready for business, for four one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 50 cents each. Premium No. 7984. Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Girls! This Pretty Jade Bracelet Is The Latest!



For A Club of Two GIRLS, you should have one of the new Jade Bracelets! It is the most popular bracelet ever introduced. All the rage in the big cities. Even wives and daughters of millionaires are wearing them in preference to gold, platinum and diamonds. Handsome, yet inexpensive, its very simplicity appeals to every woman of good taste. Three inches in diameter, will fit any wrist. The beautiful, rich Jade color makes a pleasing contrast with any dress. Practically indestructible and will always retain its luster. We know that the thousands of young ladies who read COMFORT want the newest styles so we have purchased a quantity of these popular bracelets to give away. You may have one or more of them absolutely free upon the terms of the following short-time offer. Please send in your order as soon as possible as our supply is limited.

Given To You! For two one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 50 cents each we will send you this handsome and stylish Jade Bracelet free by parcel post, prepaid. Premium No. 9672. Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Your Own Birthstone Set In This Stylish Gold Pendant! We Give You Both Pendant and Chain For a Club of Two!

ONE of the most stylish of all neck ornaments. Women to be up-to-date are Birthstone Pendant and Chain, also called Lavaliers. The one of design we found among mitted for our approval manufacturer in the 16-inch gold plate is also made of gold own birthstone and underneath the stone is a roque pearl. Follow different birthstones represents. All of the are the most perfect real gems that we have birthstone wanted.

9550 Jan. Garnet, Symbol of Power.
9562 Feb. Amethyst, Symbol of Pure Love.
9572 March Aquamarine, Symbol of Courage.
9582 April Diamond, Symbol of Purity.
9592 May Emerald, Symbol of Immortality.
9602 June Pearl, Symbol of Long Life.
9612 July Ruby, Symbol of Charity.
9622 Aug. Peridot, Symbol of Happiness.
9632 Sept. Sapphire, Symbol of Constancy.
9642 Oct. Opal, Symbol of Hope.
9652 Nov. Topaz, Symbol of Friendship.
9662 Dec. Turquoise, Symbol of Prosperity.

CLUB OFFER. For only two one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 50 cents each, we will send you a Birthstone Pendant and Chain free by Parcel Post prepaid. Be sure to mention number of stone wanted. Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

UNCLE CHARLIE'S LIFE IN PICTURES

Uncle Charlie's Picture Book Good as a Visit to His Home

Visit Uncle Charlie in his famous chicken coop and see how he lives and works. Big, beautiful, full page, half-tone cuts equal to photographs, that show Uncle Charlie and his charming assistants Maria and the Goat in every phase of their busy lives. See Uncle Charlie sitting in a chair for breakfast in nineteen years and get a peep at his big son, mother, school and church, and see him as an actor playing many parts. A beautiful, interesting, artistic book 9 1/4 by 7 1/4 inches, free for two subs. at 50c. each—one dollar in all.



Uncle Charlie's Story Book

Full of the most delightful stories ever written. You will laugh and cry the next as you read these entrancing stories of Uncle Charlie's life. Read how Maria and Billy the Goat met Uncle Charlie; read "Bully Or Help Wanted" the funniest story ever written. 150 pages of mirth and merriment, pathos and tears, illustrated and beautifully bound in silk cloth, 320 covers, gold topped. Free for three subs. at 50c. each—one dollar and fifty cents in all.

Also bound in heavy fancy blue paper covers for only two subs. at 50c. each—one dollar in all. Ideal birthday presents. COMFORT'S greatest premium bargains. Work for them today. Secure one or both of these superb souvenirs of this remarkable man who devotes his time and talents to the service of humanity.

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Note. Full particulars of how to secure Uncle Charlie's splendid poems and song book will be found at the end of the League of Cousins Department.



The Emporium of Bargains and Opportunities

Pithy Little Advertisements that are Interesting, Instructive, and Profitable to Read, for they put you wise to the newest and best in the market and keep you in touch with the world's progress.



AGENTS WANTED

Agents: Sell full line of guaranteed hosiery at old prices. Big profits. Sell for less than in stores. Write for sample outfit Thomas Hosiery Co., 2119 North St., Dayton, Ohio.

Sell Inlayde Tyres, inner armour for auto tires doubles mileage, prevents punctures and blow-outs, big profits. Details Free. American Accessories Co., Dept. 1119, Cincinnati.

Agents 300% Profit. Wonderful little article. Something new: sells like wildfire. Carry right in pocket. Write at once for free sample. Albert Mills, Mgr., 2186 American Bldg., Cincinnati, O.

We Start You In Business, furnishing everything; men and women, \$25 to \$100 weekly operating our "New System Candy Factories" home anywhere. Booklet free. William Ragsdale, East Orange, N. J.

Sell what millions want. New, wonderful Liberty Portraits—Creates tremendous interest—Absolutely different—Unique! Endless demand—30 hours' service. Liberal credit. Outfit and catalogue free. \$100 weekly profit easy. Consolidated Portrait Co., Dept. 14 1036 W. Adams St., Chicago.

Agents—Write for big soap offer. Quick Seller, Big Money Maker. Mo-Mo-Co, 131 Locust St., St. Louis, Mo.

We Start You without a Dollar. Soaps, Exports, Perfumes, Toilet Goods. Experience unnecessary. Carnation Co., 131 Olive St., St. Louis.

Agents—Make a Dollar an Hour. Sell Mandet, a patent patch for instantly mending leaks in all utensils. Sample package free. Collette Mfg. Co., Dept. 62-B, Amsterdam, N.Y.

The Prosperous agent is a Davis agent. Line up for the Big Rush—\$40-\$60 weekly. "Lucky 11" and our 27 other varieties out there price 1/4-1/2. Worth 100% to 200% for you. Davis Products Co., Dept. 62, Chicago, Ill.

Agents: Sell Neverfall Iron Rust and Scale Remover. Huge profits. Big line. Sample. Write today. Sanford-Seal Co., Inc., Newark, N. Y., Dept. D.

Agents: Sell our accident and sickness policies in your spare time. Pay \$5,000 death, \$25 weekly benefit. Premium \$10 yearly. Permanent income from renewals. Easy to sell. Liberal commissions. Insurance Co., Dept. F-15, Newark, N. J.

Sell Necessaries. Everybody needs and buys the "Business Guide." Bryant cleared \$100.00 in July. Send for sample. It's Free. Nichols Co., Box 58, Naperville, Ill.

Big Money and Fast Sales. Every owner buys Gold Initiator for his auto. You charge \$1.00; make \$1.35. Ten orders a day easy. Write for particulars and free samples. American Monogram Co., Dept. 64, Glen Ridge, N. J.

Photo Pillow Tops, Portraits, Frames, Sheet Pictures, Medallions, Patriotic Pictures, and Portraits. War Books. Prompt shipment; samples at cost. Free to agents. 30 days credit. Jas. C. Bailey Co., Desk T 4, Chicago, Illinois.

Agents—Large Manufacturer wants agents to sell hosiery, underwear, shirts, dresses, skirts, waists, shoes. Free samples. Madison Mills, 608 Broadway, New York.

AGENTS WANTED

Biggest Money-Maker in America. I want 100 men and women quick to take orders for raincoats, raincoats and waterproof aprons. Thousands of orders waiting for you. \$2.00 an hour for spare time. McDonough made \$815.00 in one month. Nissen \$19.00 in three hours. Purviance \$307.00 in seven days. \$5,000 a year profit for eight average orders a day. No delivering or collecting. Beautiful coat free. No experience or capital required. Write quick for information. Gomer Manufacturing Co., Dept. J-123, Dayton, Ohio.

Agents! Quick Sales! Big Profits! Order in every home for our beautiful Dress Goods, Silks and General Yard Goods. Large book of samples free to agents. Write today for particulars. National Importing & Mfg. Co., Dept. P P, 435 Broadway, New York.

\$10.00 Daily Easily earned distributing well known line of flavoring extracts, foods, summer drinks, soaps, toilet and beauty preparations. Write for Wonder Outfit containing complete assortment. Crofts & Reed, 430 Clairmont Ave., Chicago.

STORY WRITERS WANTED

Authors—Stories, poems, photo plays etc. are wanted for publication. Submit. Miss Literary Bureau, 64 Hannibal, Mo.

SALESMEN WANTED

Salesmen—City or Traveling. Experience unnecessary. Send for list of lines and full particulars. Prepare in spare time to earn the big salaries—\$2,500 to \$10,000 a year. Employment services rendered members. National Salesmen's Training Association, Dept. K167, Chicago, Ill.

Tobacco Factory wants salesman; \$125.00 monthly and expenses for the right man. Experience unnecessary, as we give complete instruction. Piedmont Tobacco Co., E-19, Danville, Va.

HONEY

For Sale. New Clover Honey, crop of 1920. Guaranteed quality. Carefully packed and promptly shipped. Sample 16 cents. Price list free. M. V. Paetz, Preston, Minn.

FARMS FOR SALE

120 Acres \$2800 With Horses, 9 Cattle, Crops, Tools. Big money-maker, all ready for business, splendid home with horses, cows, poultry, machinery, 30 cords wood, feed, part growing crops, lot household furniture, machine-worked acids, spring-watered pasture, 500 cords wood, market nearby, 75,000 ft. timber, apples, pears, cherries, big sugar orchard, 6-room house, big barn, running water; everything \$2800, easy terms. Details page 13 Strout's Big Illustrated Catalog Farm Bargains, 53 States. Copy free. Strout Farm Agency, 150 E. G. Nassau St., New York City.

Want to hear from party having farm for sale, give particulars and lowest price. John J. Black, Comfort St., Chippewa Falls, Wis.

STAMPING NAMES

Stamp Names on key checks. Make \$19 per 100. Send 25c for sample and list. Either Sex. O. Keytag Co., Coboes, N. Y.

MOTION PICTURE PLAYS

Photoplay Ideas Wanted By 48 Companies. \$25-\$500 paid. Experience unnecessary; details Free. Producers League, 311, St. Louis.

HELP—MALE AND FEMALE

Earn \$25 Weekly, writing for newspapers, magazines. Experience unnecessary; details Free. Press Syndicate, 461, St. Louis, Mo.

POULTRY

Baby Chicks. Hatched and delivered right. 23 varieties. Catalog free. Mammoth Hatchery, Box 204, Glen Ellyn, Ill.

MOTION PICTURE BUSINESS

Make Money Fast. Small capital buys professional machine and complete outfit. Easy payments. No experience required. Openings everywhere. Catalog free. Monarch Theatre Supply Co., Dept. 599, 228 Union, Memphis, Tenn.

MISCELLANEOUS

Best pre-school educational system in world. \$5 cash and 3c a day. At home. Send 10c for literature. 219 Monadnock Bldg., San Francisco, Cal.

Amateur Writers—Help sale of your manuscripts. Let me typewrite and correct them. Charges 10c per hundred words. Carbon copies 5c. Miss Nannie Warren, Baldwin, Miss.

Switches made from combings. The new way. Write me. Mrs. E. Vandervoort, Davenport, Iowa.

CALIFORNIA FARM LANDS

A Small Farm in California will make you more money with less work. Raise the crops you know about. You may prefer alfalfa and grain crops, or a place in fruit near some nice town. Ideal for dairying, pigs and chickens. Good markets. No cold weather. You live longer and get more enjoyment out of life. Delightful climate. Rich fertile soil. Moderate prices. Easy terms. Irrigation is crop insurance which makes sure profits. Hospitable neighbors. Newcomers welcome. Wonderful roads, schools, churches, and write for our California Illustrated Folder, free. C. L. Seagraves, Supervisor of Agriculture, Santa Fe Ry., 943 Railway Exchange, Chicago.

ROOTS, HERBS, ETC.

Cash Paid For Medicinal Roots, Berbs, Herbs, etc. Easily gathered. Write for circular. Grand Co., Logan Station, Philadelphia, Pa.

PATENT ATTORNEYS

Patents—Write for free Guide Book, and Evidence of Conception Blank. Send model or sketch and description for free opinion of its patentable nature. Highest References. Prompt Service. Reasonable Terms. Victor J. Evans & Co., 641 Ninth, Washington, D. C.

Inventors—Desiring to secure patent should write for our book, "How To Get Your Patent." Send model or sketch and description for opinion of its patentable nature. Randolph & Co., Dept. 112, Washington, D. C.

Patents Promptly procured. Moderate Fees. Best References. Send Sketch or Model. George P. Kimmel, Master of Patent Law, 27-1, Loan & Trust Bldg., Washington, D. C.

Patents—Send for free book. Contains valuable information for inventors. Send sketch of your invention for free. Opinion of its patentable nature. Prompt service. (Twenty years experience). Talbert & Talbert, 4306 Talbert Bldg., Washington, D. C.

MALE HELP WANTED

All men, women, boys, girls, over 18, willing to accept Government Positions, \$100.00, write immediately. Osment, 104, St. Louis.

Firemen, Brakemen, Baggage-men, \$140-\$300, Colored Porters by Railroads everywhere. Experience unnecessary. 535 E. Bureau, East St. Louis, Ill.

Be an Expert Penman; Wonderful Device guides your hand; corrects your writing in few days. Complete Outline Free. Write C. J. Osment, 63, St. Louis, Mo.

Men—Boys, Become Motor Experts. \$25 week. Learn while earning. Write Franklin Institute, Dept. A 510, Rochester, N. Y.

FEMALE HELP WANTED

Ladies earn money crocheting, sewing, tatting, making aprons, and caps from our especially designed economical patterns. Apron and cap sets made \$30.00 per doz. Material supplied. No canvassing. Send 5c for the patterns—returned if desired. Kenwood Pattern Co., 2326 S. Park Ave., Chicago.

Hundreds women over 17 wanted. Government positions. Vacancy list free. Franklin Institute, Dept. A 9, Rochester, N. Y.

Women—Girls—Be Dress—Gown Designers. \$150 month. Sample sent free. Franklin Institute, Dept. A 561, Rochester, N. Y.

HELP WANTED

Wanted—Railway Mail Clerks. \$133-\$158 month. Vacancy list free. Franklin Institute, Dept. A 12, Rochester, N. Y.

PHOTOPLAYS, STORIES

Wanted—Men and women ambitious to make money writing Stories and Movie Plays. Send for wonderful Free Book that tells how. Address Authors' Press, Dept. 31, Auburn, N. Y.

PHOTO FINISHING

Special Trial Offer. Your next Kodak film developed 5c. Prints 2c each. Moore & Son, 2128 St. James Ave., Cincinnati, O.

For 10c we will develop and furnish prints from one 6 or 8 exposure film, or enlargement 6 x 7, your favorite negative 12c to show quality and service. Associated Photo Company, Sta. A 15, Cincinnati, Ohio.

Special Offer—Your next Kodak Film developed 10c and first six prints to each. Best workmanship. 24 hour service. Enclose money with order. Write for price list "Q". Johnston & Tanick, 53 Nassau Street, New York.

Kodak Films developed, any size 5c each. Prints, any size, 2c each. This is not a special trial offer, but our regular price. Superior service. Locke & Co., 379 Ludlow Ave., Cincinnati, Ill.

Kodak Prints; 2 for 5c, postcards 5c, developing 5c, "Quality and service." Altine Photo Co., Dept. A, 1933 Kinney, Cincinnati, O.

Roll Films, Developed, 5c; Packs developed, 10c; Prints, Vestpocket, 2c; 2 1/2 x 3 1/2, 3c; 3 1/2 x 4 1/2, 4c. Gummer's Art Store, Holland, Mich.

Kodakers—Your money back if we fail to convince you that our enlarging and finishing of films excel what you are now getting. You can't lose. It's worth a trial. Your next film and 5c, and we will surprise you. Better do it now. Moran's Photo Finishing Service, (Established 25 years) 622 Nicollet Ave., Minneapolis, Minn.

Mail Us 50c with any size film for development and six velvet prints. Or send 5c photograph and 5c for 6 prints. Roanoke Photo Finishing Co., 126 Bell Ave., Roanoke, Va.

FARM WANTED

Wanted To hear from owner of good farm for sale. \$2000 cash price, full description. D. F. Bush, Minneapolis, Minn.

MICH. FARM LANDS FOR SALE

Landseekers! Big opportunity in Michigan. Hardwood land \$15 to \$35 per acre. 10 to 160 A. Small down payments, easy terms on balance. Big money in grain, stock, poultry or fruit. Big illustrated booklet free on request. Swigart Land Co., 1246 First National Bank Bldg., Chicago, Ill.

3 Wheel Chairs in July

563 is COMFORT'S Total to Date

The three July wheel chairs go to Mrs. Nancy Thurman, R. 3, Everton, Ark., 137; Mrs. Suda Cotnam, King, Ark., 85; Maude Odell Smith, Vernon, Ala., 77. The figures after their names indicate the number of subscriptions sent in by them or by their friends for them.

Mrs. Nancy Thurman, age 52, was crippled by a fall which caused internal injuries, as a result of which she has been bedridden the past three years. She has no one to wait on her except her husband, who is old and feeble, and her two sons who support the family. The wheel chair will be a blessing to her.

Mrs. Suda Cotnam, age 45 is a widow with four small children. Her left leg is drawn up to a sitting posture, as the result of an abscess, so that she has not been able to walk a step in the past eight years. Nevertheless this wonderfully energetic woman, crippled as she is, manages to support herself and family by keeping boarders. With the help of her children she does the work, getting about in her Comfort wheel chair which she obtained through COMFORT five years ago last May. It has done her good service, but, as she writes, she needs another now and again she gets it through COMFORT.

Maude Odell Smith, age 11, crippled the past six years, as the result of meningitis, so that she cannot walk without assistance. Her Comfort wheel chair will be a source of joy to her and a help to her mother in caring for her.

Doesn't it give you a little thrill of happiness, my good friends, to know that you have helped these unfortunate shut-ins to obtain their much needed wheel chairs?

Remember that there are other cripples on our waiting list who are just as needy of your help to procure wheel chairs. Do what you can for them. Every little helps. Try to get your name in our Roll of Honor next month.

Sincerely yours,

W. H. GANNETT,
Publisher of COMFORT.

P.S. For the information of our many new subscribers let me explain that for each and every 150 one-year subscriptions to COMFORT, at 50 cents each, sent in either singly or in clubs by persons who direct that they are to be credited to COMFORT'S WHEEL-CHAIR CLUB instead of crediting the premiums to which they would be entitled, I give a FIRST-CLASS INVALID WHEEL CHAIR to some needy shut-in and pay the freight, too. It is a large and expensive premium for me to give for that number of subscribers, but I am always glad to do my part a little better each month than the last.

Proud of His Comfort Wheel Chair

Port Skunky, Texas.

Dear Mr. Gannett: I want to thank you and the many friends who helped in getting the wheel chair for my boy Virgil, and especially Mrs. Alice Jones who started the good

deed. It is certainly a pleasure to the shut-in as well as to those who wait on the cripple. We are all proud of his chair. I will send you his picture later. Wishing you continued success, I remain, (Mrs.) Ida Hudgins.

Shawnee, Okla.

Dear Mr. Gannett: Gladys received her wheel chair in good condition and it certainly is nice. She thinks it is just grand. I wish to thank you and the many kind friends who helped in getting her chair. Gladys will surely enjoy it, and it is such a help to me in caring for her. Thanking you again, I am, Sincerely yours, (Mrs.) M. M. Junk.

COMFORT'S Roll of Honor

The Roll of Honor comprises the names of those who have sent five or more subscriptions, or a dollar or more in money, to credit of the Wheel-Chair Club during the month previous. Following each name is the number of subscriptions sent.

Mrs. Dessie Smith, Okla., for Maude Odell Smith, 55 subs; Mrs. Alexander P. Smith, Tenn., for Mrs. Nancy Thurman, 28 subs, and \$14.50; Mrs. Lucy Elton, Ark., for Mrs. Nancy Thurman, 27 subs; Miss Bertha Fowler, Ga., for Miss Pardee Smith, 24 subs; Mrs. Pattie Sue Oliver, Va., for Willie Ellis Oliver, 24 subs; Mrs. Frances Smith, Ala., for Maude Odell Smith, 22 subs; Mrs. B. G. Reid, Texas, for Kelly Sherry, 21 subs; Mrs. Fannie Mitchell, Ky., for own 18 subs, and \$1.00; Miss Alma Bell, Ariz., for Mrs. Elizabeth Bell, 12 subs; Arthur Mahaffey, N. C., for own, 8 subs; Mrs. Walter C. Jeffries, Miss., for Mrs. Sarah Priscock, 5 subs; Mrs. Curtis Major, Calif., for Neoline Amalia Hendricksen, 5 subs; Miss Lavina E. Degges, Va., for general, \$5.00 cash; Mrs. W. L. Baker, Kans., for general, \$4.00 cash; Mrs. C. L. Hahn, Pa., for general, \$1.00 and 1 sub.

Sixteen Things at Twenty-One

By Carl Schurz Loudon

There are many things every man wishes he had known before he reached twenty-one. The early years lay the foundation for those that come after; each act, habit, and alignment makes or mars.

While I was in my teen-age I would acquire the habit of doing one or more kindnesses between sunrise and sunset.

I would devote fifteen or twenty minutes a day to physical exercise to maintain health and a clear brain.

I would try to realize that my well-being after thirty depends largely on what I put into my stomach during the preceding two decades.

I would learn how to take care of money and how to save it and thus be ready to seize opportunity at all times.

I would cultivate acquaintance with a few old persons whose wisdom and common sense may be helpful.

I would not underestimate the importance of good clothes, for neat attire is a commercial asset.

I would appreciate the circumstance that by the sweat of my brow I must earn my subsistence.

Somehow I would get the knowledge that it is difficult for a man, twenty-one or older, to change his habits.

I would attain the viewpoint that quality is more useful than quantity and that things worthwhile require time, patience, and sustained effort.

I would realize to the full the happiness of the Golden Rule and the joy of serving a fellow man.

Like Abraham Lincoln, I would place the highest value on absolute truthfulness.

I would know that honesty is the best policy in dealing with myself, my neighbor, and God.

I would believe that wild oats, once sown, may ruin my career just as a multitude of thistles spoil a pasture otherwise good.

I would align myself with the forces of right and oppose those of evil, ever eschewing liquor, tobacco, infidelity, and immorality.

I would perceive that a thorough education brings the best of everything in life, enjoyable work, better food, wise pleasures, fine friendships, and self-respect.

Only Twenty Years Ago

Nobody swatted the fly. Nobody wore a wrist watch. Nobody wore white shoes.

Most young men had "livery bills." Farmers came to town for their mail. The heavens were not full of manbirds. Nor the seas alive with underwater boats.

The hired girl drew one-fifty a week and was happy. The butcher "threw in" a chunk of liver.

The merchant "threw in" a pair of suspenders with every suit. Nobody "listened in" on the telephone.

There were no sane Fourths nor electric meters. Straw stacks were burned instead of baled.

Publishing a country newspaper was not a business—it was a dueling game. There were no Bolsheviks or international anarchists.

The safety razor had not introduced the clean-shaven face.—Ladies' Home Journal.

Poor But Honest

The other day a well-known congressman was exhibiting to his friends a letter that he considers a prize piece. It was from a constituent who had just received a package of free seeds. The congressman had sent them out in a franked envelope on which was stamped

the usual words: Penalty for Private Use—\$300. The note read:

"DEAR SIR: 'Don't know what to do about those garden seeds you sent me. I notice it is three hundred dollars fine for private use. I don't want to use them for the public; I want to plant them in my own private garden.'

"I will be greatly obliged if you will kindly fix matters so I can use them privately. Yours respectfully, 'JAMES ROBINSON,'—McCall's Magazine.

They Always Find It

Dentist—"Your teeth are in a very bad condition."



Patient—"Ah, I see. You have been looking for trouble and have found it."

Man's Fleeting Affection

"As we did you welcome, May, As we bid our lid to you, We have only this to say: 'Treat us kindly, kid, now do.'"

Springfield Union.

"Although I treat you kindly, kid," Said May, "I know that very soon You will forget and lift your lid To my lovely rival, June."

Portland Express.

Skins Them All

"No, Marjorie, there is a difference between a taxidermist and a taxi-cabist. A taxidermist skins animals, and a taxi-cabist isn't so particular—he'll skin anybody."—Boston Post.

Those Wartime Recipes

"I wish you wouldn't try to bake, Dear wife," said Mr. Bevel; "You claim that this is angel cake, But it tastes like the devil."

Cincinnati Enquirer.

"Your pie," he kidded her, "could pass As Social Science stuff—The upper crust has lots of class, But the lower size is tough!"

Cleveland Plain Dealer.

"Your bread!" he said "of bran and meal, Is soggy and like lead. I never eat it but I feel War's just like what Sherman said."

Portland Express.

High Toned

"He married a high toned girl." "One with social position?" "No, one with a squeaky voice."

Telling the Plain Truth

There was wind, there was rain, there was thunder and lightning and the dust fairly blinded. In fact, it was a—of a storm.—Noborn, Mo., Leader.

Must Love His Stomach!

The rhubarb pie we've been having this week makes us realize there's still something left to live for.—Springfield Union.

Against That Day

More money is a parol Against the sun's hot ray; A war stamp is an umbrella, Against a rainy day.

—New York Sun.

More money is a swagger stick With which to cut a dash; A boud's a cane to lean upon, 'Twill later bring in cash.

—Portland Express.

Reconciled

Farmer A—"How much did you get for yer 'aters?"

Farmer B—"Well, I didn't get as much as I expected; and I didn't call 'em I would."—Brooklyn Life.

Interesting if Not Profitable

"A successful man must study the faults of others."

"Well, I don't know that it will make a man successful, but it ought to be a delightful study."—Kansas City Journal.

You Can't Blame Him

"Jenkins won't let his wife wear a short skirt."

"Why?" "Doesn't want to expose the family skeleton."

No Friendship There

Mistress—"When I engaged you, Mary, you said you had no male friends. Now, almost every time I come into the kitchen I find a man there."



\$1.00

Down

Famous Bluebird Design 110 Piece Dinner Set

Amazing value. This offer breaks all bargain records. In each piece the highest type of color harmony and exquisite design has been attained. The entire set is popular colonial shape, decorated with that emblem of happiness, the Bluebird whose varied hues blend wonderfully with the perfect natural colorings of the flowers in pink, green and lavender. Has lovely blue bordering on each piece. **Each piece is fired in the glaze** and guaranteed not to check or craze. Then, too, that splendid Old English finish is applied to the clay even before it is fired. This permeates and gives to the piece the indestructible glaze of snowflake white. This wonderful dinner set can be yours for only \$1.00 down and \$3.00 monthly. Price in all, \$32.95. Complete satisfaction guaranteed.

A Complete Service

110 Pieces This splendid set consists of 12 dinner plates, 9 inches; 12 breakfast plates, 7 1/2 inches; 12 coupe saucers 7 1/2 inches; 12 fruit saucers, 5 1/2 inches; 12 cups, 12 saucers, 12 oatmeal dishes, 6 inches; 12 bread and butter plates, 6 inches; 1 platter, 11 1/4 inches; 1 platter, 12 1/4 inches; 1 covered vegetable dish (2 pieces); 1 oval open vegetable dish, 9 1/2 inches; 1 round vegetable dish 8 1/2 inches; 1 gravy boat; 1 gravy boat stand; 1 bowl, 1 pint, 1 sugar bowl and cover (2 pieces); 1 cream pitcher; 1 pickle dish; 1 butter dish, 7 1/2 inches. This set is one that will add tone and beauty to any dining room. With ordinary care it will last a lifetime. Weight shipped, about 100 pounds.

Order by No. G6138A. Send \$1.00 with order, \$3.00 monthly. Price of 110 pieces, \$32.95. No C. O. D. No discount for cash.

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Enclosed find \$1.00. Ship special advertised 110-Piece Bluebird Dinner Set. I am to have 30 days free trial. If I keep the set I will pay \$3.00 monthly. If not satisfied I am to return the set within 30 days and you are to refund my money and any express charges I paid.

☐ 110-Piece Bluebird Dinner Set, No. G6138A, \$32.95.

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